# RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

For Everybody

MAY

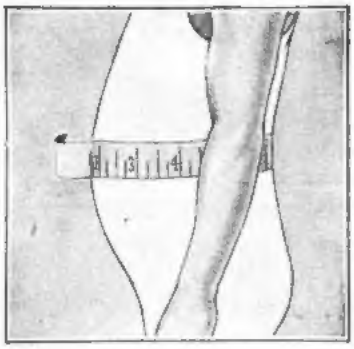
25 CTS.

"She was sitting on the running board, trembling."

## Derails

*A Thrilling New Novel*

by E. S. Dellinger



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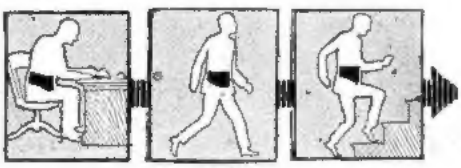

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# RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

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**THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, Publisher, 280 Broadway, New York**

MESSAGERIES HACHETTE
8, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4

PARIS: HACHETTE & CIE.,
111 Rue Reaumur

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Published every month and copyright, 1930, by The Frank A. Munsey Company. Single copies, 25 cents. By the year, $2.50 in United States, its dependencies, Mexico, Cuba, and Canada; $4.00 to other Foreign Countries. Remittances should be made by check, express money order or postal money order. Currency should not be sent unless registered. Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., as Second Class Matter November 15th, 1929, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. The entire contents of this magazine are protected by copyright, and must not be reprinted without the publishers' permission. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. Copyrighted in Great Britain.


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# A Magazine For Everybody

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## COMING FOR JUNE

A. W. Somerville, Griff Crawford, Don Waters, James W. Earp, Seven Anderton and C. F. Carter Are Some of the High-Wheeling, Fast-Riding Crew Called to Entertain You in This Magazine Next Month, Which will Lead Off With

THE MURDER AT SPIRE

A Thrilling Novelette of Creepy Mystery at a Lonely Box Car Block Office on the Breast of the Great Divide.

By BILL THE BOOMER

# Splashers *vs.* Lollers

A bit of quiet research among the bathers of America has revealed two rival camps of behavior—

The handsome gentleman who heads the first group believes that bathing should be in the active mood. At 7:00 a. m. he becomes unseen but *heard*. From the bathroom come the echoes of hearty splashes and noises that sound like a floor polishing machine. (Our hero is stirring up a fancy Ivory frosting with a stiff-bearded bath brush!)

The spokeswoman for group 2 shudders at the thought of such athletic goings-on! She insists that bathing should be a restful interlude in water as warm as a rippleless sea. And Ivory will float like a lily pad in this bland pool of content . . .

Frankly, the debate of *splashers vs. lollers* is too delicate a matter for us to pass upon. So we merely remind you that both leading schools of bathing have nominated Ivory! Ivory dares the splashers to duck it . . . . and it drifts into a loller's hands. Its whole-hearted foam rinses away as lightly as dandelion fluff in a breeze. And it leaves both the skin and temper as smooth as velvet. There's no debate among bath-loving Americans on the merits of Ivory —they all *agree* that it is fine, pure soap!

. . . kind to everything it touches · 99 44/100 % Pure · "It floats" ©1930, P. & G. Co.

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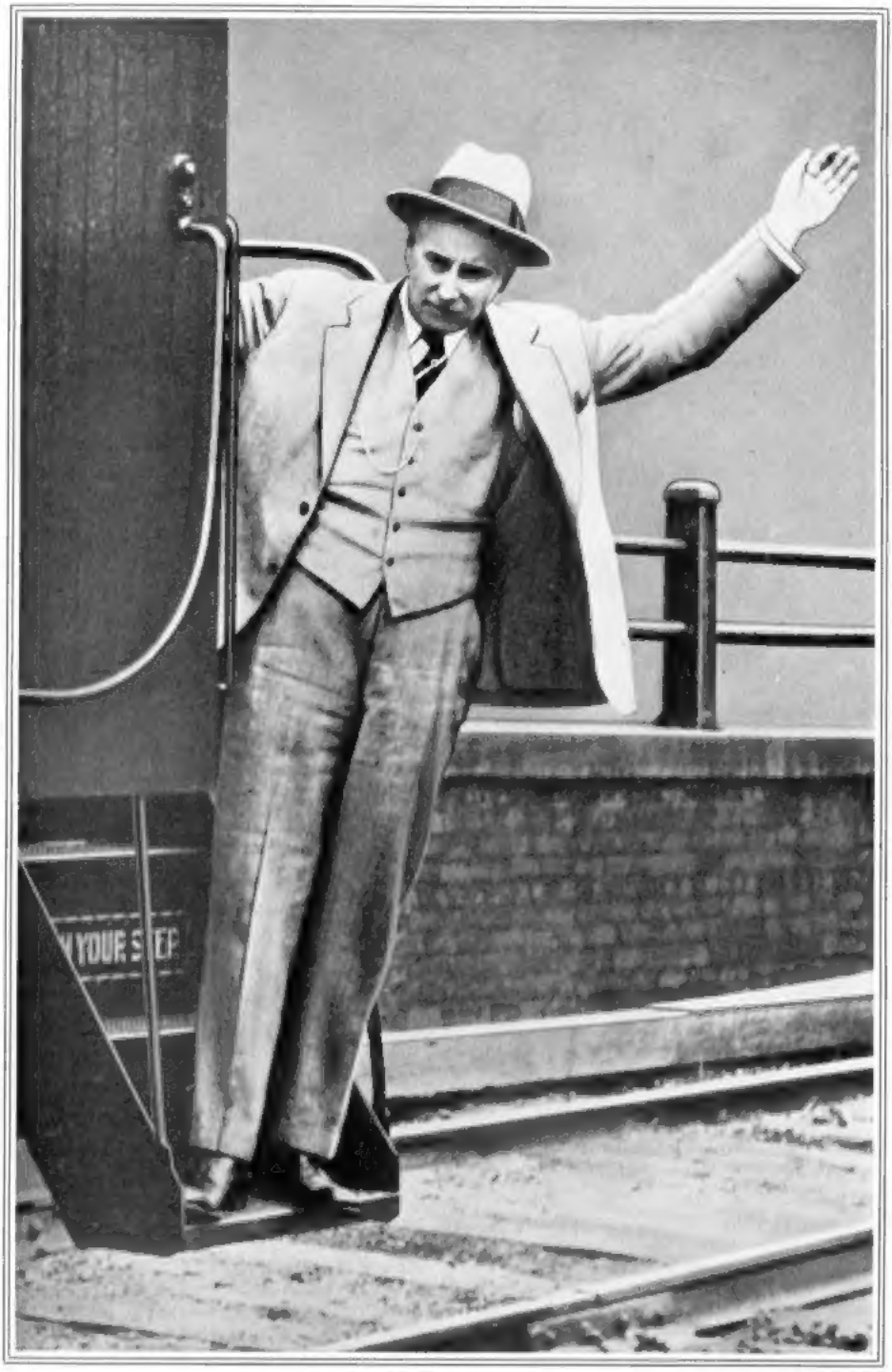


JAMES P. BULLARD

Rock Island Freight Conductor and Chairman of His Division's Business-Getting Committee

# RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. II — For Everybody — No. 2

MAY, 1930


# Revenue and The "Brains"

## Conductor Jim Bullard, of the Rock Island, With His Caboose and His Committee, Help to Pay Dividends

By John Austin

ON St. Patrick's Day, back in 1904, a boomer brakeman ambled through the cinders near the depot at Eldon, Missouri, division point on the then St. Louis, Kansas City & Colorado Railroad, looked the town over, took the slack out of his belt, and decided there was something right welcoming about the whole situation. He knew that the rails on this particular pike were within seventy miles of Kansas City, and, having seen something of the world via the boomer trail, this shack decided that here he could find a good job and perhaps settle down.

That boomer was James P. Bullard, and that March 17, twenty-six years ago, was his lucky day. It was also a lucky day for the railroad which, in time, came to be part of the great Rock Island system. They didn't make brakemen as good as Jim Bullard every day, and no real railroader can ever deny that a talented trainman is appreciated.

Jim just walked into Eldon, got a job and a pie card, took a few of the wrinkles out of his stomach, and settled down. It takes a he-man to do a good job of braking, comments from hoggers and fireboys to the contrary notwithstanding, and Jim Bullard did a little better than was required of him. He battled the extra board, took the lean with the fat, and jumped high when the right girl came along. He began to doublehead it in a marital way back in 1907, and in 1910 was given his first boost toward the title he now holds—the most unusual freight conductor in the world.

On St. Patrick's Day of this year, more than a quarter of a century after his advent into Eldon, Jim Bullard was honored by his road, and the men he works with. He took out of the shops

in Chicago, his caboose 18058, the most famous piece of freight train equipment anywhere in the universe, and launched forth to set up a new record as chairman of the business committee of train and engine crews on the St. Louis-Kansas City Division. This caboose, on which business history has been written, and from which Jim has conducted for more than two years his office as chairman, has been entirely reëquipped by the Rock Island, and now contains such refinements as electric lights, hot and cold water, regular beds for the train crew, a desk and typewriter and a kitchen.

Jim, in directing his committee, on which there are 146 men, did such a marvelous job in revenue in 1929 that the Rock Island Lines wanted to see him equipped with a suitable office.

Jim and his men reported a total business of 1,022 cars of freight and forty-seven passengers for 1929, and not an extra penny was paid to Jim or any of his workers for their efforts in this endeavor. Every single member of the committee dug in and went after new business. There was no hanging back, no thought about "what am I gonna get outta this."

Jim Bullard, unusual man that he is, seeks none of the credit. His thought is about his fellow workers. But Jim does his share. You ask why these men do this. Let's let Jim talk:

"I suppose some people do wonder why we should bother about helping to get the business for our railroad," he said. "But there is a first-class reason for it. Briefly, it is the 'Square Deal' policy of James E. Gorman, president of the Rock Island Lines, which was announced in 1922, and which says that every employee must be given the utmost fairness and consideration, and that every patron must be given a dollar's worth of courteous, intelligent, prompt and efficient service for every dollar he pays the company. That's the foundation of it. When you receive consideration from your employers, you can put the right spirit into your work. Common sense tells us, too, that the more business our railroad hauls, the more steady the work will be for the employees.

### They All Get Credit

"THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE has asked for a story about our work, and, of course, I am glad to tell them about it. But I don't want them to be giving me all the credit for what has been done, even though I happen to be the chairman of this 'Business Committee,' and live and work in Caboose 18058, and write a lot of letters, etc. Let the other members of the committee in on this, too. The boys deserve a lot of credit. You know, this isn't a one-man job, as Johnny Monroe, extra brakeman and my assistant, and my daughter, Irene, who sometimes helps, well know. Anybody who knows anything about running a freight train realizes that no one member of a committee such as we have, could have got those 1,022 carloads of freight last year."

It is interesting to note how Jim's roaring committee "sells" Rock Island service to the patrons. Here is a letter which will illustrate, and it is typical:

On Rock Island Fast Freight
Number 92
Eldon, Mo., to St. Louis
October 31, 1929.

California Almond Growers Exchange,
Sacramento, California.
The Edgar Coleman Company, Inc.
Washington, D. C.

FRIENDS:

Coming down the line to St. Louis

this morning on Rock Island No. 92, we thought you might like a little tip on your car of almonds in our train, solicit business for this fine old railroad, and are doing our best to put the shipments over the road right on the

St. Patrick's Day Beauty Queen, Bobby Bennett, and Jim Bullard Beside the Committee's Rolling Headquarters

A. T. S. F. 117189, for Washington, D. C. Car is in good shape—running fine and we are shooting it over this division in a hurry; hope it arrives in Washington on schedule.

Got a little "business" committee down here among the train crews. We dotted line—On Time. Thanks for A. T. S. F. 117189 routed our way, Colorado Springs to St. Louis.

Your friends, Train Crews.

J. P. Bullard, Conductor.

Our Office: Caboose 18058, Eldon, Missouri.

The operating department as well as the traffic department of this railroad, appreciate this sort of interest from the men who deliver the goods.

Then there are the personal calls on shippers during the layovers at terminals and the committee has devised a calling card showing a picture of Caboose 18058, and on the reverse side, a statement of purpose. Here is the appeal to St. Louis shippers which the members of the committee present on their calls:

> We are a volunteer "Business" Committee composed of the train crews working out of St. Louis on the Rock Island Railroad. We are proud of our company and its officials, and are all working together under the "Square Deal" policy of our President, James E. Gorman. We solicit your business. For information about freight and passenger service Phone Main 2900—or call at 817 Chemical Building.

It is remarkable how the news of the work of this Business Committee travels. Not so long ago a member of the committee secured a passenger for the railroad from Tientsin, China. The man heard of the work of the committee through a friend, and when he returned to America routed himself so he could use the Rock Island and stop over in Kansas City long enough to visit the famous caboose. Many a car of freight has been routed through Caboose 18058 by shippers who want to encourage the spirit back of the committee's work. These shippers insist that the trainmen get credit for the business which is done by publishing their names in the railroad employees' magazine.

Superintendent George Rourke in Kansas City probably is responsible for Jim being chosen as chairman of the committee. When the campaign among employees to help sell their railroad to the public was launched back in 1925, the various classes of employees on the railroad were grouped according to classes of service. The trainmen of the "East End," or St. Louis section of the division, were given into the hands of Bullard to organize, and he started out with a will to see what could be done. He had no place in which to do his work other than the caboose of his train, and he began formulating his campaign of action as his train swung along through the Ozark country along the Missouri and Gascondy Rivers.

### Caboose Sessions

He met the members of the various train crews along the line and interested them in the work. They had sessions in Caboose 18058 from time to time until finally the arrival of Jim's drag was the signal for a gathering of trainmen bent on keeping the cars full.

It was an easy drift from there to the traveling business office which today is known all over the Rock Island Railroad. The Kansas City and St. Louis Freight Traffic headquarters of the railroad became interested and cooperated with the committee in every way possible.

You may wonder how Jim finds time to carry on committee correspondence and run a train, too.

Between Gascondy and Bell, Missouri, on Jim's division, is an eleven-mile hill with a heavy grade. When the train hits this grade, Jim retires to his caboose office and his typewriter, and with the aid of his train crew, starts in on his pile of letters. Until that grade is passed, Caboose 18058 is about the busiest little office on the entire railroad, and when the air clamps on for the next stop, there is a pile of

letters ready for the mail box. The crew has "made the grade."

What cannot be finished on this run, Jim takes to Eldon, and with the aid of his twenty-year-old daughter, whom the trainmen call "Sunshine," the last letter is finished and sent on its way. Twice a year Jim and his committee send out special letters—one on Christmas to their shipper friends, and another on St. Patrick's Day. Jim always celebrates his anniversary on St. Patrick's Day, and many are the letters he receives on that date, some from as far away as Brazil—for there is at least one Irishman in every port.

Jim was born in West Troy, New York, in 1878, the son of Calvin R. Bullard, a blacksmith. He moved with his father to Chicago in 1883, and later went to Grand Island, Nebraska. Here his father ran an eating house for the Union Pacific men, and it was here that Jim got the first touch of railroad fever. It was not until he was twenty, however, that he went to work for a railroad. He hired out to the Burlington at Lincoln, Nebraska, as a car oiler. He worked twelve long hours a day and received seventeen cents an hour.

He then got into train service with the Burlington at Deadwood, South Dakota, on the branch that was then known as the Deadwood Centrail. Narrow gauge, link and pin, and forty degrees below zero part of the time. Real weather!

"Deadwood was at her best in those days," said Jim in reflecting over the past. "She was wide open and proud of it. Boomers came and left in a regular parade."

### First Job Running

It was on this line that Jim earned his stripes as conductor, but the West beckoned, and, at the first slump in business, Jim pulled the pin and moved on to Billings. He saw service in Livingston, on the N. P., and then at Helena. There followed later the Missouri Pacific at Omaha and the Union Pacific over Sherman Hill.

While Jim was on the U. P. job he first got wind of the new railroad down in the Ozarks, and it was to this line he traveled. On this line he has since stayed.

Now, out there in Eldon, Jim is one of the leading lights of the town. He is a member of the Chamber of Commerce, and he is active in a civic way in his community. His opinions are highly valued and his word is better than fine gold. He finds time to enjoy his family, and among his other activities he has been a helpful member of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

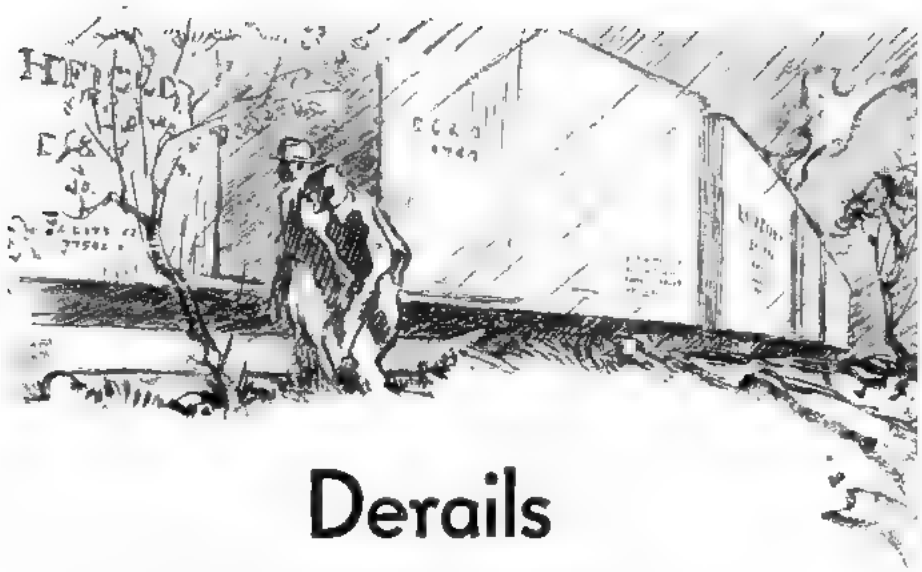
He has thrice been a delegate to the national conventions of the latter organization.

"Don't you feel sometimes like getting a piece of land in the bush and getting away from it all?" Bullard was asked.

"Getting away!" A twinkle played in his kindly eyes. "That's good! Let me tell you.

"The lure of the steel was strong—almighty strong—when I signed the call boy's book for my first trip back there a few years ago. And that lure is just as strong to-day. The bark of one of our big 2500 type engines is music to me as we battle our freight up the grade.

"From every angle it's been an interesting life, and as I look over thirty-one years of it, I can only answer your question by saying that this job of railroading is some game, and I'm proud to be a part of it."



# Derails

Out of the Night and the Driving Storm on the Main Line in the Ozarks Comes a Girl and Fate

By E. S. Dellinger

Author of "Redemption for Slim," "Lure of the Rails," "Pin-Grease John"

IN the twilight of a May evening Dave Meade stood between two tracks in the Bloomfield yards, watching the long freight drag get under way. The old flat-bottomed 1238 was snorting and storming as her drivers slipped on rails already wet with Ozark dew. Rounder Johnson, the conductor, having delivered his orders to the engineer, came striding toward Dave, with a red tie flapping about the shoulders of his seventeen-size black sateen shirt, and the end of a dime cigar glowing in the dusk.

"Who d'you say, cap?" called Dave.

"You go to hell!" came the surly reply.

"Drunk again!" mumbled the brakeman, with a shrug of his broad shoulders and a none too friendly stare after the huge bulk of the conductor disappearing into the deepening dusk. "Anybody else would have been fired for Rule G years ago—anybody but one of old Gabe Johnson's boys!"

While he watched, a shadowy figure darted out from behind a cut of cars standing on the next track, crossed the dimly lighted aisle ahead of the conductor, attached itself to the moving train, and disappeared. Dave did not think of it again — not then. Bums rode every freight out of Bloomfield these days. His business was to take care of the rolling stock.

Rounder Johnson stopped as the figure disappeared over a coupling. He turned toward Dave Meade, hesitated, and then, facing about, strode on toward the caboose.

Soon, with a pounding and thumping like drums in a parade, an empty box car came by where Dave stood,

Once or Twice He Remonstrated Mildly with Her

with the air brake sticking. Trotting along beside it, he felt beneath the sills for the bleed cock lever on the air chamber, and held it open until the brakes released. Then, walking back, he stood once more between the tracks, watching the train run by.

The green marker came closer. Rounder Johnson swung on beneath it and disappeared. Then Dave Meade caught the caboose as it clicked by, and stood on the rear platform until the yard lights of Bloomfield were hidden in a veil of smoke

As Dave entered the caboose, Rounder slipped some order sheets out of his shirt pocket and handed them to his brother, Ed, the hind brakeman

"You been drinking again, Rounder," said Ed reproachfully

"No skin off your lousy scalp if I have!" snapped the conductor

He jerked his leather-bound train book from the hip pocket of his blue serge trousers, tossed it upon the hinged pine table, and dropped his heavy body into the stout homemade chair. Here he sat staring about the neatly scrubbed caboose.

Above his desk were twenty pictures of women — beautiful women, women in overalls, women in evening dress, women in no dress at all. They smiled and beckoned and bowed, and Rounder's eyes roved evilly over them. With a curse he rose, and, selecting one from the collection, tore it into bits and dropped the pieces into the stove.

Dave arched his brows inquiringly at Ed. Then, as both men looked over the picture gallery, the smile left Ed's face, and he dropped his eyes in shame. The girl whose photograph Rounder had destroyed was Milly Carroon—Milly Carroon, his last case—Milly Carroon, who two days ago, unwept, unhonored, and unsung, had been buried with her nameless child in the paupers' field of the Ainesville cemetery.

Ed turned away and began fumbling with the lid on the water barrel. Dave Meade stood gripping the bail of his lantern and staring down at the listless figure of Rounder Johnson slumped in the big chair. His chest was heaving, his lips were a tight drawn line. A year ago he, like every other brakeman out of Ainesville, had

thought he was in love with Milly Carroon. That was before Rounder Johnson had seen her unsullied beauty and wanted her. Then—

Dave whirled around, climbed into the cupola, unhooked and opened the window, hung his lantern on the nail beneath the eave, and sat looking out into the night.

Far down in the northwest, thunderheads were climbing out of the crimson afterglow, with lightning flickering and glimmering about their boiling crowns. Dave let his eyes follow the line of cloud across the northern horizon, where it hung low above the tree tops. Almost dead ahead it seemed to mingle with the widening stream of black smoke which, hurled skyward with every breath of the exhaust, crawled fuming toward the star-set blue.

He came out of his fevered dreaming with a start as Ed Johnson climbed to the opposite side of the cupola and gave him the handful of tissue order sheets.

"Going to rain to-night, ain't it, Ed?" Dave yelled, as he reached across the cupola for the orders.

"Always rains when you get out on the midnight drag with a lot of short stuff," his partner growled back.

"Got a lot to set out to-night, have we?"

"Yeah—two empties for Westview, some coal for Portland, empty stock for Stouton, and the Lord knows what else; and that bunch of leatherheads back there in the yards made up the train with it scattered all through."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah—them two Westview empties are fourteen and fifteen back in the train."

"Aw, hell!"

Both men lapsed into silence. Dave looked away to his right. The lights of Bloomfield were gone. The moon, crawling down into the west, poured its flood of soft light over the blue hills that lay tier on tier in the south, and cast black shadows into the deepening valleys where the head waters of the Gasconade bubbled from cold Ozark springs and trickled away into the northwest.

As they passed through Hammond and struck the heavy up grade leading to Westview, Dave dropped to the floor and strode back to where Rounder sat working dizzily on his wheel report.

"What's the number of them cars for Westview, Rounder?" he queried, his voice once more tense with emotion.

"Cars for Westview? Oh, yes!" The conductor fumbled with his switch list. "It's that N. Y. C. 286,347 an' the system car ahead of it."

Dave took the list and made mental note of the numbers and initials. Then, turning, he started out of the caboose. At the door Rounder stopped him and came reeling forward

"By the way, Davie boy, you got some passengers over there!"

"Passengers?"

"Yeah! I seen one bird catch the train about where this set-out is. Don' fergit to collect from 'em!" Rounder slapped Dave on the back. "An' don' let 'em talk you out of anything, see? An' say, Davie boy, don' fergit to divvy with the captain!"

"Don't worry, big boy," snapped Dave, shaking himself loose from the other's grasp. "I always collect, and I always split three ways."

"That's the time, kid! I allus said you was a good brakeman. Allus shoot square with yer buddies, an' yer buddies 'll allus shoot square with you."

Without waiting to hear the rest of the conductor's wheedling, Dave slammed the door and climbed to the top of the rear stock car, going over to set out the empties for Westview. Once he had feared this big bully, and he could not remember when he had not despised the fellow; but because old Gabe Johnson had taken him in, had clothed and fed him after his father was hanged in the Ainesville courtyard sixteen years ago, and because Rounder's mother had been the only mother he had ever known, he had not once tried to strike back for the indignities which had been heaped upon him.

And they were many. To-night, as he walked the weaving tops of the freight cars, he could recall vividly how often, dizzy with the nausea created by his unsavory task, he had polished Rounder's ill-smelling shoes and washed the big conductor's clothing, befouled with traces of his debauches. As clearly as if it had been yesterday Dave remembered the day when, Rounder having come home drunk twice within a week, he had protested weakly against the duty. Rounder had caught him and beaten him until Mother Johnson, coming in, had shamed her son into turning the boy loose. Although but nine years old then, Dave had sworn to whip the bully when he grew to be a man. A thousand times since he had sworn the same thing, for through the years those indignities, changing in form, had continued, making Rounder Johnson a thing of evil in his life.

Even to-day he was nothing but a lackey. The superior family rights of the Johnsons superseded all other rights in Ainesville. Dave Meade was only a tool, just like every other man who worked for the railroad in or out of Ainesville. Even seniority didn't count here. By all rights Dave should be holding the rear end job on this crew, for he was older by two years' service than Ed Johnson; but because he was beholden to old Gabe, and Rounder was conductor, he took the smoky end and did the rawniding, while Ed rode the cushions in the caboose.

Dave's blood boiled like the seething cloud mass down in the northwest. He almost despised himself that he had not either asserted his rights, or else, years ago, given up this job which he owed to old Gabe. "Divvy with the captain," Rounder had said. Bah! Dave knew very well that when Rounder collected money from a hobo, no one, not even Ed, got a penny of it. Still, the big bully expected his brakemen to divvy with him. Dave always had, and maybe he always would. Maybe!

He made his way over the train, watching every bumper for a possible hobo. The cloud fringe had become a curtain that covered half the distance from horizon to zenith—a curtain penciled with streaks and splotches of continuous lightning. The moon plunged down into the clouds. The engine, dragging its heavy load up the steep grade through the woods toward Westview, was ripping wide the night with the fierce charge of its exhaust. Fireflies glowed and burned out around Dave. As he neared the head end, dead cinders fell in showers at his feet or poured down his back.

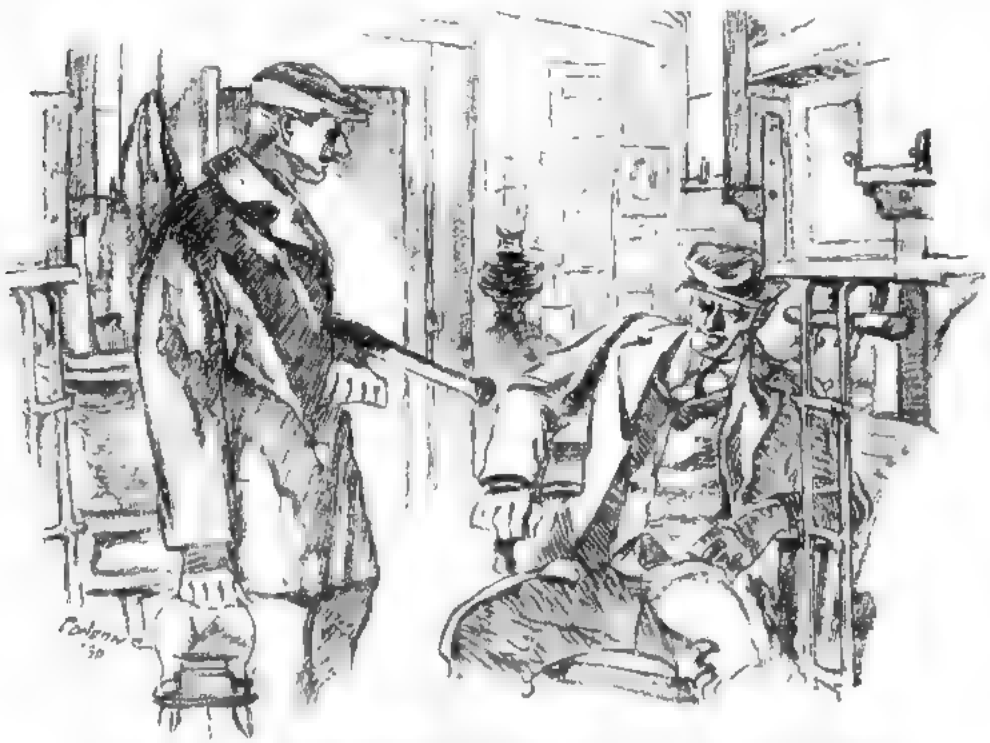
"That bird must have found an empty," he muttered, as he parked himself upon the forward car ahead of the barrage of cinders. "I've sure missed him!"

Soon the pale green switch light of the lonely cordwood spur came blink-

ing sleepily around the curve. The engineer dragged his heavy train over the hump and ground to a stop; and Dave, dropping off, found the two empty box cars that he was to set out here for loading with cordwood.

highball from the rear. Dave recoupled his train and went hurrying back to set the derail while the air was pumping up.

As he stooped over, fumbling for the lock holes in the plate, a voice,



Dave Meade Stood Gripping the Bar of His Lantern and Staring Down at the Lifeless Figure of Rounder Johnson

Uncoupling the air hose, he lifted the pin and signaled ahead; and with him clinging to the iron ladder, the cars clacked out over the switch. Then, unlocking and throwing the derail, he shoved the cars back to clear and set brakes on them. All this was plain work—an ordinary part of his usual daily tasks.

As he threw and locked the switch back for the main line, the engine whistle screamed out its *wha-a—wha-a—wha-a—wha-a!* calling in the flagman from the west. A white signal light—Ed Johnson's light—swung a

plainly camouflaged, whined not five feet from his car.

"Mis-ter!" it said.

He leaped forward, swept his heavy skeleton frame lantern into his hand, and whirled to face the speaker.

"Mister, I want to ride this train into—"

"You don't ride this train into no place, bo," he growled. "You damned bums—oh!"

Taking a step nearer, Dave let the rays of his lantern fall upon the face of the hobo. Instantly he regretted the harshness he had used. Instead of a

dirty bum facing him, he saw a girl—or was it a woman?

Black curls protruded from beneath a blue serge cap. Coal black eyes—frightened eyes, he thought—peered out beseechingly from full cheeks, which, in spite of the grime accumulated in two days' bumming, were still clear and almost as white as milk. Red lips trembled and slender hands clutched tightly at the faded blue jumper, pulling it more closely about the girl's full throat. Dave let his eyes wander down over the jumper and the faded overalls, which ill concealed the rounded figure beneath them. The white cheeks turned crimson under his scrutiny.

"Mister, can't I—can't I ride on? Please! It's going to rain, and it's a lonesome place here."

The girl looked about with a frightened shudder at the dim woods, all black in the flicker of the lightning. There was no sign of human habitation in sight.

"Where you going?" inquired Dave.

"I—I'm going to Ainesville, sir. I—"

"Why the devil didn't you ride a passenger train?"

"I didn't have the—the money."

Dave was still puzzling over the situation when the engineer whistled off and the train started moving. Ed Johnson swung a highball from the caboose, but Dave did not pass it. In his five years of railroading he had met many hoboes. Some of them were not pleasant to encounter. Most of them had passed unnoticed, or he had accepted whatever dimes or quarters they had chosen to give him; but this one—a woman—that was different. Surely no woman would be out on the bum unless—but then that face! He looked at it again, and caught his breath. What a face, with those big, round, frightened eyes, those trembling lips! Surely nothing but childish innocence could be there; but why the disguise? Why was she bumming?

"Can I, mister?" Her voice was pleading now, as the train went dragging slowly by them. "Please, mister! I've *got* to go on! Don't make me stay here all night—by myself!"

Dave stooped once more and snapped the lock on the derail. Then, grabbing her by the arm, he hurried her to the side of the moving train.

"Catch that ladder, now, miss, and be careful you don't fall!"

## II

Dave ran along beside the girl until she caught the ladder and started climbing toward the top. Then he himself swung on and climbed after her. When he reached the top of the train, she was sitting on the running board, trembling and crying.

"I—I didn't know that car wasn't going on to Ainesville," she sobbed. "I—I thought nobody would know."

"Well, there's no use crying about it now, miss."

Dave spoke less roughly, trying to comfort her. Then he started as he remembered that women spotters sometimes rode passenger trains, deceived conductors, and got them discharged. It hadn't been six months since old Bill Martin, one of the oldest men on the division, had been caught thus and turned out of his job. Perhaps this girl was a new kind of spotter.

"What you going to Ainesville for, sis?" he inquired, standing with his hands in his pockets, his feet braced against the rocking of the train.

"Why—why, I—" she stammered,

as if ashamed to go on with her story. "I—my brother's braking there on the railroad, and my sister's working in a restaurant in Ainesville."

Dave started and peered anxiously into her face.

"Then you must be a sister to—to—"

"To Milly and Jimmy Carroon," she broke in

Dave hesitated, and glanced uncertainly at the distant flickering lightning. His face was working, his fists clenching and opening, as he thought about the night a few weeks back when, with Ed Johnson laying off, Jimmy Carroon had caught the turn with Rounder Johnson, had fallen off the train—or been knocked off—and had been ground to pieces beneath the whining wheels of No. 32. He took his hands out of his overall pockets, wiped them up his legs, and put them back. He could still feel Jimmy Carroon's blood clinging to him — could see Jimmy's battered face as it had looked when, hurrying back down the track, he had come upon the mangled remains strung along the rails. Evidently this girl did not know about either Jimmy or Milly

She went on with a hurried explanation.

"You see, since mother died, I've been living with an uncle down close to Mountainview. Jimmy and Milly have been promising me that I could come to Ainesville just as soon as I was seventeen The last letter I had from them they said they had a job for me, and would send me the money in about ten days. When the time came, and I didn't get it, I slipped off from uncle and came anyhow. I thought it would be lots of fun."

She shuddered and laughed almost hysterically. The cloud in the north, with its lightning-bordered edges, was drawing nearer. The cars were rocking and swaying.

Dave still stood towering above her, with his hands in his pockets, staring down. Perhaps it was because she was lonely; perhaps it was that Jimmy Carroon had been his friend; perhaps because he had once thought himself in love with Milly; perhaps—

Anyway, the temptation to pick her up in his arms, to smooth back her straying curls, to cover her smudged, childish face with manly kisses, was almost irresistible; but he restrained himself.

"You can't stay out here, child," he began softly.

"Call me Molly," she broke in.

"You can't stay out here, Molly. It's going to rain. When we start up Garfield Hill, you'll have to go back with me."

"To the caboose?" she questioned eagerly.

"No-o-o—not to the caboose," returned Dave, thinking of Rounder Johnson and Milly Carroon and the ugly suspicion that perhaps Jimmy hadn't fallen off the train. "No! Four or five cars back there's an empty with an end door. You can ride in that, I think. At least it 'll keep you from getting wet."

He laughed in momentary confusion, and sat down on the running board beside her.

When they struck Garfield Hill, Dave, helping her across the creaking gaps between the cars, found the empty. It was an old system car, used now only for hauling cordwood. The door high in the end was fastened with a seal slipped through the bolt fasteners on the outside

Dave hesitated for just a second. It is a prison offense to break a seal on a

car. Then, with a growl, he jerked off the piece of tin and climbed into the car. Molly thrust her feet through the door after him. Setting his lantern on the floor, he reached up and grasped her above the knees. The touch of her thrilled him to his finger tips. With a little cry she slipped through the narrow opening, and he set her firmly upon her feet on the floor of the car.

It was dirty. Bark, chips, chunks of wood, and sawdust lay scattered to a depth of three or four inches.

"Nasty hole to stay in, kid," Dave commented; "but it 'll beat riding out on top in the rain."

"No worse than the other one I was in," she said, laughing.

He looked searchingly into her eyes. Her long black lashes trembled, then fell. Once more Dave felt tempted to gather her in his arms, forlorn as she was, and crush her to him; but again he thrust aside the temptation, and, turning, made his way to the door and out on top.

At Garfield they took siding for No. 3 and a through freight. Dave opened the switch and once more watched the train run by him. When he caught the caboose, Rounder was lying on the locker, half asleep.

"Where we at, kid?" he mumbled drunkenly.

"Headed in at Garfield, cap," returned Dave.

"Oh! Garfield, huh?" Rounder sat up and rubbed his eyes. "Say, kid, did you find them passengers over there?"

Dave started.

"What passengers?" he queried, sparring for time.

"Them I was tellin' you about. Don't lie to me, now! I know there was one there, if not more. Come on, divvy up!"

"Aw, you're bugs, Rounder," lied Dave. "There ain't a soul on the train."

While they were talking, Ed dropped down from the cupola and came to stand beside them.

"Everything running O. K., Dave?" he asked, yawning and looking at his watch

"Yeah—all O. K."

Dave caught Rounder not looking, and rolled his eyes at Ed, to indicate that he wanted to speak to him outside. Ed climbed back into the cupola, picked his lantern off the nail, and strode out at the front door. Dave left by the rear one, and the two brakemen met three car lengths ahead.

"What's wrong, pard?" queried Ed.

"Nothing much, only—say, Ed, did you know Milly Carroon had a sister?"

"Sister? No. Why?"

Ed caught his breath and looked away. Dave thought that Rounder's brother, too, had loved Milly Carroon, and he felt that Ed could be trusted.

"Well, you listen to me, big boy. There's another Carroon girl, and she's going to Ainesville to Jimmy and Milly. She's riding on this train."

"Like—"

"Yeah, that's what I said. She was in one of them empties I set out back at Westview. She came crying after me, and I put her in another empty."

Ed whistled.

"Is she as good a looker as Milly was?" he asked irreverently.

"I can't say what she looks like; but, boy, she's sure got my sympathy!"

"She'll need a damn sight more'n sympathy, pard."

"Yeah, I know it."

Dave looked away at the lightning and listened to the thunder, whose echoes were rolling ever nearer.

"Didn't tell Rounder she was over there, did you?" queried Ed.

"You think I'd tell that dirty whelp anything—"

"Listen, Meade—you be damned careful how you talk about him. He ain't no saint, but he's my brother."

"Brother or no brother, don't you go tell the dirty—"

Dave checked himself and strode away into the night. No. 3 went crashing past the siding with the lights turned low in her Pullmans. Dave turned to look after her and watched the tail lights become one in the distance. Then he started uneasily. Halfway to him, coming from the caboose, was a white lantern.

"Wonder if old Ed told that dirty skunk!" he murmured. "Never did give me away on anything before."

He stopped and waited. Soon the conductor came puffing up.

"Where you going, cap?" queried Dave

"I'm goin' over to collect from that bird, if you ain't got the nerve to do it," blustered Rounder Johnson.

"No, you're not going over there to collect from nobody, either!"

"Like hell I ain't!" snarled Rounder, thrusting his squared jaw up into Dave's face.

Dave fumbled in his pocket and fished out a half dollar.

"There's your measly four bits," he growled. "Take it, and go back to your crummy!"

Rounder took the money and stood hesitating for a moment, looking at it. Then, with a cunning laugh, he turned to Dave again.

"You're too keen, Davie boy," he boomed slyly. "For some reason you don't want your papa to go over. I'm goin' to see what you got. Maybe you made a big haul?"

Inwardly Dave cursed himself for his bungling. If only he had told the conductor there was one bum on the train, and given him the half dollar, the drunken reprobate would never have thought of making the trip over; but it was too late now. Rounder went along the train, looking into every open door, and opening those that were not sealed. Dave followed, hoping that the searcher might miss the one with the open end door; but he hoped in vain.

As they approached the car in which Molly was riding, Dave's heart came up into his mouth. He wasn't afraid for himself. He had been in more than one fist fight, and had sometimes been badly mauled; but he had never squealed.

Rounder looked on the forward bumper and started backing out. Then he noticed the open end door.

"That damned door wasn't open when I took the numbers at Bloomfield!" he bellowed. "We'll jist see!"

He strode quickly to the side door, fumbled with the fastening, and slid the door back, grating on its rusty guides. Thrusting his lantern inside, he peered about. Molly, who had been sitting on the opposite side, almost asleep, rose and crouched back into the darkness.

"One bum here," mumbled the conductor. "We'll go — what the hell? That ain't no bum! It's a dame! I *se-e-e-e!*"

The big man started climbing into the car. Dave lifted his lantern, so that Molly could see his face, and laid a finger on his lips to indicate silence. The girl, contrary to the usual rule with women who met Rounder Johnson, seemed to sense danger. She gripped her throat with one hand and laid the other on her heaving chest.

Dave followed the conductor into the car, and the two men stood confronting Molly.

"Little love nest over here in a box car, huh?" grunted Johnson.

"You keep your dirty mouth shut and get out of this car!" snapped Dave, drawing back the heavy lantern. "You weren't asked to come over here.

"She's Not Going to Be Buzzard Bait for You—Not if I Can Help It!"

I've paid you your four bits, and you took it. Get out!"

"Phew!" whistled the conductor, laughing. "When did you git so damned cocky, you little banty? Have—"

"I'm not getting cocky. I—"

"Have you forgot I'm conductor on this train, an'—"

"I know you're conductor on this train, but I'm telling you to keep your dirty hands off that girl!"

"My dirty hands!" Mockingly, sneeringly, Rounder drew off his brown kid gloves and looked at his stubby white hands. "My little man, it strikes me this is one hell of a fine place to haul a woman. If I didn't have anything better to offer her than a ride in a box car, I'd sure let the dame alone!"

Dave was trembling from head to foot. Molly's face was going crimson, then white, with shame. Dave took a step toward Rounder, his lantern drawn back to strike

"Rounder Johnson, I'm giving you fair warning. If you open your dirty mouth another time, I'm going to splatter your brains all over this box car. You get out of here, and let this girl alone! She's not going to be buzzard bait for you—not if I can help it!"

Rounder took one look at his brakeman—this kid who, from the time he was big enough to do anything, had docilely done the older man's bidding. The burly conductor was drunk, but

he was not too drunk to remember a remark that old Gabe Johnson had once made:

"If you want to git a man killed, and don't want to do it yourself, all you got to do's to git him crowdin' a Meade!"

Perhaps he was even now remembering how he had followed his father's advice, and had set his first enemy crowding Dave Meade's father. Perhaps he was recalling the lightning speed with which old David Meade had struck with a stave bolt and killed. At any rate he shrugged his broad shoulders, and, still cursing, made for the door. There, with one foot on the sill and the other on the truss rod, he spoke once more, addressing himself to the girl in a changed tone.

"Maybe, miss—maybe you'd rather come back an' ride the cushions with me," he said. "It's light back there, an' it won't be lonesome. Come on! I'm captain of this boat. What you say?"

Molly, standing there trembling, looked first at one of the two men and then at the other. The young brakeman watched her anxiously. Whether she read the warning in his eyes, or whether she sensed the danger she was in, she took two steps toward Dave, laid a trusting hand on his sleeve, and, turning toward the angry conductor, the lady killer of the Ainesville Division, managed to stammer out:

"No, sir—I started riding here—I'll—I'll stay on into—"

With a curse Rounder dropped to the ground and shoved the door into place, leaving the two alone.

## III

For a moment Dave stood staring down at Molly and the white hand that rested upon his dirty sleeve. His fingers twitched. His heart skipped a beat, then raced madly.

"Why — why didn't you want me to—to go back to—to the caboose?" she questioned, looking up at him half reproachfully.

"You'll find out quick enough, once you get into Ainesville," returned Dave bitterly, shaking the girl's hand from his sleeve.

The extra freight whistled for Garfield. In three minutes they would be moving out of the siding. What if Rounder Johnson should come back to the car after Dave left?

He went to the door and looked out. The conductor's lantern was bobbing up and down, moving toward the caboose. He ran a hand into his pocket, pulled out a five-dollar bill, and returned to where Molly was standing in the middle of the car.

"Here, kid, you take this and go back to the depot and buy you a ticket to Ainesville. I can't let you ride out here any more. No. 8 will—"

Molly pushed the money aside.

"No, no! I can't take money from you. Why, I don't even know your name!"

"You'd better take money from me than take a chance on that blackguard coming back here. Take it!"

But she flatly refused and crept away into the rear end of the car. Soon the engineer sounded his whistle—four short, sharp blasts — the signal for Dave to come to the head end and open the switch.

From Garfield to Sleeper, where all freight trains took coal and water, Dave rode the engine cab, keeping a constant lookout for a light which might be Rounder Johnson coming over to molest the girl alone in the box car; but none came. The storm broke. Lightning flared about them, thunder

crashed, rain fell in sheets, and wind bent the oak trees until their branches brushed the ground. Dave kept looking back uneasily, but he had little fear that Rounder Johnson would go over the train in this storm.

While they were taking coal at Sleeper, Dave looked his train over as usual. As he started back, he saw a big negro leaning against one of the chute supports, out of the rain. Dave gave him a careful look, decided that he was one of the coal passers at the chute, and hurried on. When he came even with the empty, he called out:

"How are you coming, Molly?"

There was no answer. Dave, his heart in his mouth, climbed up to the end door and flashed his light inside The girl was lying curled up by the closed door, sound asleep.

"Poor kid!" he muttered. "Must be fagged out."

He dropped back to the ground and hurried toward a light that was approaching from the rear. About the middle of the train he met Ed Johnson.

"How's everything, pard?" queried his buddy.

"Fine—fine!" replied Dave.

"How's the little dame?"

"O. K., I reckon. She's sleeping now."

"You've sure got old Rounder sore at you," remarked Ed.

"Yeah?"

"I'll say you have! I had to tell him who the dame was to keep him from coming after you with a forty-five; and then he threatened to pull the air and bring her back to the caboose. Wonder he ain't come already!"

"That so?"

The two men separated, Dave returning to the head end. All the way over he kept looking back, but the only lights he saw were his partner's lantern moving toward the caboose, and the green of the marker trembling through the rain.

When they pulled away from Sleeper, he caught the engine and climbed up in front of the fireman, where he sat restlessly shifting his position and looking back along the train. Each flash of lightning revealed the uneven tops of the cars weaving back and forth, back and forth; and that was all he could see.

Was it? He sprang to his feet and looked again. What was that figure silhouetted on top, twenty cars back? He waited for it to lighten again, but when the next flash came the rain was pouring so heavily that he could not see five cars down the train.

He sat for two miles, fretting and stewing. Should he go back and investigate?

After all, he had probably been mistaken. Surely Rounder, who had evidently been drinking, would not start over the train without a light! Even a sober man could scarcely make it. No telling about Rounder Johnson, though. He had been out on top in the rain on the night when Jimmy Carroon was killed. Besides that, Ed had said that his brother had threatened to come.

Then, again, if the figure was not Rounder, there might be another hobo on the train. There was that big negro at Sleeper—perhaps he had not been a coal passer. What if he should try to ride the train, and should accidentally stumble into the same car with Molly Carroon?

Dave, picking up his lantern, started back for the tender. The fireman stared after him with open mouth.

"Where you going, Dave?" he called.

"Going back a ways. Thought I saw something back there."

When Dave came out from beneath the storm curtain, the rain, which was again pouring heavily, struck him like a torrent. It almost took away his breath. It poured off his oilskin coat in streams and ran down the hand that held his lighted lantern.

Going was difficult. The hogger was wheeling the drag down a long grade, making a run for the hill beyond a bridge. At every coupling Dave stopped to steady himself for the leap to the next car. Sometimes he almost missed his footing; still, in spite of flood and danger, he kept on until he reached the car where he had left Molly Carroon.

As he landed atop the empty, sounds smote his ears which were not of train or storm. There was a scream—a woman's scream—and then came a coarse voice, Rounder Johnson's voice, bellowing madly:

"Yell, you damned little vixen! Yell till hell freezes over! That's all the good it 'll do you. That little yaller cuss thought he'd bluff me out, huh, an' have you all to hisself? I'll show you!"

Dave fairly leaped over the weaving top. When he set his lantern on the running board, it tipped, rolled off with a clatter, and left him in darkness; but he paid no heed to it. Grasping the braces on the running board, he swung his feet through the narrow door and catapulted himself inside the car.

As he landed, the screaming ceased, and the coarse voice of Rounder Johnson was hushed. An orange flame thrust out from the center of the dark car, and a bullet crashed into the pine boards behind Dave.

For what seemed an eternity Dave stood crouched, ready to spring, to strike, to dodge. Then the big conductor's coarse voice bellowed again.

"That's you, is it, you dirty little cuss! You damned ungrateful rat, to double cross Rounder Johnson after all we've done for you! I'll show you!"

Twice more the bull-nosed automatic spat flame, and twice more lead shivered wood two feet from Dave Meade's head. He crouched low and crept along the side of the car, waiting his opportunity. It was absolutely dark inside. The rattle of brake rigging, the creak of drawbars, the incessant *clack, clack, clack, clack,* of wheels on joints came to drown all sounds within the car. The engineer whistled for Greenland—and whistled through.

Dave was crouching down, ready for a spring at the first sight of his antagonist. Outside a sheet of lightning flared up, its glow making the inside of the car as bright as day for an instant. Dave was not three feet from the huge bulk of Rounder Johnson, who stood gun in hand, waiting; and cowering back in the car was the figure of Molly Carroon.

With a lightning leap, Dave grabbed for the gun. It spat once more, and a bullet tore through his blue serge cap and splintered the wall behind him. Then both his own hands closed over the weapon, which went whirling down into the bark and chips on the floor.

As the gun left his right hand, Rounder Johnson wrenched himself free from the grip of the smaller man, lashed out with his left, and sent Dave reeling into the farther end of the car. The brakeman recovered himself and came up with blood dropping from his smashed lips. The lightning flared again. Rounder came on, head down, like a charging bull. Dave stepped

aside, ducked, and caught the big man under the chin, getting in three telling blows before Rounder could regain his balance and strike back.

The cars rocked and jumped. The miles of springing, clacking steel reeled out beneath their wheels. Once more the rain was falling in torrents, sending streams of water through the tattered roof of the old freight car. Molly, crying and screaming with terror, made her way across the uneven floor. Her foot struck the automatic lying among the bark and dirt. She picked it up and waited hysterically for the next flash of lightning; but, when it came, she could only stand and wait. She dared not shoot, with the two men clinched, rolling, striking desperately

For hours, it seemed to Dave, the fight continued. He forgot the girl—forgot why he fought. The old hatred was in his heart—the hatred engendered by Rounder Johnson's years of cruel tyranny; and the tyrant was paying the score. The crushing arms ceased to grip Dave. Drink and dissipation had sapped the once powerful manhood of the bully of Ainesville. Finally he lay inert and helpless, while his conqueror reeled over him, still striking and bruising, unable to understand that the battle was over. Then, when he realized that he had whipped his hated enemy, Dave himself collapsed into insensibility.

When he regained consciousness, Molly was kneeling beside him, the lightning playing over her frightened, tear-stained face. The train whistled for Stouton, and began slowing for the station. Before it had stopped, there came a step on the top of the car, and Ed Johnson swung down inside. Lifting his lantern, he glowered about at the three figures.

Dave staggered to his feet. Rounder struggled to an elbow, cursing and spitting blood.

"What's happened here, you fellers?" queried Ed.

"Reckon you can see," growled Dave.

The train jolted to a stop. Molly shrank back into a dark corner.

"We got to set out them cars here, Dave!" yelled Ed.

"I'll set 'em out," mumbled Dave. "You get that—that carrion back to the caboose, and keep it there!"

"You'll pay for this little fracas tonight, Meade," threatened Ed.

"He's damned right you'll pay for it!" blubbered Rounder. "I'll kill you, you dirty little rat! I'll—"

"Be darned sure you make a good job of it, you big fat slob! Next time you get a notion to go nosing into my business, let it alone," warned Dave.

Ed started off, half leading, half dragging his brother, who was still pouring out a torrent of curses, toward the caboose. Dave swung down from the open door, helped Molly to the uneven ballast, and slipped a bill into her unresisting hand.

"Take this money, go over to that depot, and buy yourself a ticket to Ainesville," he told her, giving her hand a squeeze. He turned toward the engine. "Listen, kid!" he called back. "When you get there, go straight to Mother Haskell's boarding house—anybody'll show you where it is—and tell her who you are."

Without another word, he reeled away into the darkness, stumbled over to the head end, and, using the red light for a lantern, set out the empty stock cars for Stouton.

## IV

To both Dave and Molly the months that followed were a period of adjust-

ment. Mother Haskell fell as madly in love with the kid as Dave had done, and the two of them became slaves to her every whim.

Molly remained at the boarding house as a waitress. Of course people talked. That's small town stuff. Then the way poor Milly had gone, coupled with the rumor that she herself had been brought to town in a box car by the Meade boy, turned the people of Ainesville against her, so that if it hadn't been for the constant support of Dave and Mrs. Haskell she would probably have fallen into bad company.

As it was, the life of the terminal town, so vastly different from that to which she had been accustomed, caught her completely off her guard. Proving herself a regular little coquette, she flirted with the young fellows just as the other girls of Ainesville did. She went to dances and drank sodas with a dozen of them; but Ed Johnson, handsome, dashing young railroader that he was, in spite of her hatred and fear of Rounder, seemed to be her favorite.

It caused Dave many a heartache. Once or twice he remonstrated mildly with her; but she, the butterfly fresh from the cocoon, only patted his arm and went her way. She treated him much as she would have treated Jimmy, had her brother been living; and Dave was too much of a gentleman to force his attentions upon her, or to remind her that she owed him anything. Once he had placed her firmly upon her feet, where she could make her own way, he kept watch on her only from a distance.

Along in July Mother Haskell died quite suddenly, leaving Molly out of a job, and with not a single woman whom she could call a friend. Dave, who was away on a fishing trip, did not return for nearly a week. In the meantime Ed Johnson, through Rounder's influence, had got her a place as a waitress at the Badge and Lantern, a combined restaurant, saloon, and gambling joint with furnished rooms overhead, run by one Chicken Hart, as unscrupulous a brute as ever jerked corks out of booze bottles.

Dave, knowing the character of the Badge and Lantern, went straight to Molly as soon as he came into town, bent on urging her to quit the job and let him help her until she could secure work elsewhere.

"This place isn't fit for a decent girl to step into on Sunday, let alone to work in," he declared hotly.

"I've been here four days, and I never was treated better in my life, Davie," she replied, laughing sweetly.

"They're baiting you, Molly—just baiting you. Rounder Johnson owns a part interest in this dive. I know 'em! You'll—"

Molly stepped back, and, facing Dave, looked him squarely in the eye.

"I've got to make my living, Dave," she said simply. "I had to have a job somewhere, and—"

"You don't have to work in a joint like this while I'm making a hundred and a quarter a month! Molly—" Dave hesitated, confused, doubting, the blood surging through his veins. "Don't you see, Molly, I—I—"

He reached out and grasped her hands in his.

"Oh, Dave!" she pleaded. "Not that! You don't—"

"Can't you see, girly?" he went on passionately. "I—I—love you. I want you. Won't you marry me and let me take you out of this hole? I know I'm homely, and I've nothing but my job; but, Molly—"

His face was working. His muscles

were twitching. Releasing one hand, he tried to pull her to him, to get an arm about her shoulders; but she drew back, panting, startled.

"Don't, Dave—please don't!" she cried. "I don't want to—to marry anybody—now. Can't you see?"

Chicken Hart came through the swinging doors from the bar, wiping his fat hands on his dirty white apron. Molly, jerking loose from Dave, fled to the kitchen. The brakeman faced about and met the gimlet eyes glaring at him from beneath Hart's shaggy brow.

"What the hell you tryin' to pull off here, Meade?" grated the saloon keeper.

"Nothing that I need to apologize to you for," returned the brakeman.

"Yeah? Seems to me I've heard somethin' about you an' this little dame," he sneered. "Found 'er in a box car, didn't you?"

"Keep that guff to yourself, Hart!" said Dave in a low tone, taking two steps toward the saloon keeper. "You don't pull any of that righteous indignation stuff on me; and you needn't make any more of your dirty insinuations. I know you, and I know your crowd. That girl's decent."

"Sure, sure!" purred the Chicken. "I knowed she was before I hired her, an'—"

"Well," broke in Dave, "you better be darned sure you let her stay that way. If anything happens to her—"

Dave whirled, and, slamming the door behind him, went hurrying up the street.

Molly worked on at the Badge and Lantern. Dave, when he moved away from Mother Haskell's old place, took a room upstairs, where he could be close to her in case she needed him. He had a feeling that some time she might need him badly; but for thirty days all seemed to be going well.

Then, one night, Dave, coming in, missed Molly from her accustomed place behind the counter. One of the day girls was on duty in her stead.

"Where's Molly?" he questioned suspiciously.

"Sick," snapped the waitress, who, like the rest of the girls in the Badge and Lantern, was jealous of Molly.

"Sick?"

"Yeah, that's what I said."

"Where is she?"

"Up in her room, I reckon. She was yesterday."

The girl swept away into the kitchen with his order, leaving him staring uneasily about him. He did not know what to do. Molly had turned him down cold when he had spoken to her a month ago. Should he go to her now, or should he attend to his own business and leave her alone?

He knitted his brows in uneasiness. Soon Chicken Hart came down the stairs, without paying any attention to the customer at the lunch counter, and strode into the saloon. Dave stared after him. The saloon keeper, he knew, seldom went upstairs.

"I wonder!" he thought.

Then, rising, he flung his cap upon the rack, and, taking the stairs two at a time, hurried into the wing of the building where the girls had their rooms. Going straight to Molly's door, he knocked gently.

"Who's there?" came a weak voice—Molly's voice, scarcely audible even in the silence of the dark corridor.

"Me—Dave," he muttered hoarsely.

"Oh, Dave, Dave!" she faltered, and then the sound of low sobbing came out to him.

He tried the door. It was locked He shook it softly.

"Open this door, Molly!" he commanded, his voice shaking with emotion. "I've got to see you for a minute."

After what seemed to him an hour, a key turned in the lock, and Molly, her face red with fever, her eyes bloodshot from weeping, opened the door a little way and stood clinging to it.

"What's the matter, Molly?" he whispered.

"I'm sick, Dave—oh, so sick!"

"What's the matter?"

"I don't know. They wouldn't get me a doctor."

"They wouldn't? Why not?"

"Oh, Dave!" she cried, while a shudder passed over her and sobs once more shook her fevered body.

"What is it, Molly? Tell me," urged Dave, pushing the door open.

Molly staggered, and would have fallen, had he not picked her up and placed her on the bed.

Then, alone there with him, she sobbed out the ugly story. Chicken Hart and Rounder Johnson, it seemed, had terrified her with threats to which, though she did not fully understand them, she could not help attaching the most sinister meaning. When she defied her persecutors, Hart had held her virtually a prisoner, refusing to let any one see her or to get her a doctor, though she felt deathly sick—the result, she suspected, of some drug that had been placed in her food.

Dave's blood boiled, and he vowed vengeance against Hart and Johnson; but, realizing the position in which any open hostilities would put Molly, he ended by having the ambulance take her to the hospital, where he made her remain until she had recovered from the effects of their drugging sufficiently to go to a new job in Bloomfield.

In his work, too, Dave faced a tough proposition. When the story of his fight with Rounder leaked out, it stirred up no little comment. He expected to be called to the office at once and discharged for fighting; but when months passed, and the affair was never officially mentioned, he decided that old Stacey, the superintendent, had let him alone because, whenever he was fired, Rounder Johnson must also be punished.

Besides, his friends were many both on the road and in the offices. Men who scarcely dared to speak above a whisper, for fear of getting the Johnsons down on them, cautioned him to look out for trouble.

"Remember Jimmy Carroon, boy!" warned Clancy, the yardmaster. "You better git off that Johnson car and take a job with somebody else. They'll git you sooner or later!"

"They won't bother me, Mr. Clancy," Dave returned, laughing. "I've been raised with 'em. They're all O. K. except Rounder, and he's not bad when there's no women or whisky in the argument."

"Don't kid yerself, Davie," said Clancy seriously. "I know that gang better'n you do. I know how they work and how they stick together. You lived with 'em so long you're like a possum raised in a den of polecats—you can't smell 'em!"

**To be continued**

Read "NICARAGUA LURES THE BOOMER"
By Lieut. Charles E. Chapel
in the June RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE—a Fine Feature on the Tropics

# The Passing of the Red Caboose

By Christopher James Byrne

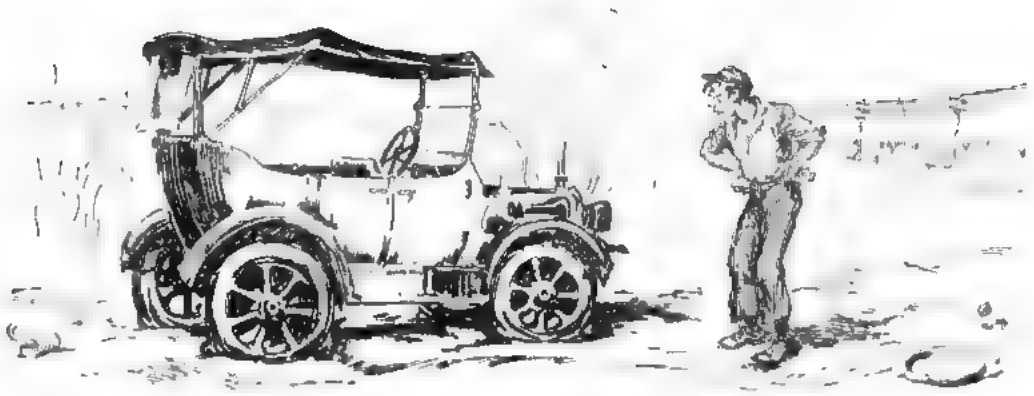
I OFTEN think I'd like to run on an old time highball train
And stride along the running boards of the hurricane deck again.
I'd love to feel the sway that comes when she hits the grades and bends;
And the joy that springs from a thing well done as the day and the journey ends.

Somehow I fear the same old thrill would not be there for me,
For the modern trend has changed a lot of the things that used to be.
I'm all for the safer ways, of course, that the boys find there to-day;
I'm glad that the old time link and pin and the frog have gone their way

The worst of all is still to come if the news to-day is true—
The old Caboose that we all hold dear is soon to be taboo.
That dear old car where all good cheer and friendliness held sway,
According to the latest word, is soon to pass away.

The old hand brakes and the diamond stack hold memories dear to me,
The pilot bar and the old pay car of the days that used to be;
I guess I'm just old-fashioned, but I can't keep silent when
I've known the thrill of the olden days and the joys that filled me then.

I fancy I could work once more and still feel quite content
With all the changes that have come if I were competent;
But little joy would come my way and work seem but abuse
If railroads try to run their trains without the Red Caboose.



I Had Four Flat Tires and 200 Pounds of Steam

# Highballing the Moonbeam Trail

Hiram, the Boomer from Aroostook, Barnstorms into the Desert Division Town to Modernize a Railroad

By Charles W. Tyler

YOU can't keep a good man down, not to say nothin' of a good railroad man—unless he's got a lily in his hand. Some of these here wise Alecks is always poppin' off as how a "has been" don't ever come back, except on a shutter. The only boomer rail that don't show up every now an' then is out on a tombstone.

An' they ain't hog tied then. When the long faced gimlet with the crape in his eye pats 'em in the face with a spade, them boomers just grab a pie book an' a couple handfuls of train an' start boomin' the Milky Way—where the hogheads has got wings an' freight conductors run around kissin' boomer brakemen an' trainmasters.

I ain't been on the old pike since you could buy a bucket of suds for a thin dime, an' a drunk was of tooken to the hoosegow instead of the morgue. Them was the days. A jasper could get pie-eyed for six bits, an' for the same amount now he can not only get enameled proper, but have the Delirious Trimmin's throwed in with his "panther milk."

In case you just got off the bungaloo in this man's war, I will put out a red board an' give you some tissues an' a clearance on the block.

My monica is "Hiram." I been called other names, too. But it is all right just to let it go at that. Maybe you seen me some place. I been in all the good hoosegows in the country, an'

a few that wa'n't so much. You take all them good roads they got in Florida—I helped build 'em.

I have got two hundred pounds of ambition—right up against the pin all the time—but not no Johnson Bar, which there ain't no way to hoss me over after I highball out, none at all. My skull factory manufacturers me plenty trouble, an' I got to depend entire on shoe leather to keep me out of the hands of a undertaker. Mor'n once, if I just had a couple of tail-feathers, me an' a mallet duck would be Simonize twins.

I crawled this here ring tailed riot called life at Presque Isle, Maine, an' was carded through as an empty. I was a pertater snatcher by instinct, an' a bum by choice. My feet got a crawlin' feelin', an' I blowed. I had crawlin' feelin's sinst then, but it ain't always been in my feet. Take "Skid Row," out in Los Angulus, California. They have to set a binder on the bed posts.

Anyhow, I started off workin' at the easiest job I could find. That was brakeman on a railroad. I figgered after a couple of months the iron collars would see how smart I was to catch onto things an' make me president, or somethin'. What I caught onto, you'd be alarmed.

I was just brakin' a little while. I damn near broke up one entire railroad.

Then I went an' saw the head maniac, an' got a job firin'. Shovelin' sand-coulee slack an' bustin' slate was harder than bein' a shack, but it was better than starvin' to death.

Well, one night me an' some more half-witted jaspers off the extra board was tryin' to wheedle an' old hog an' a lot of box cars over Shelburne Hill. We would have done all right if we was goin' *down* hill, but we couldn't pull 'em even on the level.

The pig-eye was one of them cautious old wimmen who wouldn't go no place if he didn't have the stack full of water. I got to hook over them clinkers plenty, but he won't give me the gun. So when he is got his konk stuck out tryin' to see if we're goin' forrard or backwards, I shut off the cocks at the top an' bottom of the water column. Pretty quick this jasper looked an' seen how good the water was holdin' up, an' he slaps over the injector. After a while he don't see it goin' down none, so he taken a whirl at the try-cocks—an' he gets dry steam from 'em all—includin' the bottom one

He like to bust a lung, while he give the old goat some cold water to soothe her innards, but it was too late. Right there was when the crown sheet let go. The way him an' me an' the shack flaps acrost the sky would make a coot discouraged.

As soon as I got out of the horspitle, I quit railroadin', an' went to work for the Western Union as a telegrafter. I had done picked up a little "Morse," hangin' around stations, an' I got a "sine" at the old "Main" when it was at 109 State Street, Boston. I could send corkin', but I couldn't receive nothin' only on a Barclay Printer. Me an' a old firecracker, we go round an' round, an' when I come to conscious agin I was out of work.

Next I took the Joy Line an' went to New York, where a feller would have more show. The Western Union was at "195 Bway" them days. I sat in on the noon relief, but a bal'-headed galoot started makin' bum s'gestions about where I must of learned to sling a "stick," an' him an' me got personal as an old red flannel undershirt, which

final he drug up a resonator by the roots an' run me downstairs an' as far as Times Square before he give up the idea of crackin' my skull.

Well, I could seen I had too much genius for them common jobs, an' I went out West where they is a lot of raw, he-men. Man, some of them big raw palookas is lookin' for me yet.

I was all over, but I got to admit a lot of the time I was all over the ground, the same-as a N. P. mike that had of run through a d-rail out into the middle of one of them dry land farms in Montana.

Hiram

I tried bein' a cowboy, on account of it didn't look hard. Bein' that I was raised on a farm an' good at milkin', I thunk I should ought to make out as a cowboy. I got so's I could stay on them horse-hide explosions they call broncs, an' was doin' good, but the old cuss I was ridin' for says a hand has got to, anyhow, have more savvy than a cow. An' I went back railroadin'. That's what I'm doin' now—when I ain't runnin' for my cockeyed life.

So now you folks that wa'n't junglin' up the last time I was here, you know all I know, an' we can grab the rods an' see if we can make this hitch out of town.

II

Now you take a man missin' a train. He is what you might term another railroad catasterphy. Havin' labored long an' diligent to get him to Lalapaloosa Junction, or some place, which poor coal an' freight trains an' slow boards pile up galore to make lunaticks out of him an' the crew of this here cross between a hearse an' a toytoys, he final arrove at said desert partin' of the ways just in time to spend the night at one of them country ho-tles where most of the conveniences is out in the lot.

The train he wanted to connect with has went, an' so this jasper throw down his grips an' commence runnin' around lookin' for a short length of two-by-twice with which to beat in the roof of anybody from the ticket agent to the town idjit. You could of hear this bird calley-opin' all the way to Cuba, which he is tellin' the cockeyed world what kind of a creepin', crawlin', one-horse, J u d a s-long-comin' r a i l r o a d this stretch of God-forgive-'em piece of track is.

An' how the dish-faced, fog-bound, pimple-headed imbicycles that run it keep out of the bug-house mystifies him, no end.

Now me, I'm bright. I got more swell ideas than a power house has killer-whats. The only trouble is to get 'em adopted. A Orpheum Asylum would do just as good tryin' to get one of them mechanical Roberts to adopt babies. It's the same as if you give a sick hombre some castor oil. He lets out a terrible beller at the taste, on account of he don't know how good it is for him until he's cured of what's he got.

Well, anyhow, I started to home-guard the Santy Fe. I sort of figgered to save up an' get me a Ford an' a Harvey girl. She could keep on workin' an' I'd start prospectin'. I got the Ford, an' thought sure I could settle down, but a feller come along with a

six-shooter an' was goin' to help me, an' I drug.

This jasper just wa'n't up on wing shootin'; that's all. He allowed this here Harvey girl I was shinin' up to was patented ground, an' I let it go at that.

By an' by I come to Osdick, Osdick, Nevada. It is a division point on the West-We-Go Railroad. If you took the railroad away from Osdick, all them signs over the stores an' gerriges would just be eppytafts. Osdick is one hundred miles from no place. If it wa'n't for that the name of the station is painted on the roof, the buzzards would get lost.

This here o-sis is in the middle of the Desert of Fire, but if they build Boulder Damn it will be the biggest seaport between the Mohave an' San Francisco Mountains. They have tried irrigatin' Osdick with everythin' but water, an' some of the critters a man can see thereabouts after a while would make a statcher jump over Pilot Knob.

When I got to Osdick I had four flat tires an' two hundred pounds of steam. Man, that flivver could of pulled a thousand freight cars over Cajon Pass with all that fog. Just as I come to the subbubs—you always know when you're comin' to a town in them places by the empty cans—I seen a jasper sittin' on the ground beside one of them old Jenny sky crates.

This hombre had on a leather bonnet an' a long face. He could of used his chin for a spade if he was standin' on a chair. I seen he was in trouble, but he didn't have nothin' on me. So I went up, an' I says: "How's tricks?"

"How the hell would I know?" he says. "This damn thing is the only trick I seen!"

"Won't it fly?" I asts him.

"Fly?" he hollers, takin' off his helmite an' moppin' his face. "Fly me eye! Even the birds walk home in this man's desert. Say, if I get the crate to Los Angeles, I got to taxi it there. An' all there is between this dump an' Western Avenue is sixteen mountains. I can't get it off the ground for heat in the daytime, an' at night I can't see, for cripe sake!"

"How will you trade?" I asts him, noddin' at the flivver.

"Even!" he yelp, jumpin' up an' shakin' hands with me affectionate.

"Even?" I says, surprised.

"Sure!" he agree. "I promoted a guy in Santa Monica. I only got a hundred smackers in the blasted Jenny. I'll tell this bozo I cracked it up in Death Valley, an' give 'im the Ford and we'll call it even."

Then the sad-faced gimmick give me his goggles an' headgear, an' he says: "More power to you! Go-o-d-*by!*" An' he jumps in the flivver an' goes boundin' off on them four flat tires.

Well, I tried on the goggles an' helmite, an' got in this here plane an' shook the flippers an' kicked the rudder-bar, an' I bet I looked more like a sky jockey than Lindbergh. I could seen the old hearse was pretty good for the shape she was in, an' it wouldn't take only a few feet of haywire to make it as good as new.

I fooled around them airports out on the coast, between workin' for the Southern Pacific an' the Santy Fe, an' hopped a few times with fellers. Anyhow, I flew a plane off the earth wunst down in Mex, an' the bird in the front seat had his lap full of hand bombs, an' what happens after that is in all the late histories of Mexico. We went into a spin, an' the Spick fell out—him an' his "pineapples." Then the ship rights herself, an' I made a perfect "three-

point" landin'—two wheels an' the prop.

In that way I picked up some good experience. If a hoghead done a "whip-stall" or went into a "flat spin" or somethin' on a railroad, why immediate the old woman back in the crummy would dynamite the drag, an' that's all there would be to that. But in a air waggin, the jasper who's pullin' the job, he don't have to make only one bum pass—an' the undertaker has got a sweet job to make him presentable for the services.

I spent a hour one afternoon tryin' to land one of them cloud moguls ten foot off the ground. Final I stalled it in too slow an' we pancaked on top of a greenhouse, an' landed perfect in a bed of heliotripe. But up to now I hadn't done enough flyin' to take away no job from them hoggers on the T. A. T.

Me, I'm what you might call handy, like a monkey wrench. I can fit most anythin'. After a man has rode some of the jobs I been on, he ain't got no remorse about coonin' the hurricane deck of one of them gasoline moonbeams. Like, for instance, after some inflamable old cuss taken after you with a forty-five gun, on account of you interfere with his sense of booty, why, hoppin' a cloud gondola is a whole pile tranquil.

I went into Osdick an' final got some wrenches that would fit the spark plugs an' the jets. I adjusted the points on the mag, an' fixed the pump where it was leakin'. One of the shock cords was busted, an' I just used rope. Then a feller come out from a garage with some gas an' oil an' we fill 'er up.

After we hostled the old Jenny plenty, the other bird wound 'er up an' I got in an' hossed 'er over. The OX5 rev up about 1350. Well, anyhow, that was better than a U. P. hog could do, an' this hitch was runnin' light; so I figgered we had of got the world by the tail on a down-hill haul. I would just run it out on Skeleton Dry Lake, comin' evenin', an' fly the tail off the buzzard.

An' as quick as I was brushed up some, I could hop them iggerunt nut-splitters an' gandy dancers, an' the rest of the home guard around there. It would be a lot better than railroadin', I thunk. Pay good, too.

You know, they got some of the best landin' fields in the world in Arizona, Nevada an' California—out on them desert flats between the mountain ranges. They call 'em dry lakes, or playas. When it rains—when it does!—water sets on them big flat places an' evaporates, leavin' the surface like cement almost. Some of these here dry lakes ain't mor'n a couple of miles long, an' half that acrost. But there is some ten miles long an' two-three miles acrost.

The one at Osdick was about seven miles—dry, hard an' flat as spilt milk. Well, with seven miles start even one of them under-powered old Jennies should ought to hop, I figgered. An' it did! Gentlemen, hark!

## III

I TAXIED this here outfit I had accumulated over onto the flat acrost from the railroad station, an' got out an' walked around it as important as a dry senator, an' twice as sassy. Pretty quick there was about half of Osdick examinin' this thing the same as they would of a freight wreck.

I had noticed a private car standin' on a sidin' near the deppo, an' four-five brass collars was moochin' here an' yon around the works, hatchin' up some new kind of hell, I guess they

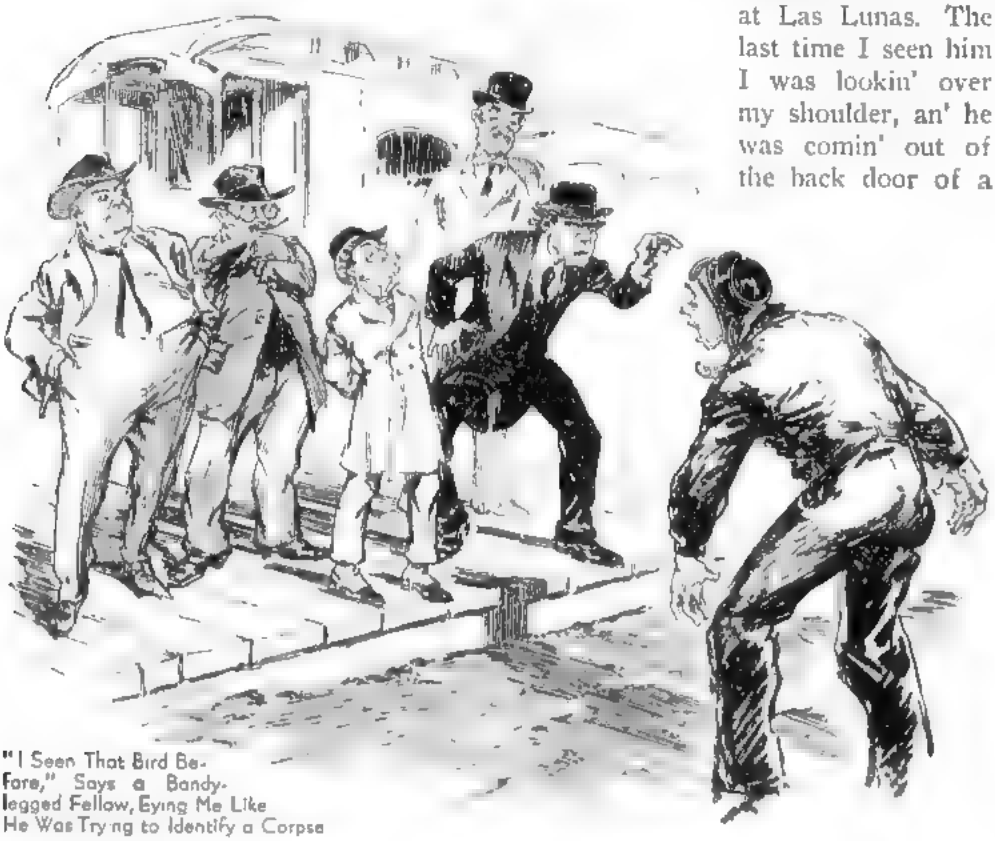
was. Just then I got a swell idea. One of them kind like Napoleon had.

So I went over where the iron hats was, an' put the harness on 'em.

"Weegates, longshoremen," I says.

"I seen that bird somewhere before," says a bandy-legged feller, eyin' me like he was tryin' to identify a corpse.

I looked at him, an' it was old man McGinn, the super at Las Lunas. The last time I seen him I was lookin' over my shoulder, an' he was comin' out of the back door of a



"I Seen That Bird Before," Says a Bandy-legged Fellow, Eying Me Like He Was Trying to Identify a Corpse

"How is all the old boys this afternoon?"

Well, that was just like they had of got their feet wet. Them birds got as frozen lookin' as Minnesoty in Febrooary.

"No, we don't want to take a little hop," snaps a little shriveled-up peelin', lookin' from me to where the air hack is bootifyin' the flats. "We are busy."

"Gents," I says, rollin' me a pill, "you are doin' yourselfs a favor by listenin' to me. Have you got a match?" I asts 'em.

crummy with a air hose, on account of I almost let an extra into 'em at a passin' track.

I back off respectful, an' observe that there ain't no obstructions between me an' the desert, an' I says: "Howdy, Mr. McGinn. How is your constitution holdin' out?"

"Son-of-a-gun!" he says. "If it ain't that yellow-headed maniac from Maine."

"You know the fellow, then," says the shrimp with the pain in his face.

"I do," McGinn says. "He's the

most versatile boomer that ever held a pie-book, and he leaves more tracks after him than a fly in a grocery store. I haven't seen him for years, but I heard of him now and then. Where you been," he asts me, "in jail?"

"And so you quit railroading for the flying game, eh?" inquires another of the iron noses.

"I progressed ahead of 'em," I says. "Mentally, railroads is still link-an'-pin. Look at all the big inventions sinst smokestacks had bustles — like talkin' pitchers an' radio an' prohibition. An' all the railroads done was to adopt automatic signals, Janney couplers an' air brakes. An' the only thing Pullman has did in ten years is to equip porters with fly swatters an' put in a slot in the wash rooms for old safety razor blades. An' they're just startin' to have pooty girls to wait on tables in the diners instead of them colored gold diggers.

"The Santy Fe an' the Central an' the Pennsy, they've went an' hooked up with the Western Air Express an' the T. A. T. What have you hooked up with?" I asts 'em. "You don't even make good connections with nothin' only the Sagebrush Bungaloo."

"There is a law against murder," yaps old man McGinn, lookin' around for a car tink's hammer, or somethin', "but God knows an accident is unavoidable."

"You have forgotten the new train stop devices," says a big frozo pompous, "and the remote control, or automatic train dispatching, that gives the dispatcher direct communication with the man in the cab or caboose."

"This blue-eyed, innocent-looking"—an' what old man McGinn called me I could of had him arrested—"short tail started two Indian uprisings down on the Sunshine Division, and raised more brands of choice and assorted hell in one short month than old Geronimo himself. Why, this hammer-head sold the OS office at Horsethief Bend to a squaw for a beaded vest. Didn't you hear about it at the time? Yes; this is the bird! Say!" he blat, stickin' out his jaw pugnasive. "I got a good mind to swing on you, just on general principles!"

"Gwan, you half portion of cheese!" I tell him. "You an' who else would be goin' to do all this?"

"Sold the OS office to a squaw?" interrupts one of the others incredoolyus. "And then what happened?"

"What happened?" yelled old man McGinn. "Good grief, she moved the whole blasted tribe over there, and it took half of the peace officers in Arizona and a troop of United States cavalry to get the redskins off of the railroad property. Hell, yes!"

"Well, I'll be darned," muse the big jasper, who it turned out was L. C. Sloan, the G. M., eyin' me admirin'.

"Oh, I gotta admit railroads has improved some," I says. "When I started firin' for the Boston an' Maine, away back in 1913-14, we'd take a battleship that didn't have no arch an' a string of freight cars, an' head out of the East Fitchburg yards for Mickyville (Mechanicsville, New York)—144 miles—and get canned once each way.

"Now they got them big Santy Fes, built at Lima, that drug 2200 tons of hot shot stuff from *Boston* to Mickyville—196 miles—in seven-eight hours. An' the new motive power they're goin' to get will wheel the drag up through East Deerfield, where they used to change engines, an' over Hoosick in about an hour less than that even.

"But what I mean," I says, "is that

railroads should ought to make it better for folks who have missed their trains, an' got to get some place in a hurry, or their old woman will think they got a blond on the string. Now there was L. W. Baldwin, down on the Missouri Pacific," I tells 'em. "He's got the right idea.

"Wunst when No. 116 was late into Little Rock, there was four passengers on board who wanted to make No. 24 for St. Looey an' Chicago. Twenty-four had been gone an hour an' five minutes when 116 pulls in. An' what did Mr. Baldwin done?"

"Well, what did he do?" snaps the withered gent, who was one of the W. W. G's fifteen or twenty vice presidents.

"He ordered out a special," I says, "with Charlie Boone at the throttle, an' run it as second Twenty-four. Charlie averaged 72 miles an hour between Little Rock an' Hoxie. Another crew took 'er at Poplar Bluff, an' burned up the first section's tail all the way into St. Looey. That's what you call service."

"And what has that got to do with you?" snaps old man McGinn.

"That Missouri Pacific special cost real jack," I says, "but it made a heap of friends for the road. Now take out here at Osdick. No. 13 comes draggin' herse'f in a couple hours off the time-card. There is some folks on her that want to make the Golden Orange Flier. Do you hold the Flier for 'em?"

"Not two hours, we don't!" growls Sloan. "Or one!"

"I bet there is some birds land here with a fine mad up," I sneers. "Osdick is such a swell dump to spend the night in."

"We do have a few complaints," admits the peanut, "but what can we do about it? We operate the W. W. G. for the convenience of the greatest number; not for three or four cranks that get marooned here occasionally when they want to be elsewhere."

"Now this is where I come in," I says.

"Yes, you do—*not!*" howls old man McGinn.

"If you just had a plane here," I goes right on, not payin' no attention to McGinn, on account of he don't mean nothin' he says, "all you'd have to do, if No. 13 was late, would of be to fly the folks who come in on her an' wanted to make the Golden Orange to the Coast to the next stop ahead of the Flier. Man, you wouldn't never have to do no more magazine advertisin'. Them passengers would do all your boostin' for you free.

"Just like as if a couple of chaotic palookas arrive in Osdick an' finds they missed the Golden Orange. Them birds will spend the rest of their dog-gone lifes broadcastin' that this here is the last railroad God ever made, an' is furthermore run by a lot of old wimmen."

"Where did you get your flying experience?" asts old man Sloan.

"I flew a Jenny in a revolution in Mex wunst," I says.

"Well, when we have a revolution we'll send for you," snaps the vice president.

"If we ever hired this bird we'd have a revolution all of the time," crabs old man McGinn.

Just then No. 13 come crawlin' up out of the Hurricane Breaks with her tail between her legs. She mows down heat devils, an' smears the decks of her cars with black smoke as the hoghead shuts off at the seat switch.

"Thirteen," said old man Sloan, takin' out his ticker an' scowlin' at it. "Two hours and a quarter late."

"How was the Golden Orange?" I asts 'em, grinnin'.

"On time!" snaps McGinn. "Gone an hour."

## IV

WELL, there was a trainmaster on No. 13, an' he had of got a longer story than Victor Hugo. Accompanyin' him on his speakin' toor was one of them important Alecks that if he would drop dead the wheels of progress are immediate d-railed. This last chronical ailment, his name was G. Thompson Holler. It fit him the same as powder on a lady's nose.

This bird was a banker, an' he wanted to get to Los Angulus in the mornin', which he had got the same chance as a cellar-Loyd collar in a fire box. That is, if he depended on steam an' railroad ties.

The trainmaster says everythin' had happened to No. 13 but hog cholery. A freight train bust a knuckle on the Sick Indian grade; No. 2 split a switch goin' into the passin' track at Owl Holes; there was a slow board west of the Big Muddy bridge, an' the hog-head was tooken with sleepin' sickness.

G. Thompson Holler come boundin' up the platform with a time-table in one hand an' a Gladstone bag wavin' in the other. He had been fifty miles blowin' hisself hot, an' right now both his pops is open. Him an' a S. P. hog whistlin' for brakes was a pair. A man would of done better tryin' to pacify Old Faithful geezer when it's due to squirt.

"Where do I get the Golden Orange Flier?" yappers G. Thompson Holler, bustin' up family groups an' runnin' over a Mex who was tryin' to ice the diner. "Which track is No. 1 on? Where's your damn porters? Can't a man get any service around this unmerciful, red-hot confounded country? Harh? What?"

"Good godfrey!" gasp L. C. Sloan. "Who is that?"

"Oh, just some simple soul that missed No. 1," I says, pleased. "Go an' tell him who you are, you birds. He'll be glad to knowed you."

Well, they just give me a dirty look, an' went to confer with G. Thompson Holler.

"I wired ahead!" this old armonia tank is bellerin' at the top of his lungs. "I told them to hold the Golden Orange, because that thing I was on was late! Where is the telegraph office around here? Who knows anything beside, 'I'm s-so sorry,' an' 'excuse me'?" he bleats, shrill. "Or is a conductor and a trainmaster the highest a man can go on this crooked blistering so-and-so of a railroad?

"What I want to know—has that other train *got here?* Or *hasn't* it? Or what the blazes?"

"I—I am very sorry," murmurs the shrimp with the achin' face—him an' the other brass bonnets havin' by now run down an' surrounded Mr. Holler—"but—er—No. 1 has—er—gone. Yes; it has been gone—er—some time. Now is there—is anything—"

"*Gone!* Certainly, it's gone!" This here hooman gusher shouts, flourishin' his arms until he looked like a octopus. "I could have told you that before I left New York. I heard about this road before. I wouldn't have got caught riding on it if I hadn't been obliged to go down here to Gold Dyke. I'd have avoided it just as I would malaria. Ha-ha!"

Them other birds, they fidget an' rub their hands an' wipe their faces an' try to get behind one another.

"Hull is my name," says the little jasper final, on account of the rest edge

him out front. "Jameston Hull, the eighth vice president of—"

"Of what?" challenge the other palooka, squarin' off in front of Mr. Hull threatenin'.

"Why, of the West-We-Go Railroad."

"Is that a confession or a boast?"

"You say you wired ahead?" asks Mr. Hull.

"To the superintendent."

"This is our superintendent of the Red Mountain Division," says the brass collar, immediate passin' the buck. "You talk to him. Mr. McGinn, meet Mr.—Mr.—"

"Holler!" yap this sorehead.

"*Holler?*" inquire old man McGinn, pushin' down his collar away from his Adam's apple an' liftin' up his voice. "Are you hard of hearing?"

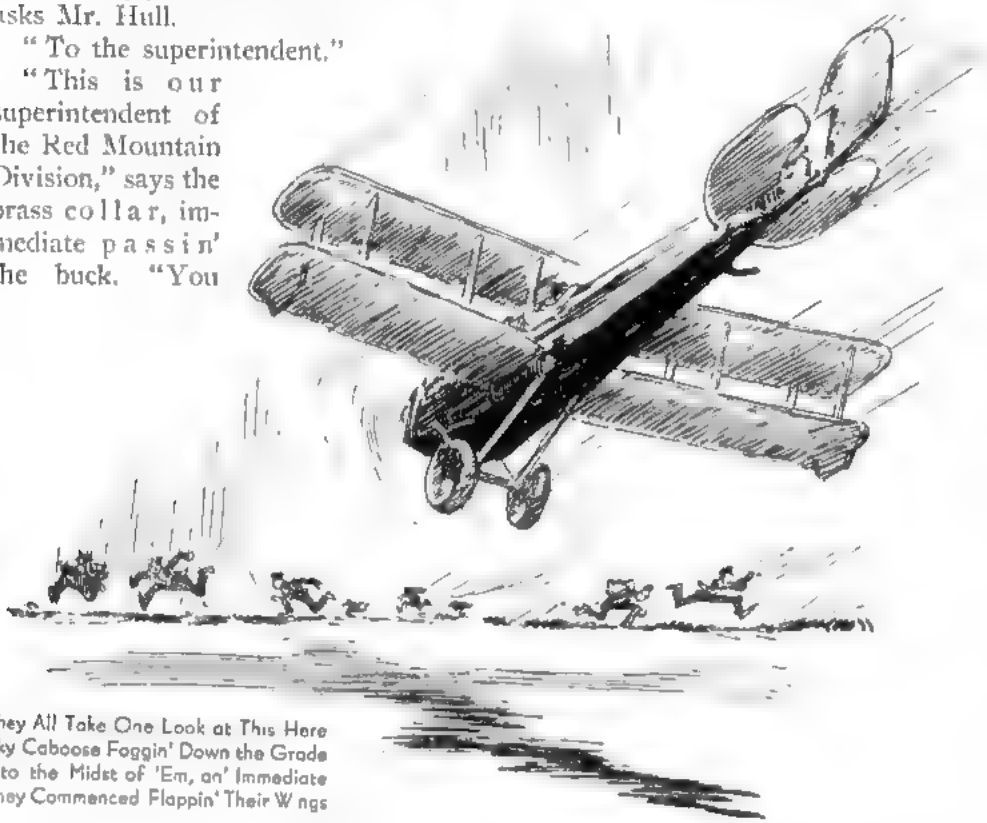
"Certainly I'm not hard of hearing!" snarl the gentleman. "What's the matter with you—crazy with the heat?"

"Listen," says old man McGinn.

"You had better talk with Mr. Sloan, I think," interrupt Mr. Hull, sweatin' like a pig. "He is the general manager. Mr. Holler, shake hands with Mr. Sloan."

"I don't want to shake hands!" squall this here old firecracker. "I want to get out of this confounded country as quick as the Lord will let me! I have business appointments in Los Angeles in the morning—and here I am, stuck for the night in the middle of the last place in the world. No more trains to-night. Off the mail and passenger routes of the air lines—marooned in a blistering-hot, jerk-water desert town. It's a fine-e how-d'ye-do! A ra-a-ilroad! Bah!"

Old man McGinn rolls his eyes an' clenches his fists, an' Mr. Hull shrivels



They All Take One Look at This Here Sky Caboose Foggin' Down the Grade Into the Midst of 'Em, an' Immediate They Commenced Flappin' Their Wings

a foot. Just then old man Sloan commences rubbin' his hands. He smirks the same a bathin' suit salesman would to a Eskermo, an' he says to this Holler jigger, smooth as valve oil and twice as gooey:

"I'm mighty glad to know you, Mr. Holler. And I just want to say that you will find the W. W. G. ready to coöperate with you in every way. Service is our password. We pride ourselves on our modern equipment and our advanced methods. It is our boast that no situation can arise, other than an act of God, in which we will be found wanting."

"I just want to get to Los Angeles in the morning!" blats Brother Holler. "That's all I want."

Old man Sloan gets so agreeable lookin' that he is almost slobberin'.

"My dear man," he says, "you will be aboard the Golden Orange Flier almost before you know it."

"What have you been drinking?" ast Mr. Holler polite.

"We are, fortunately, equipped to provide you with air transportation to Ash Hill," says Mr. Sloan, "immediately. You will arrive there well ahead of No. 1, and there will be still time for you to retire to your drawing-room, enjoy a fine night's rest, and awake in the morning among the beautiful orange groves of the California foothills."

Well, this dampens that Holler gimmick the same as if somebody threw a bucket of water on a match.

"You can provide me with air transportation, can you?" says the Holler volcano.

"Absolutely," states the G. M., proud as the father of an elephant. An' he waves his hand at where the spare board an' most of Osdick has got its head stuck in the cockpits of this here old Jenny that has come into the family. "The plane, yonder—and our pilot." Which he includes me with a little flop of his paw.

G. Thompson Holler, he cranes his neck toward the old crate acrost the tracks, an' then he wipes his feet on me with his eyes. "If *that* is an airship!" he snarls, jabbin' a finger in the direction of this OX5 outfit, "and *that* is a pilot, I'm Columbus!"

"Well," apologizes Mr. Hull, comin' to the rescue of old man Sloan, "of course, everything is a bit crude as yet, but"—and he glares at me out of the tail of his eye an' grits his teeth—"I assure you that the plane is in A-1 shape, and the pilot one of the best."

Them birds would of told this man, Holler, that a firin' squad was safe, an' stood 'im up in front of it—gladly.

"You have been up?" says Mr. Sloan, liftin' one eyebrow. "Everybody has nowadays."

"No; I haven't been up!" snaps this jasper who had fogged off No. 13. "And, what's more, I'm not going in that thing unless one of you smart Alecks go, too."

Old man McGinn, he come over to where I was, an' he sure has got a mean look in his eye. "Have you got any close relatives who you would like to give me the address of?" he says.

"Why?" I asts him.

"Well," he tells me, "if you don't put this cockeyed old horse's necktie aboard the Golden Orange Flier, your folks are going to have a death in the family."

While old man McGinn was tellin' me a few suspicions he had regardin' my anchesters, the shrimp with the face like a mortal sin, he comes over an' says the super has got to go with me an' that other weehawkin' mockin' bird.

Well, McGinn jerks off his hat an' tears his hair an' otherwise stirs up a breeze. But it don't do him no good, none at all. He come down to earth final, an' confides in me, while holdin' his fist under my oleo-factory:

"You yellar-headed, long-gone half-wit!" he bellers, "if I live to get out of this, you want to be hard to find! I never been in one of them damn sky hearses, and I swore by all that is sweet and holy that I never would get in one—on the ground or off. And now look at the mess I'm in. You would leak in here to-day with the cursed thing. You and your smart ideas. Hell!"

He run around in a couple of circles, and pulled up in front of me agin. "Just you do any of that trick flying I've seen, and I'll crawl you where you sit. Half a kite and half a casket!" he snorts, headin' over toward the plane.

I went over to a drug store an' got a couple of cans of either. I used to put either in a Ford to start it, an' I thunk it should ought to be good for what ailed a Jenny.

One of the local car toads, bein' all broke out with curiosity, he had clum up to stick his koop in the forrard cockpit, an' in backin' graceful off he stuck a foot through the wing fabric.

"Hell, it's cloth!" he blats.

"Did you think it was pig iron?" yell old man McGinn, takin' a swing at him. "Start tearin' it up before I even set foot in the danged man-killing contraption."

I poured one of the cans of either in the gasoline, an' McGinn wanted the other one for an Anniesthetik

Mr. Sloan an' old man Hull accompanied this here Holler palooka out to where the plane was. I had tooken the stick out of the forrard cockpit, an' old man McGinn an' the bird who had got to get No. 1 squoze in aside me. McGinn is just medium, an' the other gent was half pint size. They was both talkin' to theirselfs.

"Take off your hats an' hold on," I says. "An' keep your feet off that rudder bar."

Then a feller wound 'er up, an' we was off.

## V

In the desert country there ain't no twilight worth writin' home about. When the sun sets; that's all there is to it. She's night. In the Desert of Fire the wind starts leakin' down out of the Old Woman Mountains as soon as it commences to get dark. It comes in gusts. One minute it would blow the hair off a wax dummy, an' the next it wouldn't make a match flicker.

I taxies the outfit out to the north end of Skeleton Dry Lake, on account of the wind comes from the southwest. The sun had of sunk some place in the Last Chance Mountains in a red an' yellar sea. On the east side of the dry lake the Coyote Range was glistenin' with a hundred tints. Lower was the purple blanket of night, creepin' over the benches an' foothills, hungry to devour the colored frostin' above.

A coyote, trottin' along mindin' its own business, stops an' looks around, an' when he seen what he seen there wa'n't nothin' but just a streak of coyote for a mile. I took after it, an' you should ought to of seen old man McGinn swing me down.

"Is this a hunting party?" he squawk. "Or the second section of No. 1? Or what the limpin' Judas Priest?"

When I got to the rubble wash, with its stones an' bent an' twisted sage an' greasewood, at the far end of the dry lake, I turn the Jenny around. I've

got seven miles to put this wind jammer on the iron of the clouds. We're over tonnage, an' ain't got no helper, but we got the whole of God's outdoors to do our stuff in, not to mention the blue dome of heaven.

Them two heads in the hole in front of me take turns stickin' up to see how high we got yet. Final old man McGinn yell:

"Are you going to fly the confounded thing to Ash Hill, or wheel it there?"

I ain't religious inclined, none at all, but I'm like a lot more misfits on this old hunk of clay. When I got trouble by the tail an' can't let go, I have got more pious thoughts than the twelve disciples, an' I ain't backward a little bit in whinin' for the Big Chief Over Yonder to slip me tissues an' a clearance for right of way over the road.

I got high ideas, but they don't include ridin' the hurricane deck of my own coffin right up to the front door of the Terminal Yards in Glory.

So before I give the crate the gun, I stop an' ast them palookas in the parlor if they would care to join me in prayer.

"I been prayin' ever since I got in this thing," roars McGinn.

"To perdition with No. 1!" croaks old man Holler, hoarse. "Take me back to Osdick."

Me, I got one of them dual personalities. One minute me an' a sparrer has got the same amount of nerves, an' the next minute I would fight a pile driver an' give it first sock. Every time I pulled the latch on a sky hog up to now—every time but once, I got out of it by crawlin' along the ground.

A successful landin' is one where you are still able to whisper your name an' address to the ambulance chaser At the same time I had a queer hankerin' to hop this God's gift to the advancement of man. I have had the same kind of feelin' to jump off the Woolworth Buildin'.

Anyhow, I figgered I can get in a half an' hour or so to add to the fifteen or twenty I already had in the air, an' then if I discover I have tooken in too much territory, all I got to do is squat on the dry lake an' tell them deadheads I got that the hog is out of square or has got brakes stickin' or somethin'—an' no hard feelin'.

I sucks in some breath, an' give 'er the works—an' we highball down Skeleton Dry Lake. I guess old man McGinn an' old man Holler was holdin' hands by now, but before we got where we was goin' they was the same as sweethearts.

The Jenny's tail comes up an' we gain speed. Both heads immediate sink out of sight. Once or twice the sky waggin raises a little, an' then settles back weary

The entire poperlation of Osdick has come out to watch us railroad, an' in a minute they was all lookin' for cyclone cellars, the same like the Desert of Fire had of developed six-seven waterspouts. Everybody prob-ly figgered we would be 'way up on the high line when we come by, an' wouldn't even give a poor old railroad town a reck; so there was hostlers an' hogheads an' tallerpots an' nut-splitters, an' a flagman off a extra west an' four Harvey girls an' two cooks an' a news butcher—all come to witness them late developments in railroadin'.

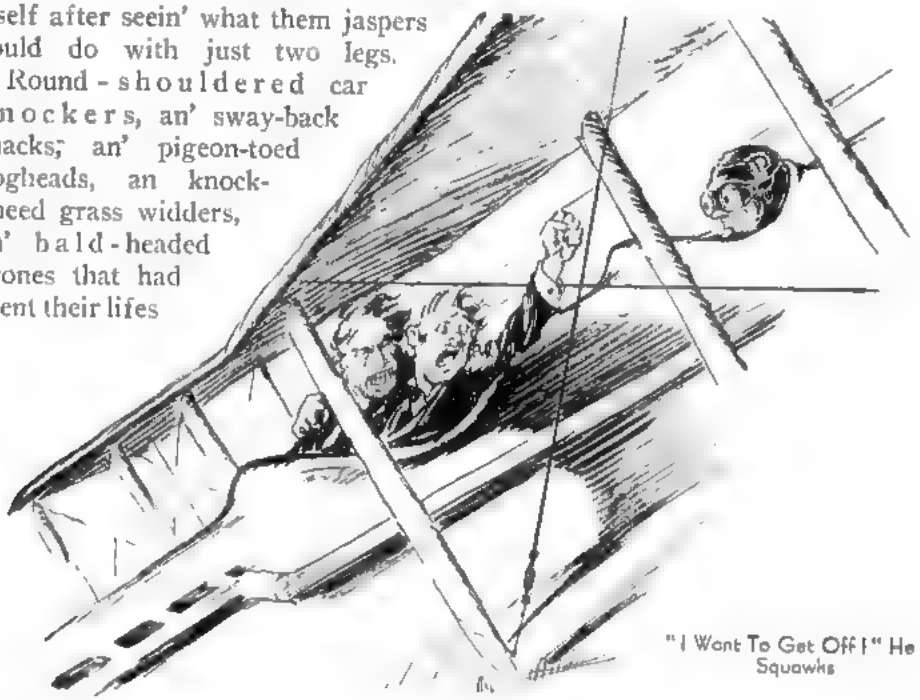
Once we must of been fifteen or twenty foot on the high iron, but the air give out an' we graceful commenced to settle back onto the dry lake. We hit the sag just as we was goin' past Osdick, an' the ground an' a lot of simple souls drift up to meet us. I

cock an eye over the side, an' when I tell you what I seen you won't believe a word of it.

There was birds hooked up an' runnin' that hadn't moved faster than a walk sinst Henry Ford started in competition to shoe factories. A rabbit with any pride at all would of drowned itself after seein' what them jaspers could do with just two legs.

Round-shouldered car knockers, an' sway-back shacks; an' pigeon-toed hogheads, an knock-kneed grass widders, an' bald-headed drones that had spent their lifes

We spin in a ground-loop an' head for another flock of as able birds as ever growed a pinfeather. Man, if I just pulled the air on that hell-bent rounder I would of still be hangin' to a cross-arm in Osdick. It wa'n't no place for me to stop now.



"I Want To Get Off!" He Squawks

firin' oil burners—they all take one look at this here sky caboose foggin' down the grade into the midst of 'em, an' immediate they commence flappin' their wings. You could of heard 'em all over the United States.

I cut the gun, an' we hit an' bounce; then hit again, an' begin to slow down. I get excited when I seen a couple poor cusses in railroad men's overalls an' jumpers twenty foot in front of the prop doin' settin'-up exercises. Man, every step they took they hit theirselfs on the chin with their knees. I jam over the rudder an' widen on the throttle.

Nobody that ain't heard a horny-headed car grabber stick his konk out of a crummy an' comment on the brand of intelligence a eagle-eye was born'd with, they just can't savvy a little bit how much language is crammed inside the hide of one of them railroad men. An' as time goes on it sort of accumulates an' putrifies, the same as a batch of moonshine. If it ain't drawed off once in a while it's liable to blow up an' kill somebody.

"Throw the switch!" one palooka screeches. "Put 'er through the d-rail!"

"How would yuh throw a switch on

that thing?" chirrup a stinger who is crouchin', waitin' to see which way to le'p.

"Unload!" bugles a extra hogger. "They're into us all over!" An' he springs over a couple of scissorsbills that it was the first time in their lifes they moved faster than a dead march.

"What in —— what would the man be tryin' to do?" plead a poor, tired spike mauler, gettin' him in some overtime pushin' shoe leather toward Omaha, Nebraska.

Mr. Sloan, he was there; an' Peewee Hull. I'll tell the world that this brass nose might be little, but he's got the biggest pair of lungs outside of a siren on a fire engine. Yes, sir. That man was annoyed.

"Has the blue-eyed cannibal gone crazy?" he beseeches Brass-collar Sloan, the two of 'em just managin' to keep ahead of the left lower wing of this here extra west I am haulin'. "He'll kill us all!"

"If it wa'n't for the love of God in my heart, an' a faith in Corpus Christi!" sob old man Sloan, jerkin' hisself west-by-north right out straight, "an' I had a gun, I'd shoot the twice-cursed, long-legged son-of-a-squaw in his tracks!"

"Serves 'em right!" shrill an' old cuss, who has worked out the system of runnin' sixty foot in one direction, an' then slewin' around an' runnin' the same mileage in the opposite direction tight as he can bend a leg. "Steam was good enough for *Jim What,* an' it was good enough fer this condumed railroad until now. I hope to crump the goshdarned modern fools is satisfied now!"

"Bear down, brother!" bawls some bird with a brake club. "Bear down, will ya?"

I kick the left rudder an' give 'er some more throttle, on account of now I am entirely all come loose of whatever brains I had in the first place. The tail bounces around an' upends this jasper with the stick. I can hear the echo of 'im yodelin' on clear nights yet.

Man, them birds was swingin' washouts until you could hear their joints squeakin'. An' some of the things they promised to do to me would of put goose flesh on my antchesters. Osdick wa'n't no place for this boomer. I could see where if I didn't get the hitch out of town, *muy pronto,* my name would be in the local undertaker's Who's Who.

The shades of night is fallin', an' I ain't no guy to be twistin' the tail of this sky horse in the stary ferment after dark, but it's better than takin' the sidin' in this man's town.

Final I get a open space, an' widen on' the goat. Up pops the head of old man McGinn, an' he belter: "Can't you make a landin'?"

"Landin', nothin'!" I holler at 'im. "We ain't even gone no place yet!"

I taxi back toward the north end of Skeleton Dry Lake. The wind is stiffenin', rufflin' down through Wagon Pass, bathin' the hot earth in the Desert of Fire. Voice of the night, sneerin' at the works of man.

Once more I rudder the blue dome space eater around into the teeth of the night winds, an' lay the throttle all the way over. You couldn't of heard anythin' prettier than that OX5 mogul. She'd got a white feather an' a red stack. The air was better now. Coolness was flowin' down from the ragged rims of the Last Chance Mountains.

The whirlin' prop bit into it—an' we raised. Once she lagged, an' then a gust give us a friendly lift. We was glormin' the moonbeam trail!

Just then old man Holler's head sticks up, an' he turns an eye on me. It's got more appeal than a leg show.

"*I want to get off!*" he squawks, drowndin' out the noise of the engine the same as the Upper Falls of the Yellowstone would a lady's whisper. "*I want to get off!!*"

"Go ahead!" I yells. "There ain't nobody stoppin' you."

An' he looks down, an' for the first time in his life seen stars under his feet. They was the lights of Osdick. Poor old steel bound Osdick, shackled to the Desert of Fire by the iron of the W. W. G. Railroad.

## VI

It come as quick as that, night did. That's the way it is. The sun skids down a smooth rail an' lands on the horizon with a grand splash of all the colors in the world. Then it's gone, an' the moonbeams lace the sky. There ain't no sentimental twi-twilight in the desert country; it's all business out here. If you live through the heat of the day; you'll freeze to death at night, sure.

"We go together!" croaks this Holler jasper, blowin' in the super's ear.

"We do!" agrees old man McGinn.

An' the two of 'em cuddle together the same as newly weds, an' sink out of sight.

I head the critter toward where I can see the V of Wagon Pass. I know we got to go up a couple thousand feet, but there is over twenty miles to make it; so I hold her straight—an' hope the OX5 don't stall on the grade. You can't stop an' blow a Blue Dome hog hot on the hill

The wind rocks us. We dip an' lunge—but keep goin'. Up! Up! The air gets worse. It's streamin' through the gap like water through a busted dam. I sight at Squaw Peak, an' it don't look like we're gainin' a foot. The road was rough. It was all high joints an' low centers. The tangents was too sharp an' the rails was too light.

At last we bump over the divide. I try to remember what the country looks like. It's mostly broken, there west of the Last Chance. They call it the Devil's Toy Shop. There's cones an' jagged peaks an' sand hills an' crooked washes an' yellar shoulders an' copper-tinted rims. I see it all in my mind. There ain't no landin' fields there, an' if there was I couldn't find 'em in the dark

I would of been tryin' to overtake No. 1 yet, only the Flier had to doublehead the mountains, an' make three-four stops. After about an hour I begin to wonder about where I'm goin' to land—an' how. I been trailin' the railroad, flyin' by the lights of the little desert town that wink into sight.

At last I see the silver finger of the headlight of the Golden Orange. The train has just left Five Mile. It's startin' through Cañon of the Ghosts.

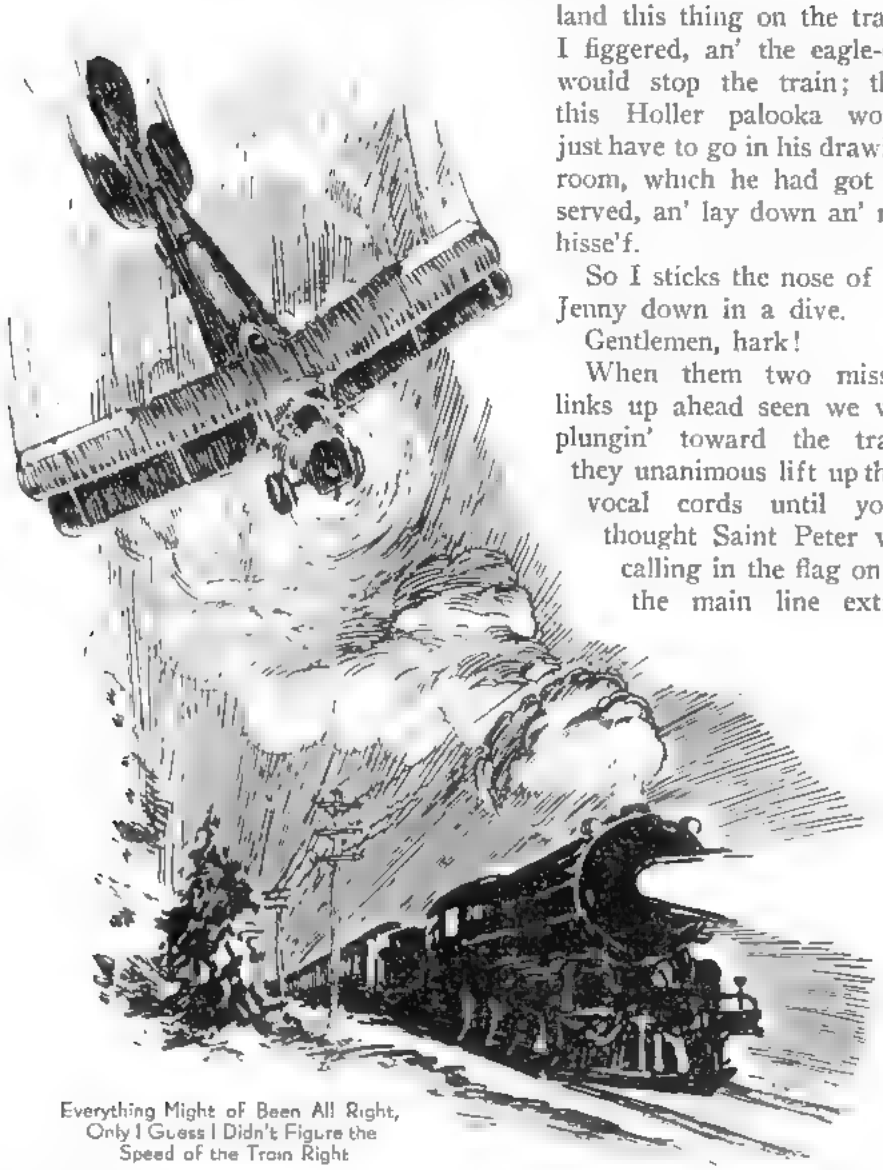
"There she is!" I bawl at them two happy hearts in the dog house forrard.

Up jumps a couple of heads which ain't got no hats on 'em, an' they crane this way an' that the same as a pair of roosters an hour before dawn.

"A helufa lot of good that's doing me!" blats this Holler hombre, which the blast of the prop snatched the words out of his mouth an' smears 'em all over the sky.

"All I want," screeches old man McGinn, "is just to set foot on sod!"

Me, I got all one brain can do, tryin' to figger this thing out. If I can beat the Golden Orange into Borego, the next stop, where am I goin' to set this pigeon-toed hot shot down in all



Everything Might of Been All Right, Only I Guess I Didn't Figure the Speed of the Train Right

land this thing on the track, I figgered, an' the eagle-eye would stop the train; then this Holler palooka would just have to go in his drawin'-room, which he had got reserved, an' lay down an' rest hisse'f.

So I sticks the nose of the Jenny down in a dive.

Gentlemen, hark!

When them two missin' links up ahead seen we was plungin' toward the train, they unanimous lift up their vocal cords until you'd thought Saint Peter was calling in the flag on all the main line extras

the puddle of night which surrounds us? As I remember Borego, it's a flat place which has got more boulders than the Rocky Mountains spread over the flats. Even a lark couldn't land there in the middle of the day.

An' then I got a swell idea.

If I could fly down low ahead of the engine on No. 1, the hogger would see us. I should ought to be able to

between Gehenna an' the Golden Stairs. When they ain't got breeze enough to blow their bugles accordin' to their desires, they alternate laugh an' sob hysterical.

Old man McGinn an' G. Thompson Holler entwine each other around their old goose necks, an' they have got more sorrow in common than two bagpipes

I was figgerin' to make a dive a hundred yards in front of the engine on No. 1 an' level off, givin' the hoghead time to pick us up in the beam of the headlight, an' shut off. Then I think I can stall 'er in an' make the best landin' I knowed, which same would be practical complete influenced by prayer.

I had got to look out for poles an' wires on one side, but it seemed like I would be able to straddle the ditch on the other side.

They tell me there was relatives of old man McGinn in San Diego could hear his voice, an' thought he had come to visit 'em, an' was lookin' for a place to park. The other bird, he was one of the most fluent screechers I ever seen that the noise wa'n't comin' out of a loud speaker on a radio.

Everythin' might of been all right, only I guess I didn't figger the speed of the train right. I cut the gun too quick, an' we bog into the smoke of the jack that's haulin' No. 1.

The fireman, he was peerin' out of the window, prob'ly examinin' his conscience on account of he'd got a blond at Osdick an' a wife an' four children at Las Lunas

All of a sudden he gets a premonition that somethin' is goin' to happen. Well, he shouldn't ought to of been disappointed. Not none.

He crooks his neck, an' his eyes is stickin' out like two chimneys in a ruin. He is just in time to seen one moderate hay-wire OX5 Jeanette, functionin' hale an' hearty, about to enter the cab from the rear. Bein' that he was, at the time, sober as a judge, an' filled with high an' noble thoughts, he concludes, I guess, that he has went bughouse. So he coils his two legs up under the seat of his pants an' swarms out into the middle of the scenery.

The hoghead cocks his head an' stiffen rigid, which he thunk, prob'ly, that a side rod has let go. He makes an air reduction. Next he knows, one wood propeller is comin' apart approximate opposite his left ear.

Whereat the eagle-eye big holes the works, an' soars off the arm rest just the same as a albacross would of jump off a cliff.

When the varnished wagons crash to a stop, there we sit, half in the cab an' half on the tender of No. 1, pretty as a pitcher. We had prob'ly been goin' about fifty, an' the Flier about forty-forty-five, maybe. An' the backward heave of emergency air wedged the old moonbeam chariot tighter into the cab, while the wings just fold down on both sides of the gangway, complete at rest.

Could a sky jockey made a more lovely squat, I ast you?

Nice an' sociable. Here we are, all together, like old Dooley's sheep. Heart whole an' fancy free, an' the only blood that was spilt is what is leakin' out of old man McGinn's nose when he heaved up through a few layers of fabric an' a couple of ribs.

Old man Holler, he wobbles out an' flirts a dazed eye here an' yon. "Where am I?" he mutters.

"Where are you?" yaps old man McGinn, wipin' his snoot with the back of his hand, an' gettin' his bearin's a few. "Right aboard No. 1. That's where you wanted to be, wasn't it? Harh? Guess that's going a few. Isn't but darn few of these modern wrinkles that we don't know about railroading out in this man's desert."

Just then old man McGinn cocks a hostile eye at me, an' feels around furtive for a piece of rib.

"All I want," he hisses, "is just to kill that blue-eyed, yeller-headed wandering Willie that started this thing!"

"What Kind of a Boy Is You?" Snapped Maggie Sharply. "You Skeered, That's Whut I"

# Dark Doom

In Which We Introduce Ipecac Ingalls, Pullman Po'tah, Who Sho' Do Trabel Wid de Wimmins

By Arthur K. Akers

PULLMAN Porter Ipecac Ingalls sat in section one behind a two-days' old newspaper and regretted having learned to read.

For illiteracy would have saved him from spelling out now beneath a sporting page portrait of what looked like an oversized model of a gorilla, "Willie Munroe, 'the Memphis Buzz-saw,' fistic champion of his race."

The mountainous buzz-saw was looking right spang out of the page at the undersized Ipecac. And Ipecac's eyes were protruding like door knobs in consequence. For their proprietor was putting two and two together—and getting about six for the answer! With one lobe of his brain tied behind him, Ipecac could still have seen where his business was fixing to get into a jam. A triangle was about to become a quadrangle on him before he could finish chanting "Get yo' right bag-

gage!" on the Birmingham station platform that afternoon.

Ipecac was married to Susie, an Amazon of approximately the size, shape, and horse power of a two-ton truck. Which was bad enough. But he perceived now, to his alarm, that the train maid into whose favor he was making such marked progress was also married—to this buzz-saw boy. Which made it a lot worse!

Old card hanging inside the door read: "Porter in charge of this car, Ipecac Ingalls. Train maid, Maggie Munroe." Now, Ipecac connected up card, picture, conversation, and the way a big rough colored boy had looked at him last time he helped her off the club car at the end of their run in Birmingham. And saw not only all but too much. Maggie didn't take husbands seriously, it seemed. Ipecac did—when they were *that* big! However innocent he was himself.

Maggie ended a losing discussion with a white lady who felt that a train maid should give permanent waves for fifty cents, and dropped into the opposite seat.

"White folks sho is de limit!" she sighed.

"Niggers ain't no better," countered Ipecac gloomily.

"Whut pesterin' you so, all of a sudden? Look like a boy whut's got ha'f de gals in de Ca'linas comin' down to de dee-po's to see him go through'd be all swelled up!"

Ipecac strutted sitting down. Women certainly did follow him around, that was a fact. Also what kept Susie all steamed up. Ipecac wished he could get even with Susie about that just once. . . .

"I's li'ble get de prize at dat dance you an' me gwine to to-night," continued Maggie happily. "I's got new yaller dress whut stops 'em sevum miles off."

Ipecac looked longingly at a lot of things—including Patagonia. Everything had got different since he saw that newspaper picture. And he *had* been looking forward to that dance—

"I—I ain't 'spect I gwine be able go to dat dance wid you," he essayed weakly.

"Whut kind boy is you?" snapped Maggie sharply. "You skeered, dat's whut! An' I done tu'n ev'ybody down after you begs me so hahd to go wid you! Now you tryin' crawfish! Skeered, dat's whut you is!"

Ipecac saw where he was fixing to slip up. There wouldn't be any fun being cooped up on a train for a thousand miles two or three times a week with a maid that thought he was afraid. Besides, it sure would be a waste of past loving words to get Maggie mad at him now.

"Naw, I ain't!" he protested. "I ain't skeered. Who I be skeered of? I jes' kiddin' you is all. Be right dar—in a vest whut ain't show gravy after dahk."

Stateroom A rang. "Dar go dat lady whut want de sun move' over on de east side de train after noon-time!" Maggie exclaimed. "Reck'n I better give her man'cure instead, an' git her mind off hit."

Ipecac watched her go. And reflected that the boy who had got the bear by the tail didn't have anything on him, in respect to finding a good time to let go.

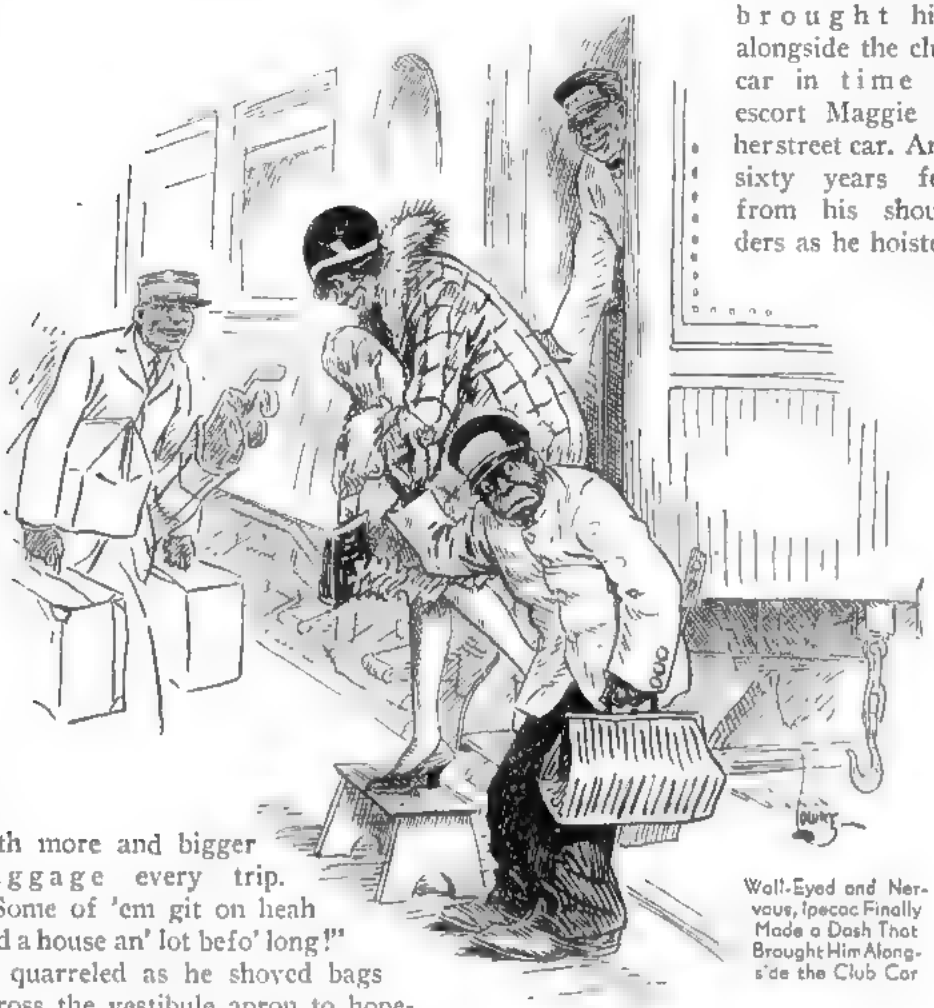
He sought refuge in the sporting page again, only to read:

> The Memphis Buzz-saw, who is in the pink of condition, returned unexpectedly to the city yesterday, where he will remain until after his coming battle with Bozo Brown, the Tampa

Tiger. Tiger money is becoming hard to find.

II

To Ipecac, perspiring in the aisle, it seemed that the white folks traveled with more and bigger baggage every trip. "Some of 'em git on heah wid a house an' lot befo' long!" he quarreled as he shoved bags across the vestibule apron to hopeful redcaps on the terminal platform.



Wall-Eyed and Nervous, Ipecac Finally Made a Dash That Brought Him Alongside the Club Car

Maggie was up front in the club car—with a parting request that Ipecac help her to her street car when he got through with his car. Which left two big and burning questions still unsettled with Ipecac. Where was Susie? And where was the buzz-saw boy? Two things that didn't seem to matter with Maggie, but which were liable to rank with smallpox and landslides with Ipecac if his luck laid down on him now.

Wall-eyed and nervous, Ipecac finally made a dash that brought him alongside the club car in time to escort Maggie to her street car. And sixty years fell from his shoulders as he hoisted her aboard one without the Memphis Buzz-saw yet being visible in the offing.

Thirty minutes later Ipecac was entering the residential thoroughfare known as Alley G the same way the freight-house boys handled glassware. For how Susie felt at the moment had a lot to do with how he would feel

later. His dog was under the house, which was a bad sign. For that four-footed barometer owed his life daily to knowing how Susie felt before she felt it

"Come in heah an' 'splain yo'se'f, nigger!" Ipecac heard her before he saw her.

"'Splain whut?" Ipecac had ridden in an ambulance once through denying one thing and finding out a moment later that she was talking about another.

"Whut I finds in yo' pants pockets, dat's whut!"

Ipecac's heart fluttered like a bird. Susie was taking in a lot of territory: he could think of several things she might have discovered which would mean another ambulance ride.

"Two tickets to de Young Men's Ridin' Club dance on Fo'th Av'nue, dat's whut!" she elaborated the charge. "Look heah, nigger, *is you steppin' out 'hind my back wid one dese triflin' gals?*"

Ipecac's mind galloped in circles, seeking a suitable lie. This was what he got by having two pairs of pants—anything he forgot to swap into his uniform when he went on his run was liable to be used against him later!

"N-naw, I ain't gwine nowhars," he denied feebly. "Jes' 'find 'em on de street."

"Find 'em, is you?" Susie looked at him suspiciously. "Well, *I* done find 'em now!"

Ipecac said nothing in all languages, including the Scandinavian. He could buy two more tickets, but he couldn't grow a new set of ears.

"—I jes' put dese heah tickets whar dey ain't pester *you* no mo'!" she closed a conversation that Ipecac wasn't enjoying anyhow.

"'Sides," he further improvised for the defense, as he sang Good-by Forever to a couple of good dance-hall tickets, "I got to go to de lodge meetin' t'-night. All busted out wid 'pawtant bus'ness."

Susie gave him a funny look. Ipecac went out into the alley while the going was still good. Ordinarily Susie wasn't so easy to satisfy. Either he was getting to be a better liar or Susie was getting easier to fool.

Which left him sitting pretty until he started to check up. Then he couldn't see any real improvement in his situation with a microscope. He couldn't back out with Maggie, and fixing his business with Susie didn't give him any guarantees about what the Buzz-saw Boy would do. All in all, things were getting no better for Ipecac mighty fast.

He drifted toward Fifteenth Street. Somebody there might help him with an idea.

But Fifteenth Street worked just the other way. There was a big crowd on the sidewalk over there, and lots of excitement around a drug store. Ipecac's eyes did him a good turn and he ducked into a doorway fast enough to keep the Memphis Buzz-saw from seeing him as the buzz-saw left the scene of an accident without giving his name. With Maggie hanging virtuously on his arm and chattering in his ear.

"Whut de matter heah?" Ipecac interrogated a fellow bystander importantly.

"Big nigger, walkin, 'long heah wid he wife, say dat boy whut dey jes' carried into de drug-sto' say somep'n to her. He jes' git th'u' wid him."

"Serve him right!" declaimed Ipecac in a virtuous mixture of jealousy and safety first.

It reminded him that, even if he had just pulled a lot of lodge wool over

Susie's eyes, he still had plenty to worry about. Including all those big boasts to Maggie that he wasn't afraid of anybody.

Ipecac shot too many games of pool, to calm his nerves; and shuffled back toward Alley G. Dangerous as it was for him, home was the only place a boy could get free meals since prohibition.

Susie looked funny, and said nothing that sounded dangerous. Ipecac took advantage of the armistice to nourish himself. He was even able, in one of her absences from the room, to get his Sunday vest from his trunk, undetected.

For all of which, Ipecac's feet grew colder and colder as the hour approached for the Young Men's Riding Club dance. So much could happen to a boy in his fix! Any body that didn't believe it had only to run their minds back over Fifteenth Street. Ipecac could still see that boy being carried into the drug store, and this added to his cooling feet.

Yet Maggie was expecting him. Bitterly he recalled his braggadocio to her about how fearless he was. Now he had bragged himself right into a jam, was all. One wherein he had either to make good or roost low for many trips to come. Women just naturally inspired him to talk too big for his size, he realized despairingly. But it was too late to recant now.

Ipecac shortly approached Maggie's residence three times as circumspectly as he had maneuvered earlier for entry into his own. It was important not only to himself but to two accident insurance companies and a burying society that he do so. Ipecac kept the best interests of all their stockholders and members firmly in mind now as he reconnoitered.

But his caution seemed unnecessary when at length he achieved her porch and Maggie met him—in her yellow dress.

"Dawggawn!" admired Ipecac. Apprehension of the mighty buzz-saw momentarily faded before it. "You looks as pretty as two cases of gin! Whar at Mist' Munroe?"

"You skeered of him?" chaffed Maggie archly.

"Ain't skeered of nobody!" demurred Ipecac. "Jes' want know who gwine be on my run nex' trip."

"Well, Willie done gawn out. He hu't he hand on a boy's haid dis evenin'—an' gawn to git some tu'pentine on hit. After dat, he say he got see somebody 'pawtant on bus'ness."

Ipecac cheered up. Briefly. Then Fifteenth Street flashed before him. The crowd, the drug store, the limp form being borne therein—the cause of the limpness elbowing his way out, looking for other adventures.

It came over Ipecac that he hadn't known anything about jams before. And, no matter where the buzz-saw might be, this was no place for Ipecac to be hanging around. Somebody might talk. He needed time and room in which to think. Meantime, any lie in a storm—

"I ain't feel so good," he murmured feebly. "Got to git me some med'cine befo' de dance."

"You skeered; dat all matter wid you!"

"Skeered nothin'!—'Sides, I done lost my tickets; got to go to git two mo'. How 'bout me an' you meetin' at de do' of de hall, downsta'rs, at eight 'clock?"

"I be dar. An' you better be. Don't you git skeered an' run out on me, you heah?"

"Lions takes lessons from me 'bout

gittin' skeered," averred Ipecac with a stoutness he did not feel.

III

THE FARTHER Ipecac got from Maggie, the worse his business looked. Susie might check up on him at the lodge; the buzz-saw might not be gone so far or so long as Maggie thought. Much might happen to get Ipecac mixed up with hospitals.

Beneath the pressure of which thoughts, Ipecac grew feebler and feebler as eight o'clock neared. He was

Dancers Fell Back as Ipecac Stepped Suddenly Forward on the Floor

doomed if he did and damned if he didn't. Circumstances had him surrounded and heavy shelling of his position was liable to start any minute —especially the minute he stepped out on that dance floor with Maggie!

All he could think of was putting his razor more prominently in his vest pocket. The rest would have to be attended to by his rabbit-foot. Ably assisted by both of his own feet in a pinch.

Sunken-chested and flat-footed from fear, Ipecac dragged himself forth from a shadowy alleyway opening on Fourth Avenue to meet and greet his lady of the yellow dress. An innocent dance was liable to lead to anything from a foot race to a murder now, with himself either in front or in the morgue. Either of which would ruin his standing with Maggie.

Ipecac swallowed four times, shifted

his razor into plainer view, and knew how the whole immortal Six Hundred felt that time he didn't know about, at Balaklava. There were twenty-four steps leading up from the sidewalk to the dance hall. Ipecac counted them to himself as he climbed:

"—Fifteem mo' steps to live. Fo'-teem mo'. Five mo', Lawd he'p us to git right! Two mo'—"

And Ipecac was there! In the hall! —Glare of light and blare of jazz. Dancers whirling. Ipecac's head whirling. Maggie giggling nervously beside him. People that he knew—people that would make good pall-bearers for him! People that might march to slow music to-morrow!

Ipecac gasped at something he suddenly saw. Gasped, stiffened, and staked all.

Something electric was in the air. Dancers fell back as Ipecac stepped suddenly forward on the floor. A murmur ran sharply around the room. Then silence. A silence shattered by a crash of glass as a whole window burst outward on the opposite side of the room from Ipecac. Followed by wild drumming of wilder feet on the iron fire escape without. And a hush as Ipecac bowed low before Maggie with: "May I have de pleasure?"

"Whut all dat noise over across dar when we come in?" she murmured in his ear a moment later above the stamp of a fast fox trot.

"Dat glass breakin', you means? Why, dat wuz jes' me findin' my lost tickets—an' de 'Memphis Buzz-saw' changin' he mind an' goin' right out when he sees me heah wid my razah—cotchin' *him* dancin' wid my wife, *Susie!*"

## STUCK TO HIS POST

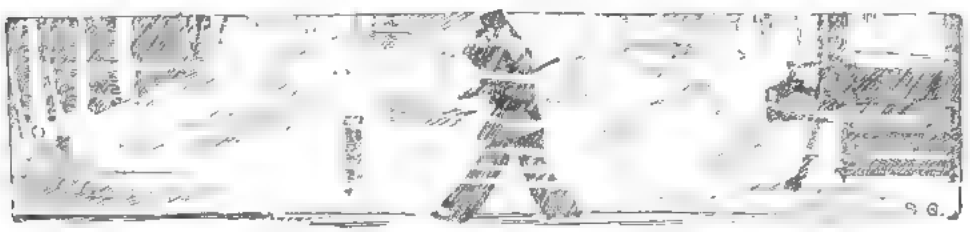
EIGHTY people are breathing the fresh spring air and enjoying life to-day because Charles A. Bell, late engineer on the Pennsy, gave his life to stay at his post and wipe the clock clean when his engine cathopped the rails and took to the ties. Grinding brakes and sliding wheels screamed protests against the heavy train line reduction as nine Pullmans carrying the ordinary load of sleeping passengers slid down the rails to a dead stop, with hardly a slumberer disturbed

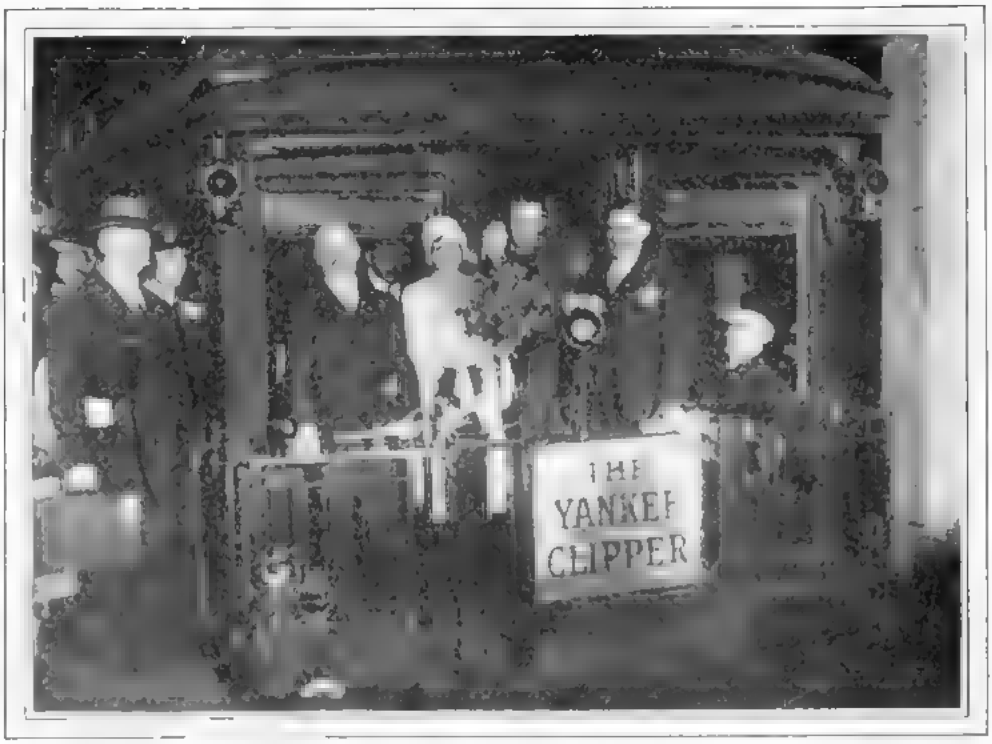
The engine hopped from the ties to a bed eight feet deep in the soft earth of the right of way near Spring Mill Junction. It threw Fireman P. F. Jenzen from the cab, but steam and hot water scalded him badly before he could escape.

Two express cars, that were carrying one of the small lots of valuable shipments which are routed over these tracks each day, turned on their sides to rest at ease and wait for the big hook.

The knuckle between the last express car and the first Pullman was the small portion of equipment that released the sleeping and unsuspecting passengers from probable injury or instant death. The express car rolled and snapped the coupling and air hose in such a way that it prevented the Pullmans from following to a remote resting place on the right of way

The doomed engineer was pulling the latch on Train No. 105, and was *en route* from Detroit to New York. Bell lived in Mansfield, Ohio, a town just six miles from the scene of the wreck.






As They Prepared to Sponsor the Yankee Clipper. Vice President Smith, of the New Haven, Is Shown at the Left of Miss McKay in Grand Central Station

# Yankee Clipper

## Thrills and Heart Throbs Attend Maiden "Voyage" of New England's Newest in Passenger Service

By William Edward Hayes

Editor, Railroad Man's Magazine

ON a spring-like day in mid-March the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, with ceremonies in the best New England manner, inaugurated a new train which was tagged by a charming girl in a white suit, the Yankee Clipper

With a string of fancy varnished wagons, right out of the Pullman Company shops; with a microphone, a number of cheery little speeches, two highwheeling eagle-eyes and this writer up on the sharp end, the New Haven made railroad history for the Atlantic Seaboard. The New Haven also made a definite, but subtle thrust, against the inroads of sky transportation between New York and Boston

When we say that this new extra fare highball shot between Grand Central Station on the island of Manhattan and South Station in the mecca of New England, is the last word in passenger transportation, we do so without apologies.

The New Haven Railroad, for some time, has been aware of the need for faster time between New York and Boston, and when the high powers behind the panelled walls got together to go into this matter of suitable passenger transportation, a wonderful and fearful thing to behold was the net result.

Yankee Clipper. So named because of a certain spiritual kinship with the famed sailing craft of the high seas which came and went from so many New England ports, in swiftness and trimness.

Yankee Clipper, synonymous with the best in speed and class. Extra fare and extra swell and extra fleet of wheel. To borrow the phrase of the Broadway dramatic critic—

"Offers you and yours a perfect afternoon's entertainment, perfect comfort and perfect safety."

Four hours and forty-five minutes. That's the time for the 230 miles. It could be, and undoubtedly will be less, for this writer, from his perch ahead of the fireman on the left-hand side, paid particular attention to time and speed as the Clipper swirled through on her maiden flight. There really was time to spare.

There is a feeling that by the time the heavy summer travel begins the officials will lop twenty minutes off the schedules, bringing the run down to four hours and twenty-five minutes or an average speed of 52.08 miles per hour.

It will be interesting to watch the effect on air travel if this cut is made. When you consider the time it takes you in New York and Boston to get to and from air ports you will see that you save little or nothing in the matter of hours and minutes when you take to the moonbeam trail. You don't have to wait around for busses, creep through traffic, bother with numerous exchanges of baggage. You get on at Grand Central and you get off at South Station. You will find that you've been handled well, that you have been safely transported with the minimum of care or bother, and you have had a pleasant dinner on the way.

This is not intended to be an advertisement for the Yankee Clipper. It rather is aimed to show that farseeing railroad officials are taking definite steps to hold and to increase a ticklish passenger business.

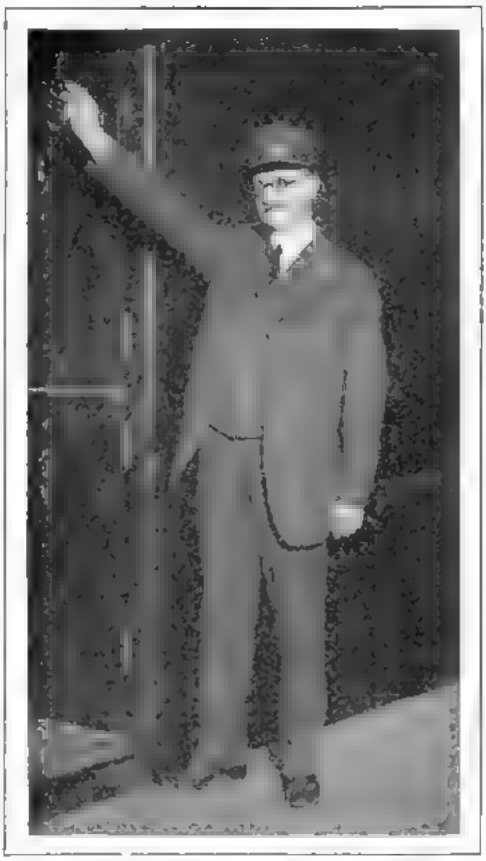
Most men who work for railroads will tell you that they get a thrill every day. Something different all the time. No two days alike. I want to bear witness to that. Personally I have worked for a few railroads. I have fired a few contrary engines, and have mingled with all types of tonnage from the lowly dead freight drag to the extra fare Cannon Ball. The Yankee Clipper, however, was the first I had ever ridden on or been around which was making its début—its inaugural run—its maiden pilgrimage. There's a thrill in the memory of the whole party.

### The Inauguration

MAYBE it's best to tell you about it from the time the party started. In beginning this tale reference was made to the best New England manner. Well, the preliminaries occupied the hours from nine to eleven on the morning of the inauguration when more than 3,000 persons filed through the

fancy cars on the public inspection at Grand Central. For more than two hours the crowds crammed through the gates to track No. 25, and then from twelve to two inspection was more or less private. Mostly less. It was intended that those to whom cards had been sent should be admitted during this period to the exclusion of all others. The card idea didn't work so well. Too many people were interested in the Yankee Clipper and didn't care a hoot-whether the party was invitational or not.

These folks had read about a swell streak of railroad train, and they were down there to see it in the wood and the steel and the paint. They were not to be denied. They walked in and it was hard to shove them out when, at three o'clock the ceremonies over the radio began, the electric engine in charge of Henry Gay, hogger, and Marty Foreman, fireboy, coupled on. Three o'clock also had been set aside as the hour for the admittance of paid passengers who were to ride on the train.



Wright Flewellin, Conductor, Waves the Highball That Starts the Train on Its First "Voyage"

The paid passengers, however, didn't have much show until a gang of guards cleared enough of the platform to let the passengers by. Vice President Smith, about this time, was telling the world about the train over the radio through station WOR and associated stations, and Miss Grace Harriet McKay, of Brooklyn, was getting ready to hurl a beautiful bouquet to Brakeman Short on the rear end as the act of official sponsorship. Miss McKay, be it stated, is the granddaughter of Donald McKay, famous builder of clipper ships, and many of the parlor cars in the Clipper train were named after ships that Mr. McKay built.

While all the fireworks was going on in the vicinity of the brass-bound observation platform, the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE was holding its own ceremonies at the head end with the aid of a committee of beautiful girls of its own picking and the train crew.

Eagle-eye Gay, whose calm and calloused hand jerked wide the controller bar that sped the train from Grand Central to New Haven on the electrified stretch, had a little speech to make to radio guests, after which he posed with his fireboy and the young women, and camera men touched off their flashes. The RAILROAD MAN'S committee then posed and did the well-wishing for a happy and extremely bon voyage, as they say on the docks, and the show was ready to start.

We were given a nautical but nice send-off with the tolling of bells. No, it wasn't our funeral. In nautical science seven bells of the P.M. has a significance bearing on three thirty o'clock, and, that being our get-away time, gay Henry Gay grabbed the throttle and back along the varnished cars Skipper Wright Flewellin waved his arm in highball.

Your editor, safely perched in the forward cab of the big electric, leaned back to be thrilled and to enjoy. Fireman Foreman had to go back in the innards of the engine to light the boiler so that steam heat in the train would not be minus. I joined Brother Gay as a self-appointed good will representative of the New Haven Railroad, and while the fireboy was busy with his tricks back in the mysterious depths behind the cab, I hung out the fireman's window with a silly grin and a glad arm to help Henry return the wild and elaborate gestures of greetings and welcome which were hurled to us from all points along the right of way.

"Go on, wave at 'em!" Henry yelled across the cab to me. "They don't know you're just a passenger. Go on. Wave at 'em!"

Henry didn't have to urge me any. Since the time I fired my first engine back on the Rock Island in El Reno some years ago, I have always taken the utmost delight in waving at people from a cab window—especially young, attractive people of the controlling sex.

### Miles and Minutes

But, back to the flight of the Clipper. We didn't do so well at the start. It

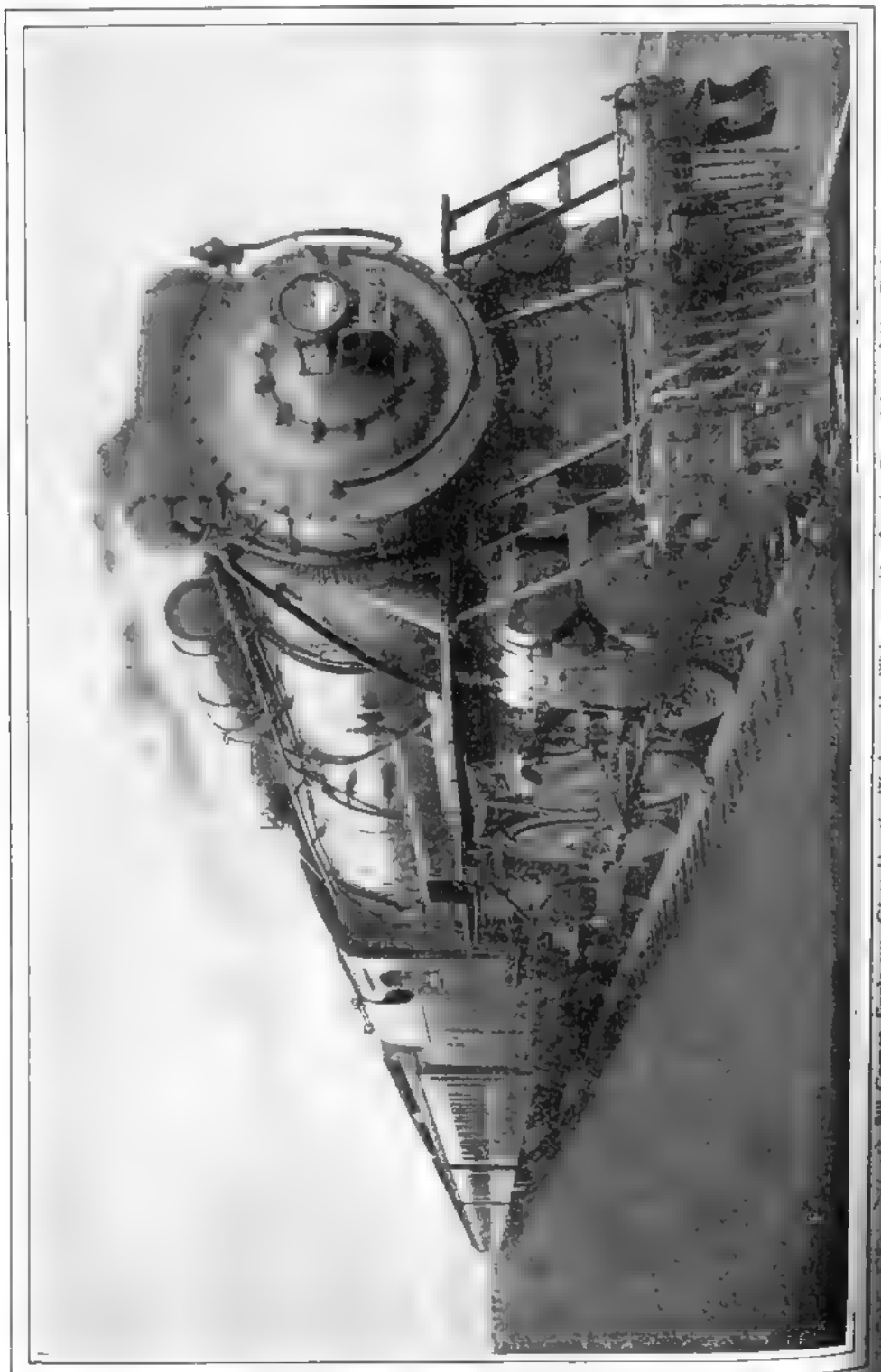
Engineer Henry Gay and His Fireman, Whose Face Is Hidden by the Radio Mike, Receive the Best Wishes of the Railroad Man's Magazine Committee—the Three Young Ladies Who Are, From Left to Right, Grace Henderson, Mabel Louise Hayes and Catherine Gesele

Rolling Down to Beantown. The Railroad Man's Magazine Commences Highballs From the Observation Platform, Streaking Across Connecticut

wasn't our fault. We won't say who was to blame. We *did* get stabbed. We took it on the button at the Harlem drawbridge, and we lost a couple of precious minutes thereby.

Those two minutes seemed like a week, then the board went clear, Henry took her by the neck, kicked her in the slats and gave her the works. We rolled out of New York like a scared rabbit and tangled up with time for one sweet match.

Don't ever let anybody tell you that the coast line is nice and level. No. Not where the railroad runs. They've got a few sweet grades, and a lot of generous curves. They do more winding around between Harlem River and Boston than the original designer of the corkscrew did in his first night-



Bill Cooper, Engineer, Gives Her the Works as He Widens on Her for the Second Leg of Her Flight

mare. All of which makes the trip, the time and the scenery more attractive.

Henry leaned on it as we highballed the signal bridge at Woodlawn and started through the open country. We looked at our watches. The story didn't look so good right then. We were still off the card, and on the maiden run, too. Henry'd have to do something about that.

It was along this stretch between Woodlawn and New Haven that the editorial arm became more or less worn out. At every station both north and south platforms were lined up with cheering throngs. Handkerchiefs and American flags waved us high salute. We waved back and passed on down gleaming steel, leaving railroad history in our mad wake.

Henry's wife and family were out on the platform at Port Chester, his home, and I could well imagine the spark of thrill that passed from his stout heart to the heart of the woman who is his wife, down there waving and smiling up to him. Perhaps she has often so highballed him on during the years he has coursed up and down New Haven tracks, but here was a thrill in the pride of knowing that her Henry, after all these moons, was pulling the latch on the road's crack job

"This give you a kick?" Henry grinned as he yelled at me.

"If I live to be a hundred and ride an engine the day before I die, the kick will be just as great as the first time," I told him

"I, too, bo," he said, and he looked like he meant it.

The card didn't look so fast to me as I studied it, but it was hot enough all the way. We were crossed over a couple of times, and when we finally rolled down on the signal bridge at the New Haven yard limit, we were just about holding our own, and we had little or nothing to spare.

At the station when we came to a stop the official time said five three exactly, which was on time. The "dock hands" at the New Haven station "pier" jumped into action, cut off the electric engine, and as soon as Henry took his power away, Engineer Bill Cooper, high-wheeling guardian of the 1384, monster Pacific steam jack, backed down to the train.

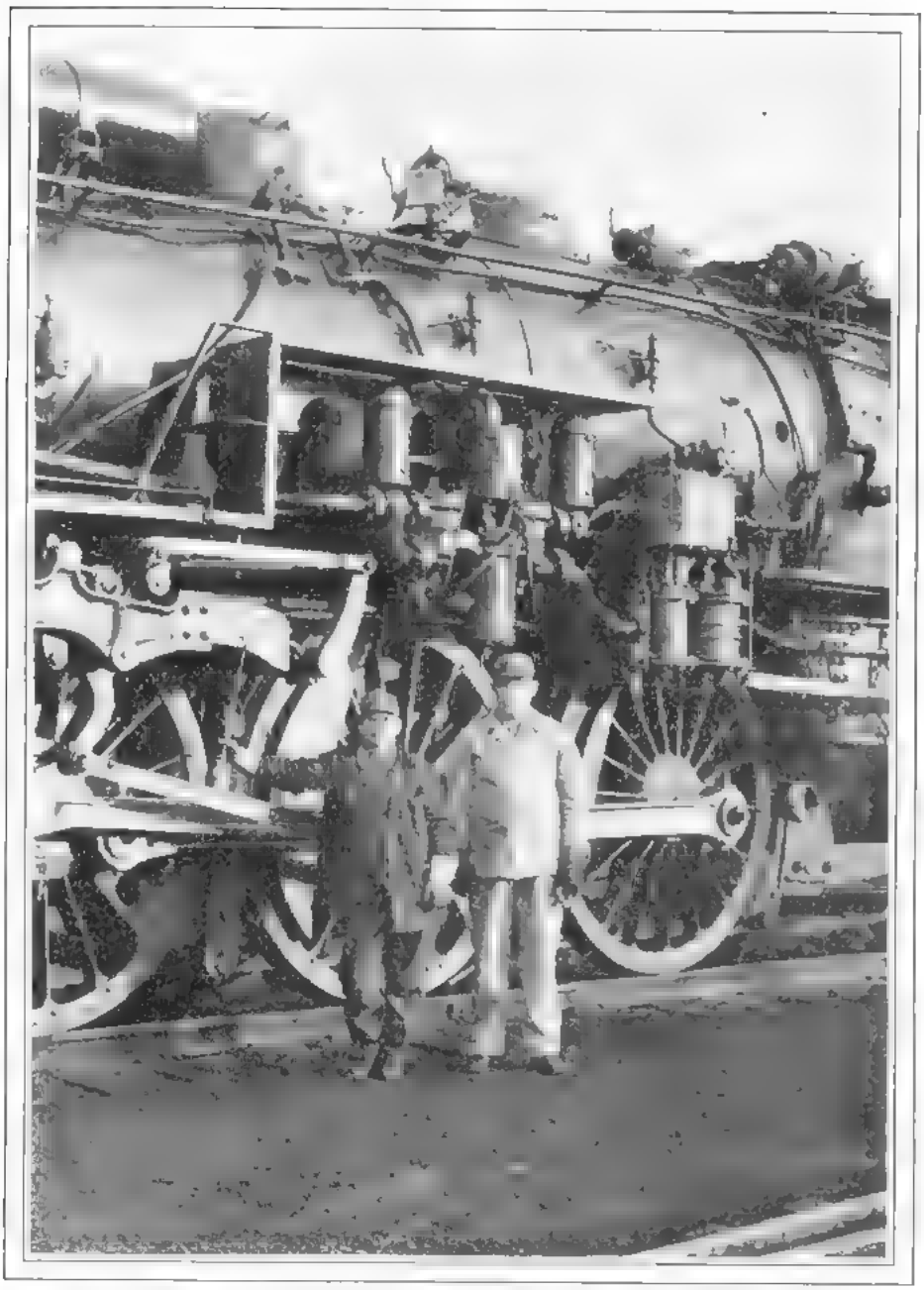
Your traveling editor threw his war bag to the deck and climbed up to exchange greetings with Bill Cooper and shake with Charlie Purdy, spare board tallow pot, who drew the maiden voyage. Most of the population of New Haven, including all officials of roads who happened to be in the city at the moment, were lined up on the platform.

There was much talking and a lot of cheerful laughter, and the whole picture resembled nothing so much as a pier just before the departure of some foreign-bound liner.

There was some delay at New Haven, and we were two minutes late again when we finally got the highball. Taut nerves relaxed just as soon as the first big *woof* exploded out of the 1384's stack, then we were rolling 'em down to Boston with the smoke flat back on the decks and the muffled roar of the exhaust cracking out a melody to our ears.

Up in front of us on either side of the cab a green eye shone steadily. The cab signal on the automatic train control. The last word in safety for those who ride behind. No matter how dark the night, how heavy rain or snow or fog, that eye above our heads would tell always and unfailingly the condition of the track ahead.

The start of the second leg of the



Engineer Cooper, Left, with His Fireman, Just Before the Start from New Haven

flight to Boston was accomplished under unusual circumstances. In the first place we didn't have a full head of steam. The fire was light and the fireman had to double his efforts to bring the putty up to standard and get the fire in shape

Over on the right-hand side Bill Cooper, proud as any kid over a new toy, nursed the big baby along, pulled

a few miles out of her, let her roll against those marvelous curves and settled her down on a pace that not only ate up plenty of distance, but also put the supreme test to the excellent roadbed under our drivers. You've got to have a roadbed when you swing at curves like the 1384 lunged at them.

We took all the speed the law allows on the shot to New London, and here we slowed to a walk while we curved around through the station. Again we were greeted by shouts, cheers and waves. We made a lot of reciprocatory motions from seat box and gangway, and gave the folks a little thrill when we started walking on it again.

The Connecticut River rolled under our wheels, the scenery echoed back our bark as Bill widened on her, and then we settled down for the real grind just as the day was fading

It was somewhere between the river bridge and Providence that the fog came in. That's when you can be thankful for train control. There were many tangents where we couldn't see ten car lengths ahead of the pilot, but always that watchful eye there in the cab over our heads told us how the land lay in the blocks ahead. Always we had that sound feeling of protection and safety.

The fog lasted for a long time. Then, just as we topped the hill and drifted down to the Providence platform, the rain set in. Rather rain any day, however, than fog. You've got a better chance to see along the headlight's path even if the wash does beat into your eyes and render your goggles useless.

At Providence we took water which we needed, because we'd used a lot on the long run from New Haven. We were a little to the good on the card as we came in, and we left on the advertised. We whistled out to do our stuff on straighter track and see if we could lay her down in Boston to the liking of the management and the customers.

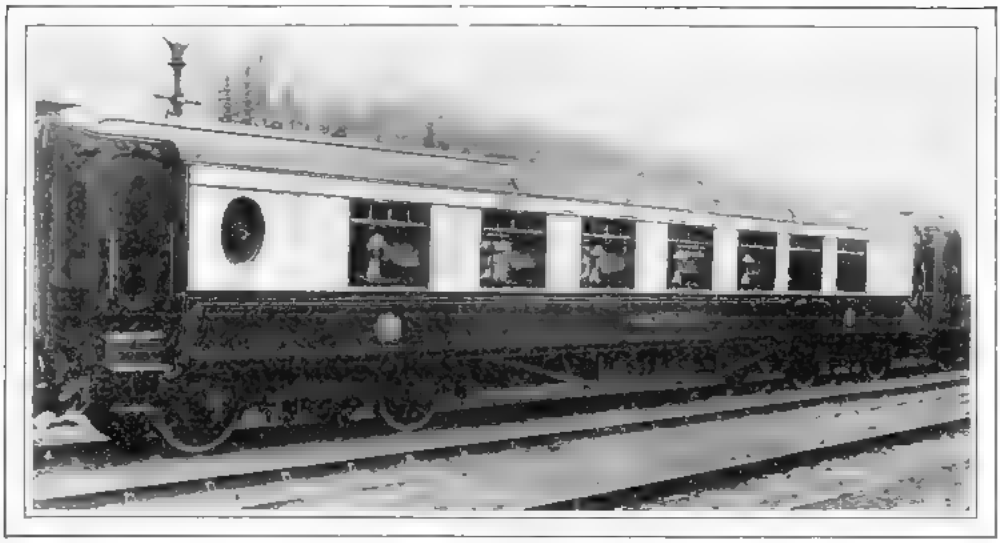
The rain didn't cause us to hesitate, either. Bill Cooper had an expert hand when it came to feeling out the valve motion for just the exact shade of cut-off, and when Bill got this 1384 to talk back to him, there wasn't much that could lay us out. Bill just naturally had that engine doing everything but eating out of his hand, so to speak, and Bill made the time. I've seen a lot of men handle steam locomotives in my short span, but I take my hat off to Bill Cooper, publicly and privately. It was a good day for the New Haven when Bill bid in that run.

We had one more stop — at Back Bay—then we decided to make a night of it. We got the breaks from the dispatcher—had been getting them all day—and everything was nice and green for us as we coasted down to our resting place in the South Station sheds.

Ten seconds to the good! That was exact. Three of us on the deck of that engine, with watches not varying two seconds from the standard time, checked and ten seconds was our verdict.

Bon voyage!

The initial trip was a performance worthy of the great name which the New Haven management has coupled to this train. Fleet as the wind, steady as the New England traditions which surround her, the Yankee Clipper has made railroad history and is destined to make more. Shorter time, and still with the maximum in safety, is possible, and it is certain that the public will respond to this gracious move of the New Haven by whole-hearted support.



England s Comfortable Pullman Car w th Its Low Roof and Large Window

# Europe on Wheels

## Fox Trots and Cocktails at a Mile a Minute Feature Some of the World's Greatest Trains

By Ralph Heinzen

THE Azur Coast Pullman Express tore through the tiny station of Avignon at a mile a minute, but there were strangely unfamiliar sounds above the metallic click of the wheels. From somewhere in the string of parlor cars came the unmistakable sound of cocktails against glass in a skillfully handled silver shaker, and the noise of feet sliding in a fox trot.

If you listen closely, you might also hear a tired business man dictating routine letters to a wax roll in a metal partition, from the other side of which will issue within an hour a neatly typed letter, stamped and ready to be carried by the porter to the mail car.

There could also well be the nasal twang of a radio announcer telling the current quotations of Wall Street, the London Stock Exchange, the Paris Bourse, or the Boulogne fish market. There might be dance music from Seville, Stockholm or Sofia, transmitted by the almost invisible antenna strung along the car top

The newest French express train leaves nothing to the imagination Everything a fastidious traveller may feel he requires in the way of super comfort is there for him. The Côte-d'Azur Express is the first train in the world with a dance floor and a cocktail bar that whisk along the steel at a mile a minute.

This train which carries British and American millionaires from Paris, with its leaden-gray winter skies, to the smiling blue of the Mediterranean and the skies of the French Riviera, is probably the most luxurious train that rolls on wheels anywhere in the world

It is by far the finest train operated by the Compagnie International des Wagons-Lits, the Anglo-Continental Company which holds the concession for operating the sleeping cars and de luxe trains all over Europe and the Near East.

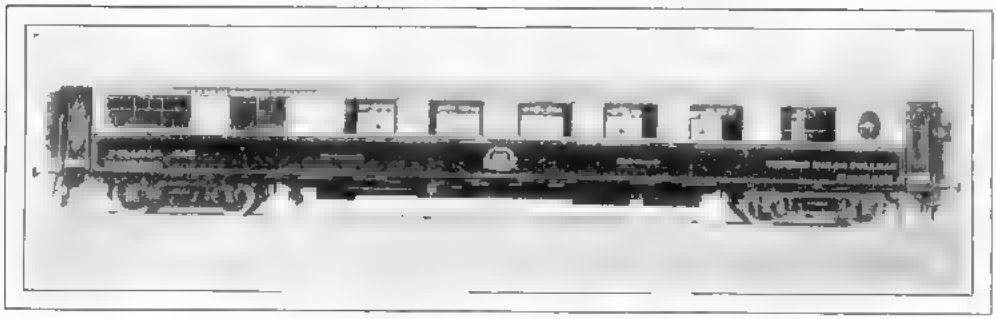
### Million Dollar Train

The Azur Coast Express might easily be termed the million dollar train, for there would not be enough left in a million dollar roll after paying for the new train to buy a bucket of coal for the engine. The floors of the cars in this train are of polished oak, so that the carpets can be rolled back and couples can be dancing inside of a minute.

Its walls are in gray and silver, its trimmings in the ultra-modern and highly expensive Lalique glass. Its lights are indirect, hidden from sight, and reflect against the silver domes of the cars. The service is individual, and the waiters come to your chair to take your order for luncheon, serve it to you at a portable table set up before you, and come back for the tip and the dirty dishes.

The bar is just like anything we had at home before Prohibition. A silver rail runs across the front of the mahogany, whereon weary millionaires can rest their insteps and elbows while the French Casey Jones runs them

There is a Dance Floor, a Cocktail Bar and Easy Chairs on This Club Car



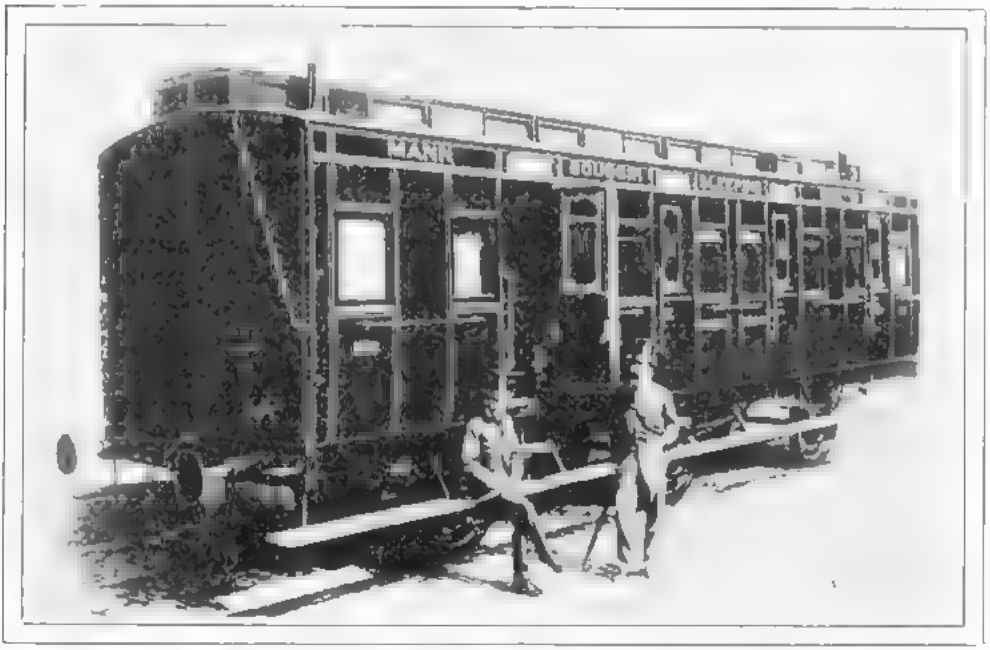
A Broadside View of the Modern Pullman Car

safely out of winter into perpetual sunshine.

The bar has anything in stock that a millionaire might want, and at millionaire's prices. Champagne is more expensive than in a gilded box atop the commercialized hilltop of Montmartre. Cocktails taste all the better for the extra shaking they may get from stiff points and sharp curves. The smiling black behind the mahogany can remember the recipes of two hundred and eighty cocktails off hand. No one has ever been found who can try him out on all of them between Paris and Monte Carlo. The trip is covered in fourteen hours.

The French railways and the Compagnie des Wagons-Lits have gone far ahead in making travel luxurious. When one remembers the French trains of before the war, chopped up into little compartments made as airtight as a Frenchman's iron will could permit, and compares them with the gilded carriages of to-day, the change is striking.

Before the war, France had three



The "Sleep Wagon" Was the First Sleeping Car in Continental Europe

classes of travel. American doughboys recall all three, and then a fourth, when they were put into the cattle cars which had been pressed into use as troop transports. Those cars may now be recalled for the printed legend on their sides, "Hommes 40, chevaux 8," which means "Forty men or eight horses," and tells the whole story in four words

The third-class cars of pre-war days were equipped with uncomfortable hardwood seats, and with ill-fitting windows when there were windows at all

The cars were about one-third the length of an American passenger car, resting directly on four wheels without springs

A Two-Room Suite Which Is the Last Word in Comfort and Privacy

### Lace on the Seats

The second-class cars had a little padding on the seats, and the first-class had lace on the padding. That was all the difference between the classes of travel. If you wanted to travel at night, you had to form in line to have one chance in ten of finding a spare bed in the solitary sleeping car

Nowadays all is different. You still have three classes, but there are sleeping cars in second-class and even third-class passengers can, for a supplement, stretch out without blanket or pillow. To make up that deficiency, blanket and pillow peddlers wander up and down outside the train calling their wares.

But the real improvement is in the luxury trains, the high line expresses which have been put on every line, and which carry mostly tourists from capital to capital. These are American trains Europeanized with all the European ideas of embroidered luxury and overstuffed sumptuousness.

A Continental Dining Car Where Fastidious Palates Must Be Pleased

This Azur Coast Express is an example. Only a short time ago it took a day and a night to reach the Riviera from Paris. This train of six cars was strung together, coated with a brilliant hue of paint and makes the trip in thirteen and one-half hours from Paris to Cannes, and Nice or Monte Carlo in an hour more.

There is a kitchen to each two cars, but no dining car. The meals are served individually at each chair. The cars carry twenty-four passengers. The forests of Africa were stripped of their choicest woods to make the panels. Some of the cars are finished in grained mahogany, others in gray maple or lemon wood. They are polished to a ruddy hue.

Wireless sets and electrophones provide disc or wireless music for dancing. The bar fits the rounded end of the last car. The public dictaphones and stenographers are efficient in seven languages. This train might well be called the Midas Express, for its woods and its passengers give off a sort of golden hue, and its tickets cost more than their weight in gold.

The Germans are returning in full force to the Mediterranean resorts, so the Wagons-Lits put on the Berlin-Basle-Milan-Nice Express; luxurious comfort in the Teuton style. It has no cocktail bar nor dance floor, but the chairs are roomy and the beds soft and wide.

The sleeping cars on all these expresses are not on the American principle of long corridors of slung beds separated by green cloth barriers. The European could not travel without his

guarantee of solitude. He mistrusts, too much, his neighbors and the porter.

The European sleepers consist of a long narrow corridor down one side of the car. Cabins which may hold one or two berths open off the corridors. Each of two cabin compartments share a washbowl between them. They are about the right size for children, but healthy individuals generally have to take turns going to bed, for two people could not make the movements of disrobing simultaneously.

One of the newest but best known Continental expresses is the Golden Arrow which links Paris with the London bound channel boats at Boulogne or Calais. It is the aristocrat on wheels, three hundred kilometers in three hours without a stop, a little better than a mile a minute.

Customs inspectors ride this train and look at the baggage while the passengers are seated in deep chairs, thus relieving travellers of one of the most disagreeable angles of international travel. Meals on this train are served individually, also.

### Longest of Them All

The longest luxury ride in Europe is by the Orient Express. This great train grew like Topsy. It started first as an express from Paris to Italy through the Simplon tunnel, and then kept stretching farther along as tourist travel demands increased.

It took years to cut administrative red tape and allow the train free passage over fortified frontiers, for European frontiers are jealously guarded by armies and customs men. But now it is possible, with comparatively little lost time at borders,

Ultra-Luxurious Salon Compartment on the Continental Express

Tourists and Citizens Alike Welcome Night When Such Beds Are Waiting

to travel from Paris by the Orient Express to Budapest, Bucharest and Constanza or by the Simplon Orient Express to Venice, Trieste, Athens, Belgrade, Constantinople, Angora

By a recently concluded agreement with the governments involved this famous hot shot now travels on to double its original length It carries on past Constantinople, through Anatolia to Aleppo and Damascus, Beyrout, and across the Holy Land through Jerusalem and Jaffa to Port Said, Alexandria and Cairo

At Cairo the Orient joins up with the great White Express of the Egyptian railroads and runs down the Nile. So without changing trains more than a few times, it is possible to travel from Paris to the headwaters of the Nile, generally at a speed of nearly a mile a minute, and in great ease and comfort.

The history of this Compagnie International des Wagons-Lits, which made possible all this international travel, is an interesting one. Fifty years ago, it put the first sleeping car in history on an overnight train from Paris to Berlin.

Now the company operates four thousand sleeping cars and two thousand five hundred dining cars all over Europe. It is building one thousand Pullman cars, for which it pays immense royalties to the American owners of the Pullman patents. It has sixty thousand employes, including guards, for the recent attack by Balkan bandits on the Orient Express shows the necessity of protection of passengers, just as in the days of the mail coach robberies in our own western States

During the year just ended, thirty-two million travellers slept in the cars of this one company.

I Bade Them a Good-by as Though My Next Stop was Johannesburg, Africa!

# Observations of a Country Station Agent

Luther Answers the Call of the Big City When the Road Decides to Give Him Vacation with Full Pay

By J. E. Smith

I AM to have two weeks' vacation every year on pay. Hurrah! And three whoops for the X. Y. Z. Railroad! Pardon this outburst of feeling; it might be misdirected.

In a letter marked "Personal," and addressed to "Luther Leghorn, Agent, Lone Oak," I am informed that all monthly paid men, operators, clerks, and agents of the X. Y. Z. Railroad will be allowed a vacation on pay after the third year's service. From three to five years, one week; after five years' service, two weeks. It added further that hereafter all jobs will be bulletined, and that appointments and promotions will be according to seniority.

I have nine years' continuous service to my credit. I can now go up in my chosen calling without regard to the likes and dislikes of local officials. All I need to do is to accumulate years—just to lie low and let tempus go on fugiting.

But the two weeks' vacation—that is immediate. I have never had any

time off. I once boasted to Bill Baxter that I hadn't missed a day from work in nine years.

"Huh!" replied Bill. "That's nothing to your credit. It doesn't get you anywhere when you just crawl in a hole and stay there. You don't take on any nourishment that way. You just get smaller and smaller until finally you shrivel up into nothing. The less you see and mix, the more inferior you become."

I thought I was telling him something to be proud of; but to him, it appeared, I was boasting in vainglorious speech that as a human being I was mummifying and fossilizing.

"Devotion to duty is one thing," Bill went on, with Pluto's owl-like blink; "keeping your nose too close to the grindstone is another. If you have any sense at all, Luther, every year you'll go to some place you have never seen before, and meet people whose occupations are different from the small Lone Oak community that you get to know so much too well."

Bill is a wise young man, but his family has plenty of money and time. For a cosmopolitan education acquired by travel and outside association one must have these two essentials. If they were mine, I would do just what Bill suggests. To those who are lowly and struggling I would give advice on thrift and devotion to duty. I would hand them proverbs and platitudes.

"Now is your time, Luther," Bill went on. "You have no family. You are free to go and come as you like. Go to New York, Luther, and stay there two weeks. See things. Meet people. It is the most interesting city in the world. You will learn a lot."

I told Bill that as I was to have a vacation on pay, and for the first time, I would do just as he said. I thanked him for suggesting New York. My first thoughts had been uncles, aunts, and cousins; but New York — that's showing the Reubens. "Luther Leghorn is visiting New York." Read that Lone Oak item in the newspapers, you yokels!

Bill gave me some advice, or rather some words of caution; but in an hour's time I had forgotten all that he said. Wisdom is heavy and momentous only as we dispense it. When we come to getting it from others, it is gossamer stuff.

I lost no time. I had some new clothes from the month before. I had purchased them thinking — but why bring that up?

With a rather sprightly imagination, a vacation in prospect is a wonderful event in a humdrum life. A steady every-day-in-the-week worker gets accustomed to a life without change or variety, takes but little note of the monotony, and carries on. When he finds that for the first time he is to have a vacation, he develops an eagerness of anticipation and enthusiasm quite above and beyond reasonable realization.

For nine years I had gone to work every morning and quit every evening. Now here before me were fourteen days of release and freedom. I could go where I pleased, get up when I wanted to, and come in when I got ready. That is a section of the life of our happy, care-free "idle rich," whom we are so quick to deride in light-headed speech. For two weeks I would be a millionaire. I would have the real touch and feel of opulence. I would have to answer to no one. Good-by to all responsibility!

That was my state of mind when I sat down to a supper of hot biscuits and sausage in my boarding house.

"I'm getting two weeks' vacation on pay," I announced.

No one made any comment or objection.

"Two weeks," I went on, aiming the words at no one in particular, "doing just what I please and drawing pay for it. Not so bad of the old X. Y. Z., is it?"

Section Foreman Mose Hokum then spoke up and observed that Road Master Slagle had intimated that road foremen were to have annual vacations also.

Mrs. Hokum was delighted.

"It 'll be fine," she exclaimed, "if Mose can get off for ten days or two weeks. There's a lot of things about the place that need attention. There's the poultry pens, the fences, and all the screens; and the house needs painting, and cement walks should be made out back, and—"

Mose threw the signals against her.

"Come to a full stop," he commanded. "No one was talking about new jobs. The subject introduced by Mr. Luther Leghorn was vacations. V-a-c-a-t-i-o-n-s," Mose spelled it out. "Meaning intermission from work—a period of leisure and rest. Do you get it?"

"I'd like to get one, but there's no prospect," returned his wife in good-natured but pointed response.

"I'm going to New York," I added breezily, "the greatest city in the world." Those were Bill Baxter's words, not mine.

"Land sakes, Luther," asked Mrs. Hokum, "what 'll you do in New York?"

"Do?" I replied with spirit. "I won't do anything. I'll look around and see and hear things. I'll do the doing when I get back on the job at Lone Oak."

"Well, all I can say," persisted Mrs. Hokum, "is that New York's a wild and wicked place for you to go to, Luther. You must watch your step. I wouldn't let Mose go there."

"That doesn't mean a thing to me," I replied pompously, and then, with further inflation: "Manhattan and Lone Oak are all one to me."

My passes came, and thereafter on a certain day a relief agent appeared. I checked over to him the cash and the uncollected bills, and presto, I was a free man!

Having borrowed an old flat telescope, I went home and packed the necessary travel belongings, from socks to safety razor. Then I bade my friends farewell as if my next stop was Johannesburg, South Africa. No tears were shed. No one, so far as I know, had any emotional breath suppressions or epiglottis cloggings. Mrs. Hokum called out a good-by and counseled me to be careful. Mose warned me against "city slickers." With these friendly admonitions in my ears the train moved out of Lone Oak, and I was on my way for fourteen care-free, hilarious days of sightseeing.

The day coach was not overcrowded, so I appropriated two seats and sprawled out in fair physical comfort. I handed my pass to the conductor with a flourish of independence. It conveyed the information that Luther Leghorn was a courtesy guest of the X. Y. Z. Railroad, Lone Oak, Indiana, to New York City and return.

This important information did not upset the conductor's aplomb. It did not seem to arouse any unusual interest. He whipped out an indelible pencil and had me sign my name, all in mere perfunctory detail. He then put a marked card in my hat and passed on.

Did the reader ever sign his name in a moving car? The signature I made by stabs and jerks did not look like any Luther Leghorn I had ever before inscribed. I could not tell by it whether it was Luther Leghorn or Etaion Shrdlu. However that might be, I was on my way.

I Dislocated My Neck a Number of Times, but Each Time I Readjusted the Segments of My Spinal Column to Fair Working Order

Here I was, with twenty-two hours before me on the train. I asked myself, should I take a sleeper for the night? Then it came to me that in the nine years I had railroaded I had never been inside a sleeping car. I had made reservations for others. I had learned that the shady side of the car was preferred, and that every one wants a lower as near the center of the car as possible, to be removed from car wheel noises. I had some general information; but there was disrobing, and did one get in feet or head first?

Upper or lower, end or middle, I knew I wouldn't sleep a wink, anyhow. My nightly repose is in the hush of the country. In the nature of traffic operations and machinery there would not be the quiet and peace to which my sensibilities are attuned.

Then there was the matter of six doubloons. Should the treasury of the Pullman Company be further enriched by that sum, or should it remain in the keeping of one Luther Leghorn?

The ayes had it. The day coach won.

I cat-napped through a long, long night. I dislocated my neck a number of times, but each time readjusted the segments of my spinal column to fair working order. My feet and limbs went to sleep alternately, in defiance and rebellion against all other members of my anatomy. From time to time they needled and pin-pricked back to reasonable sensibility.

At times I let out a " from the banks of the Wabash " snort, which created some uneasiness and concern among pay passengers in front, behind, and across from me. One of them asked how long I had taken piccolo lessons. Another wanted to know if I was a lion tamer. I retorted good-naturedly that we would probably never travel together again, and this was their last opportunity to hear me.

At last, as in the movies, " came the dawn." Phantom shadows of the night became mountains and trees. The sun peeped in, and the day coach took on the life and order of day.

I had had only a light lunch the night before, and I needed food. A waiter came through in spotless linen, announcing that breakfast was served in the dining car, third car back. It came to me that I was keenly hungry. I was famishing for food. I had never eaten in a diner, however, and how to get there disturbed me. Was I to pass under, climb over, or go through?

Eating announcements do not produce any great rush from the day coach. We are a cautious, prudent, self-denying bunch. However, from our number two passengers started back, and I fell in behind them, to make my way as they did. If they had held up the passengers in the next car, I take it I would have dittoed, and would have been *particeps criminis.* All that they did, however, was to make their way to the dining car through the tangle and disorder of two sleeping cars.

I did not drink the finger bowl water. I nail that rumor before it starts. I started vocalizing the menu. Every one seemed to like my tenor voice, but the waiter asked me to write it on a pad.

I noticed that a great many people were eating eggs and toast. Lone Oak eggs are no luxury. With us an egg is a basic food, like water and bread, and has no epicurean stimulation. Here I saw the finest linen, the brightest silver, immaculate service, sumptuous fixtures and trimmings, a palace on wheels, and every one eating eggs. I was from Eggville, Egg County, State of Egg-Egg, so I had grapefruit, cereal with cream, a choice sirloin steak with mushrooms, wheat cakes, French fried potatoes, baked apple, and asparagus tips, and two then unknown—and still unknown—French dishes.

I did not look at the check. It would be a dollar, I thought, or maybe a dollar and a quarter. I put a five-dollar bill on the tray, and one dollar and fifty cents came back to me.

" That was a five I gave you," I said.

" Yes, suh," replied the waiter politely. " Yo' check was three fifty, suh."

I gathered in the scattered and depleted remains to the last cent, and gave the waiter a hard look.

" Yes, suh," he continued. " A hearty order, suh, three fifty."

His gesture and look seemed to ask me if I hadn't forgotten something. I had not. I made my way back into the day coach.

Back in my easy seat in the day

coach, heavy in the satiation of food, I went to sleep sitting bolt upright, and all the way from Lancaster County to the wilds of New Jersey I scattered fragments in every key of Wagner's "Götterdämmerung."

was shifting along without chart or compass. I had a feeling of loneliness and solitude. At such times numbers do not count. No one sees you, hears you, or knows you. Human units bump into you and brush by you, but

"That Was a Five I Gave You," I Said

When I came to, Trenton was behind us, and a dull, haunting voice was calling out:

"Last call for lunch in the dining car!"

This time I did not follow any one back.

### Luther Arrives in New York

At last here was journey's end. Under the dome of a great terminal, submerged in the moiling mass of moving humanity, I, Luther Leghorn, you are alone in one of the world's desert spots. I felt that my place was in Lone Oak, and why was I here?

I ambled along to a marked subway, from which I eventually emerged on the main floor of a great hotel. A pleasant young man informed me that rooms were from five to ten dollars. I took a nine-dollar room. It was a fine, commodious chamber, with a view of a busy street and of the great passenger terminal from which I had just emerged.

"Well, well!" I said to myself. "This isn't so bad. I pay Mose Hokum's wife seven dollars a week, and this is only nine. That's cheaper than I thought it would be."

I shaved, cleaned up, and took a bath. Last summer I noticed two or three times that one feels refreshed and stimulated by taking a bath. There's more in lavation than the folks back home think.

I was travel-fagged and dead tired, and I thought I would rest a while before dressing. I sprawled out on a soft bed, and at once Lone Oak and New York were no more. Over the world brooded the darkness and void spoken of in the first book of the Pentateuch.

I awoke at last. The room was dark. I fumbled around, got a light, and looked at my watch. It had stopped at midnight. Measured by eternity that was a brief nap, but measured by the limited period of a sightseeing vacation it was a half day to be checked off and regretted.

I did not try to sleep again. I reflected. In darkness everything looms formidable. Why had I chosen to come to this great city alone on my first vacation? I kept asking that until daylight. I bandied the old interrogation point about in the darkness until it lost its point and the curve to its back, and stood for nothing.

When dawn came, I welcomed a new day.

I found a morning paper under my door. Good!

I looked over it hungrily for a bit of news from the old home State. Not one word! That was strange. What we think and do in our home State is of tremendous consequence to the world, but this New York paper didn't print a single item. I couldn't stop my subscription, for it was delivered free under the door.

I looked over the sporting pages, and noted the theatrical offerings. I wanted to see "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "East Lynne," or "Ten Nights in a Barroom," but none of them was listed among the plays. My movie heroes were Bill Hart and John Bunny, but neither of them was billed.

Then I found just what I wanted The Cincinnati club of the National League was scheduled to play Brooklyn at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn. For a number of seasons, in my early days, I played third base for Holton, and we won the county championship. I wrote Cincinnati that I would like to play third for them, but they did not answer, so I went to railroading. In our corner of the U. S. A. we follow the fortunes of the Reds. We rejoice when they win and sorrow when they lose. Cincinnati is our home team.

I had never seen a big league game of baseball. I had seen many amateur performances, but never anything with the artistic finish of the professional. That alone would be worth the trip.

I found a wonderful place to eat. You put a nickel or a dime in a slot and take out a hunk of nourishment. I took twenty shots.

My next move was to get a front seat on the top of a rubberneck wagon and get a full dime's worth of transportation. Maybe the reader doesn't care for all these small details, but I want to state that seeing New York atop a bus isn't so much. All you see is people, and all you smell is carbon monoxide.

To me the Cincinnati-Brooklyn baseball game was the great event of the day. The game was called for 3 P.M. At half past two I was crossing Brooklyn Bridge on the Elevated,

headed for Ebbets Field. Somewhere I changed cars. I was on the lookout for Ebbets Field Station, and I rode, it seemed to me, at least a hundred miles. At last the ocean came in sight, and a guard called out:

"All out—Coney Island!"

I was raving sore. I had been carried by. I took a return car, but it was now after three o'clock, and I was sure to miss the first two or three innings. Too bad, but it couldn't be helped.

On the rebound I got off at the right station, and walked a number of squares to the ball park. By my watch it was a quarter to four. I was sweating and panting from the hurry and confusion. The ticket office was closed, and the crowd was pouring out. The game was over. Dazzy Vance had pitched for Brooklyn, but Cincinnati had won. I had missed it all.

I rushed up to a policeman.

"This game was advertised for three o'clock," I informed him with a high-pitched squeak

"Sure," responded the unperturbed official.

I held up my watch to him—a dependable railroad timepiece.

"Here it is!" I shouted. "It's just 3.45 right now, and the game is over. How's that? I ask you, how's that?"

The policeman flicked a glance at his wrist watch.

"G'lang!" he remarked. "It's 4.45 right now. Buddy, you're one hour slow. Better have a mechanic oil the works."

I began confirming and corroborating, and found that it was so. I was using Central time on the Atlantic seaboard, and I was just one hour out of line.

I moved the hands forward and followed the crowd away. Anyhow, up in the city there was a place where one silver dime, slot-inserted, would produce a fair half portion of pumpkin pie, even if your watch showed Pacific time.

I find that I do not know as much as I thought. I looked over the plays and entertainments, but I couldn't make any selection. My empty mind had no choice. Before me was an uncharted jungle of announcements.

Then a happy thought came to me. I would go to the theater district and go in where I saw the longest line at the ticket window. That would show what was top interest. No one but a genius could have thought of that!

I found a line reaching out into the street. I fell in, and in time I lock-stepped up to the window. I passed in a five-dollar bill and got a balcony ticket—no further returns.

"That was a five-dollar bill," I said.

"Balcony seats, five," came a tart reply.

"Keep moving!" commanded a voice from an authoritative accomplice in command of the line.

I found myself in the balcony, high up and far removed. The stage looked to me as far away as the end of Mose Hokum's section from the Lone Oak station. Dark-eyed and dark-haired people were all around me, and there were much chatter and gibberish, but there is a difference between the Hoosier and the Mediterranean dialects.

It was an opera in Italian. That happens to be one of the languages I haven't got around to yet. I had to guess out the hero, the heroine, the villain, and related accomplices. My sawmill education has its deficiencies. As a thorax and diaphragm try-out, the entertainment was almost up to the hog calling contest at the county fair last fall; but I lack something of the finer qualities of appreciation.

I got hot and drowsy. The heavy garlic aroma was too much. I bassooned a few notes of my own into the instrumental *motif*, and some one shook me rudely. Blear-eyed and stupid, I tried to pick up the thread and follow on, but I had a relapse. I missed some high G's and low E's; but what are falsetto and low bass to a weary wayfarer who cannot understand anyhow?

The vision faded again. The shouts of triumph, the low moans of despair, the ringing challenge of the lover, and the hissed ultimatum of the play's deep-designing knave all came to me in a dull, smooth monotone. Suddenly I heard the blast of trumpets, the crash of drums, and the clang of cymbals, and I leaped back to life, startled and upright. I thought the station at Lone Oak had been dynamited.

The opera was over. People were leaving.

Five dollars for a balcony seat! Well, when a hinterlander visits New York, he should see and hear the best. It gives him something to talk about when he gets back to home society.

Somewhere around midnight I got to bed. My first joyous vacation day in the great city was over.

### One Woe Upon Another's Heels

I had a sad experience at breakfast the next morning. I sat at a small table in my dime restaurant, and a lady came to the next table with her toast and coffee. I could see that she was in deep distress. Soon she was sobbing freely. She begged my pardon for her tears, but her feelings, she told me, had overcome her. She must talk to some one. In this wicked city she did not know a soul. She had been robbed of her purse — on the street. She had to go on to New Haven to meet her mother. Oh, what should she do? She must get home—and she had no money.

I cannot stand up before a woman's tears, and I gave her a five-dollar bill. That would get her to New Haven. I know railroad fares, and I know about how far it is from New York to New Haven. I could figure the limitations of necessary charity in her case.

She checked her convulsive gasps and seized the five. Hadn't I a ten? No? A ten, she said, would make her so much more comfortable. When she didn't get it, she bobbed up and hot-footed out with a wiggle that somehow did not match her state of profound sorrow. It seemed to me that she cut her grief too short. One gush, one gasp, and one gulp, and then she froze up into a hard look and was gone, without a word of thanks to the kind-hearted stranger.

She has my address, however, and she will return the money when she gets to her folks. I had begun the day with a good deed. I felt proud of that. An act of kindness is an elixir to the soul.

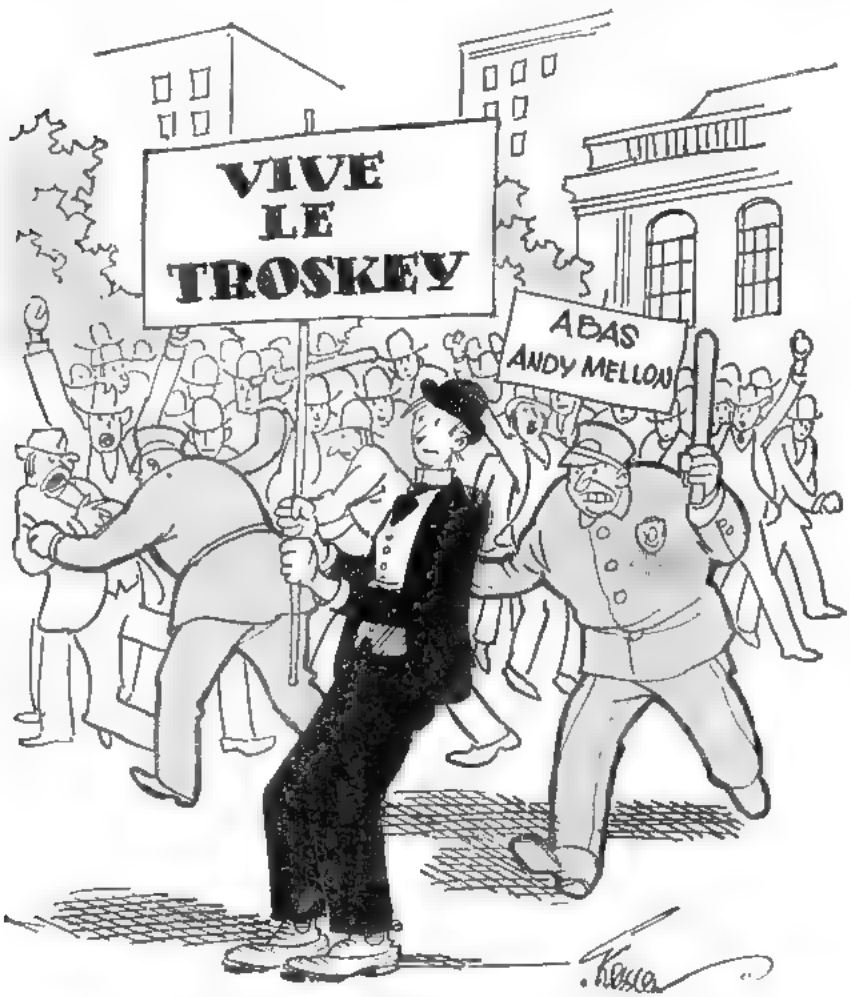
To start my second day of sightseeing, I made my way to the harbor and brought up at the Aquarium. I spent a good hour there, and I should call it a fine place for sharks and suckers. Then I turned uptown. I recalled Bill Baxter's words back home:

"Go to New York. See things. Meet people."

I had seen, but I had not met. I was passing some small retail stores. I had been stopped and urged inside two or three times, but I had kept moving. Now I came upon three elderly gentlemen in animated conversation, and all with long, free-flowing whiskers, just like our leading citizens of Hickory Township. They looked like my kind;

so I stopped and asked them what street this was, and how far uptown.

Instantly there were tumult and commotion. Whiskers and Yiddish




There I Stood, a Cool and Passive Onlooker Holding High a Banner

mingled in wildest agitation. They laid hands on me. I wondered if I was Trotzky or the late Czar of Russia. I landed inside a dark little store, and two younger accomplices seized me. I noted a villainous-looking character with a club in his hand standing guard at the door. Would I look at a suit? Yes, yes, indeed I would! Every man that can afford it should have a good wardrobe, for clothes make the man, as some ancient philosopher declared.

I had the urge to buy, or why was the tough with a club standing at the door? This was a new kink in salesmanship. Every time I looked at him he scowled at me, as if to let me know that if I passed that way empty-handed he would bean me. Somehow I couldn't organize my sales resistance. I had to agree that the plaid patterns were the very height of fashion, and that in all my seeing and searching I had never found such a style as that

of the pea-green suit with the yellow crossbars. And what a fit! Not an alteration needed!

"But what a physique!" they told me. "Perfect shoulders! Hips exactly standard! See, Abie! See, Ikey!"

The price was fifty dollars, but they sold it to me for twenty-two dollars and twenty-three cents, because that was all I had in my pocket.

With the bundle under my arm, the murderer moved away from the door, and I was once again in the open. I met a number of old home town prototypes as I passed along, but no more conversation for me. I had met all the people I cared to meet in one forenoon.

Suddenly I realized that I hadn't a cent left for car fare. Perfect physique, though! So, toting my bundle, I stretched my legs northward to find somewhere in the mass and tangle of an architectural wilderness a hotel where I had a room and belongings.

In time I arrived, and I didn't venture forth any more that day. I needed rest. I had foot blisters. My ankle and knee joints were creaking.

The second day of my vacation had passed.

The next morning I was stiff and sore. It was afternoon before I again went out into the streets. I made for the Woolworth Tower. I wanted to tell them, when I got back home, that I had looked the great city over from the fifty-fourth story.

Before going up, I loitered a while in what I understand is City Hall Park. I saw a movement of people and a general commotion, but I didn't know what it was all about. An excited orator was trying to make a speech on the steps of the City Hall. I couldn't get his line, but I thought it might be farm relief.

Near me was a crusader holding a banner. He became excited and broke out in loud talk. Finding that he had to use gestures, and needed both of his hands, he thrust the banner into my hand to hold, while he wiggled and waved his arms to give the proper emphasis to hot and violent words.

The crowd boiled, and my orator was lost in the swirl. There I stood, a cool and passive onlooker holding high a banner. I tried to unload. I offered it to a number of bystanders, but none of them would take it. I couldn't drop it, I couldn't move off with it. I had to hold it until I could in some way get rid of it.

Presently I became aware that there was increasing excitement. The police had driven the orator from the City Hall steps. There was a general scurrying, and a number of heads were cracked.

Suddenly a heavy hand was laid on me. Before I could explain anything, I was in a patrol wagon with other angry and expostulating revolutionists. They locked us all up together. Every mother's son of them shouted his remonstrances at top pitch; but I was struck dumb. I sat a little apart, in silence and shame. I didn't know what it was all about, and I was wondering what to do.

After a while a guard noted that I was not of the same texture as the other prisoners. He talked to me, and I explained to him how I got into the mix. He went away and returned with another guard, who took me for an interview with a magistrate.

I repeated my story. I stressed it with real feeling. I showed my passes and my letter of release on vacation. I had been in New York only three days. I was stopping at the Blank Hotel. I was no agitator, communist, revolu-

tionist, or nihilist. I was an upright, loyal American citizen, innocently standing by and wondering what it was all about, and I was caught in the mass. I obligingly held a banner that a bystander had thrust into my hands. I didn't know what was on it. I didn't know what to do with it. I didn't think to drop it in the street and beat it. I didn't have my bearings, so I was seized, and here I was.

I wanted to go home, I said. I pleaded that from the heart. It was a deep, self-registering sentiment. It was such a sincere appeal as only innocent distress can voice.

The magistrate believed me. He gave me a few words of advice and turned me loose. I got straight back to my room, locked the door, and took a deep breath in full sense of security.

Next morning my newspaper gave an account of Red rioting in City Hall Park. The policemen had charged the communists, cracking a few heads, gathering in a number of prisoners, and dispersing the crowd. I was a dangerous revolutionist, it appeared. I had held a banner praising Trotzky and denouncing Andy Mellon. Lone Oak's leading citizen trying to overthrow the government! That was something to ponder over in these days of variegated restlessness.

As I paced the room in extreme mental perturbation, I made an important and even startling discovery. A printed notice to guests was posted on my door, and I read it for the first time. The top announcement informed me:

"This room is nine dollars a day."

What? Nine dollars a day—a day, get that! Shades of Crœsus! I thought it was nine dollars a week. In Lone Oak we compute by the week. I pay Mose Hokum's wife by the week.

Immediately I inventoried my cash. Total funds, thirty-eight dollars. I packed up and checked out. Three hours later I was in a day coach, headed westward. This was my fourth day, and I had only two dollars left.

I recalled Bill Baxter's words of advice.

"Go to New York," he had told me. "See things. Meet people."

I had not seen a great deal, but I had met people. I mentally catalogued them:

One weeping woman who needed a small loan.

Three venerable gentlemen with long whiskers.

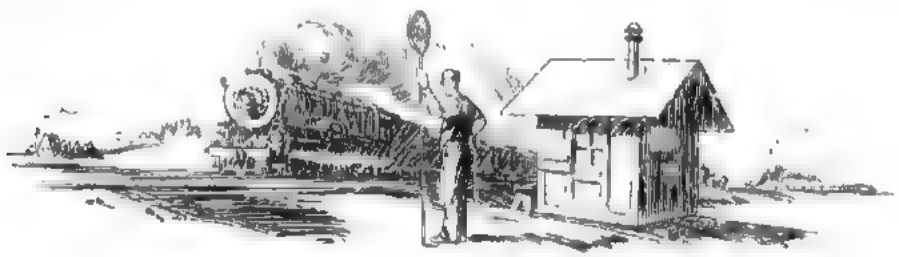
A bunch of policemen with clubs.

I had also held high a banner to free the toiling masses.

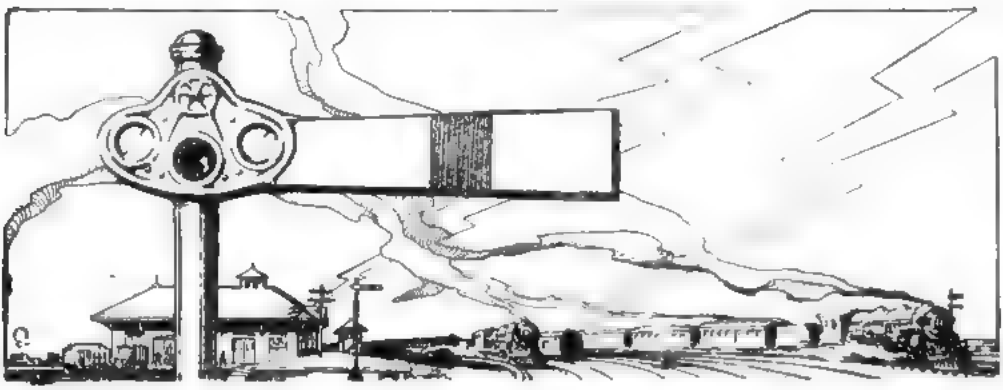
Later a waiter passed through our coach and called out:

"First call for dinner! Dining car third car rear!"

Two passengers got up and went back, but the third one remained in his seat. He had a small sack of salted peanuts and a banana. Somewhere in the Alleghany Mountains he dreamed that he was safe home again in Lone Oak.



# My Greatest Thrill



A department where true experiences of railroad men are related. Prompt payment at good rates is offered for narratives of personal thrills. Each story must be verified.

## Two Scared Stiffs

The Mystery of the Air Leaking Off the Crummy Remains, But the Brakeman Aged Years in Seconds

By Harold A. Sabrowsky

WHEN this most thrilling experience recurs to us now we laugh about it, but we didn't at Rockland on the night it took place; at least Snaky Heim and I didn't. Whether Harry did we shall leave to your decision.

It happened in the spring about seven years ago. Snaky and I were on the extra list, second and first out, respectively. Because we had been displaced we were permitted to take any job we could hold. Upon examining the board we found that another crew, with Harry Meggars as the captain, had been added to the rapidly increasing number of ring crews.

Every spring, with the beginning of the ore season, Harry would go up to Channing and take a job running train. Channing is the home terminal of the west end subdivision of the Wooden Shoe. The Wooden Shoe is the cognomen of the Superior Division, a single track district of the C. M. St. P. & P., which was then the C. M. & St. P. On the west end automatic block signals were unknown, and telegraph stations were as scarce as clothes on Tonga Island. Train orders were transmitted by telephone and received by any dependable member of a train crew, who copied them on the white side of yellow-backed tobacco wrappers, on a leaf torn from a train book,

on the unused side of a switch list, or upon a 19 order form if one happened to be available. The telephones were sheltered by little two by four board sheds, just large enough to accommodate an average size man.

By marking up with Harry, who had no brakemen as yet, we, Snaky and I, could work together, we reasoned, and, moreover, by doing so we would break up no established crew. Furthermore, Harry was a good old plug, and an ideal conductor to work with; and so, though we could have gone to work in the daytime, we marked up with him, and were called for an 8 P.M. extra west. The Y. M. handed us sixty-nine empty flat cars, which were to be peddled at almost as many spurs, between Channing and Ontonagon.

Now Harry hailed from Green Bay, the east end home terminal of the Wooden Shoe. The adherents to that more modern section of our expansive division boasted of railroading in a manner far superior to that of their west end brothers.

"We Gotta Stop! The Caboose Will Be Coming Back and Ramming Us!"

The head shack on the west end rarely rode the hog. Therefore, as we rattled westwardly out of Channing that night, we—Harry, Snaky and I—were all sitting up in the cupola, enjoying the comforts of the dog house. We were looking out over the train, watching the intermittent glare of light from the engine far ahead, which bespoke of a sweating fireboy. Now the light would disappear around a curve, reappear on the summit of a hill, and disappear again.

Harry flipped his cigarette butt out

the window, stretched himself, yawned, and after his jaws snapped shut he opened them again, and permitted to escape, a remark such as Snaky and I had been expecting Here's the remark:

"You apple knockers will have to cut the buck to-night. You're working for an east end conductor now."

Snaky winked at me. I took up the cue.

"An east end hogger would have a swell time on these curves and hills, eh?" I was addressing Snaky.

"Yeah, you said it," answered Snaky, who wasn't very loquacious unless charged with corn whisky.

Then I ran around Harry with this one:

"Good thing there's some good rails on this west end to take care of those east end tea sippers, who get up enough nerve to venture up here once in awhile and mix with men, eh, Snaky?"

"Highball," agreed Snaky.

"By the way," countered Harry. "What happened to youse guys at Milwaukee the time it took the call boy two hours to get you for 75?"

Snaky and I regarded each other guiltily. Our glances told each other that this last wise crack required no answer. Every son and his brother on the Wooden Shoe, including Harry, knew that we had lost our way in the yards, at Milwaukee, and couldn't find the yard office. Why he pulled that one I don't know, but I shot this one at him anyway:

"How about the time at Bates, a couple years ago, when you and a team of refined, polished, and cultured brake-twisters from your almighty east end, waited four hours, until daylight, before shoving those eighty empty ore jimmies up on the interchange?"

That one held him for awhile, at least I thought so, because he came back with this weak defense:

"If you boneless herring up here would do the same once in awhile, you'd soon have a few daylight jobs." Following which, he slid out of the balcony to the main floor, and soon he was sprawled out on the cushions, snoring lustily.

Several hours later, after we had set out and spotted fifty-five of our flats in a manner befitting two good west end shacks, I fell into a doze, and was awakened by Snaky.

"Coming into Rockland," he informed me. Then he pointed at the still soniferous Harry.

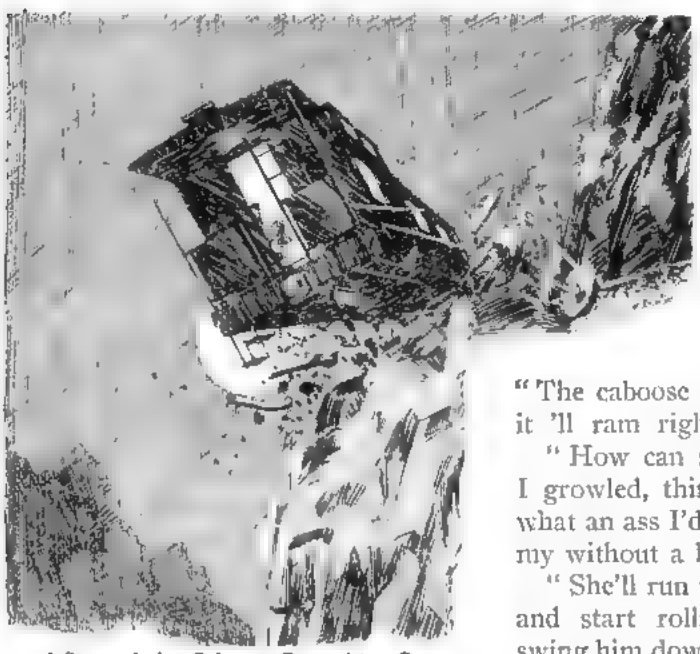
"Let the old boy snooze," I said.

Looking out, I noticed that we were drifting down Rockland hill, a nasty little hump. The hogger had drawn off a few pounds of atmosphere, checking our speed to a crawl. At the foot of this hill was Rockland curve, so sharp that the outer rail would be a fraction of an inch narrower each time an engine passed over it. The crew of every east and west bound train would, invariably, receive a 31 order, instructing them to reduce their speed to six miles an hour on this curve. A few feet from the outside of the curve the earth dropped off precipitously into a deep valley, the large trees at the bottom of which appeared, from the top, to be about one-fifth of their natural size. The abrupt descent leading to the valley was lined with sharp, jutting rocks.

To imagine one's self leaving the track at this curve, and rolling to the bottom of the valley in a caboose or an engine was a thrill in itself. Just west of Rockland curve was a short, straight, level stretch of track, then a gradual incline, and, at its crest, an-

other curve, moderately wide, which ended at the west switch of the Rockland passing track.

The remaining fourteen flats of our train were destined to B & B spur, a stub spur. In preference to dropping them by at B & B, we chose to run around them at Rockland, getting them in front of our engine and shoving them to B & B. As the capacity of the passing track at Rockland was only ten cars, it was necessary for us to make a double run around, which we proceeded to do. I cut off the crummy and sprang the air on it, swung a stop sign when the rear flat cleared the passing track switch, and waited for Snaky to make the cut and come around with the four head flats.



I Pictured the Caboose Catapulting Over the Edge of the Valley

When Snaky speaks louder than he usually does you can make up your mind that he either swallowed too much corn juice, or that something is taking place that isn't exactly to his liking. And as he came around with the four flats now he suddenly roared:

"Look! The caboose!"

I looked. To my amazement the twinkling, green marker lights were disappearing around the curve! No, not the Rockland curve, not yet, thank goodness, but soon, God help us and Harry if he doesn't wake up and stop her.

I swung aboard the flats, and we started after the truant crummy

A sudden fear assailed Snaky.

"We gotta stop!" he excitedly barked "The caboose 'll be coming back, and it 'll ram right into us!"

"How can she come back, goofy," I growled, thinking at the same time what an ass I'd been to leave the crummy without a hand brake set on it.

"She'll run up Rockland hill a ways and start rolling back! I'm gonna swing him down!"

"Take 'er cool, take 'er cool, brother," I enjoined, though I was by no means as cool as I pretended.

"If Harry doesn't stop her that caboose will never come back, or—or Harry won't either, because she'll be rolling too fast to make Rockland curve," I tremblingly predicted, for the situation presented to me a picture quite different from the one it presented to Snaky. I saw the caboose catapulting over the edge of the valley, rolling, crashing downward, to be smashed to atoms upon the sharp jutting rocks and the earth below. And poor Harry in the caboose, perhaps sleeping, unaware of his imminent doom, never to awaken. Not in this world, anyway.

The hogger was no wild goose chaser. He was far too wise a man to try to overtake the caboose; but I had wished that he would move a little faster, anyway, because moving so slowly reminded me of riding in a funeral procession.

As we crept out on the straight stretch of track, Snaky and I stood on the flats with our mouths wide open, like two young sparrows expecting their mother to drop some juicy worms down their throats. But we weren't expecting anything, except, maybe, to get canned when we got back to Channing.

No, we weren't expecting to see the crummy. We were just hoping we'd see it when—

What! Why, there was the crummy on the straight track, where we were hoping we'd see it. It stood at the very west end of Rockland curve, its marker lights blinking at us capriciously, and in the doorway stood Harry, unconcernedly smoking a cigarette

I looked at Snaky, he looked at me and wiped two large drops of sweat off his nose with his sleeve. We were too frightened and too happy to say anything. As the flats were gently coupled to the crummy, Harry flicked his smoldering cigarette butt into the valley and drawled:

"I see where the Correspondence School is giving a course in braking, now. Musta heard about youse west end birds."

We let him get away with that crack, and that's all we ever got out of him about that experience.

We've never learned whether he woke up just in time to stop the crummy, or—well, we won't say anything, but it seems mighty queer to Snaky and I that the air could have leaked off that dog house in the short time it took us to run around those ten flat cars.

# Demon of the Rascon

Great Green Eyes Glow from the Mexican Dark, and Death Comes Down Close to the Extra's Flagman

By A. B. Clark

EARLY in my railroad career, for some serious infraction of the rules, I was discharged, blacklisted, and became in the parlance of railroaders, a b o o m e r. Unable to secure work in the United States, I turned to the then mecca of all outlaws, Mexico.

Years before, Si Newman, a chum of mine, blacklisted by the same railroad, had drifted to the southern republic, secured work as an engineer, married a Mexican lady, and was soon running one of the crack passenger trains of the road.

Through the influence of Si, I got a job as a conductor on that road.

While deadheading south to report for duty, I chanced to saunter for-

ward at a station where the engines were being changed. To my delight I found my friend, Old Si, in charge of the relieving engine. I promptly accepted an invitation to ride over the division on the engine.

The Rascon Mountain Division on which I was to work was as wild, desolate, and God-forsaken a region as you can find in all Mexico.

Long after nightfall we passed a lonely siding far

That Shot Was Followed by a Blood-Curdling Scream From That Horrid Thing in the Darkness

up the mountainside. Turning to me, Old Si said:

"Burt, this is the favorite hunting grounds of the Demon of the Rascon."

"What the devil is that?" I asked.

"That's just what all concerned would give a month's pay to find out," answered Si.

"There's something in this vicinity that has buffaloed every Mexican on the division, and the American employees are getting pretty shaky.

"It has become almost impossible to get a Mexican brakeman to go back and protect the rear of the train in case of delay or accident after dark.

"You can hardly blame them, as some half dozen brakemen have simply disappeared while flagging, leaving no clew whatever as to the manner of their leaving.

"Their white and red lanterns have been found, sometimes still burning, but never a sign of the brakeman. A like number of section-men have also dropped from sight. The Mexicans claim these missing men are the victims of a demon. At any rate, remember the name of this siding, 'Dimitar,' and in case you stop in this vicinity or have occasion to enter the siding, take no chances, and always go armed."

Next day, I entered active service. Acting on Si's advice, I secured a good revolver which I carried while on duty. Several weeks passed without any noteworthy event.

Then one evening I was called to take out a fast stock train. The freight engine was in charge of Bill Boyer, better known as Whistling Bill, owing to his ability to get more noise (both musical and otherwise) from an engine whistle than any other engineer on the division.

The helper engineer was Tim McCarty. Both were young runners, but A-1 hog maulers. Our orders were to run extra ahead of special troop train until overtaken. The special would

leave the terminal about an hour after we departed.

I also received a message from the dispatcher saying:

"This is bonded stock; make the best possible time with safety."

Delivering the orders to the engineer with the time honored joke, "remember you're not going to a funeral;" "this is not a switch engine," etc., I received the usual answers like "better get aboard, old man, if you're going on this train."

In this case I decided to act on their advice, and ignoring their hoots of derision, caught the ladder of a stock car and walked back over the top.

After a prelude of shrieks and squawks from the whistles resembling somewhat the denizens of a zoo indulging in a race riot, those young hogheads widened out on the throttles, and were off like a fire department to a brewery fire.

Arriving at the summit, we found two extra freights holding the sidings. This left us no room to clear the special, which could be plainly heard in the distance. While disposing of the helper engine, Whistling Bill and I held a hurried consultation and decided to drop down the grade to Dimitar ahead of the special. With his usual whistle solo, though it was anything but low, Billie released the air-brakes.

Holy Moses! We only hit the high spots going down that mountain. Soon we began to slow up, and I knew Bill was cinching them down to enter the siding at Dimitar. Turning to the Mexican brakeman, I ordered him to drop off with his red lantern and hold the special up if necessary.

Say! That *hombre* simply wilted!

Falling to his knees, he threw up his hands, as if I were holding a gun on him.

"*Señor,*" he pleaded, "ask anything but that. It is sending me to death. The demon will get me."

Well, what could I do? I expected the special to flash around the curve at any moment. There was no time to argue with the fear-crazed peon.

Hastily seizing the red and white lanterns, I dropped from the caboose steps, placed a torpedo on the rail, and hurried up the track in the direction of the expected train. To my surprise I heard no sound of it. Later, it developed that a hot-box had delayed the train at the summit.

Presently, the welcome sound, four long blasts of the whistle, recalling the flagman, reached my ears. Placing two torpedoes on the rail, I walked back to where I had left the lone torpedo, stooped to secure it, then straightened up with a gasp.

From the middle of the track, some thirty feet distant, two fiendish green orbs glared at me. Reaching for my six shooter, I aimed between those blazing eyes, and pulled the trigger.

*Click!*

With a sinking heart I remembered having fired several shots at rabbits that evening and neglecting to reload. Four more times I pulled the trigger with the same results. My sixth attempt was followed by a loud report, and a flash of fire. That shot was followed by a blood-curdling scream from that horrid thing in the darkness. Those awful eyes disappeared. There came a sound of a struggle beside the track. Taking no chance on the result of my shot, I dropped the lanterns, and sprinted in the direction of my train.

But I was not to escape so easily. The muffled sound of footsteps proved that I was being pursued and overtaken. Wildly I searched my pockets in vain hopes of finding a stray car-

tridge. I found none, but my hand came in contact with a fusee.

Tearing the top from the red flare torch, I gave the powder end a sharp scratch with the detached portion. Instantly the fusee flared into a bright ruby light. Throwing the red flare over my shoulder, I sprinted onward.

Blinded by the bright glare I failed to see just ahead a small bridge spanning a shallow ditch. The next instant I stepped squarely between the cross ties, felt the bones of my ankle snap, and rolled into the dry ditch beside the track.

There I lay helpless, expecting my terrible pursuer to pounce upon me at any moment. The burning fusee had halted the demon for the time being at least. Its baleful green eyes were flaring from the outer darkness. Then slowly it crept into the circle of light. An enormous, tawny beast! A mountain lion of gigantic size!

The Muffled Sound of Footsteps Proved That I Was Being Pursued and Overtaken

The red flare was momentarily growing dimmer, the enraged lion bolder. Lying there in the dry ditch, I noted that the bottom was strewn with leaves, chips, and other débris. Fearing the lion might spring over the fast-dying flare, I raked a pile of this stuff together and, lighting a match, set fire to the dry material. Suddenly I was aware of a broad beam of light shining directly upon the whole scene. It was the headlight of the special. I could now see the angry lion.

A crimson gash across his shoulder testified that my bullet had wounded him, but only enough to render him furious.

There came a succession of shrieks from the engine whistle.

Would he stop?

No. A shower of sparks from the stack, a muffled roar from the exhaust

—the engineer had opened wide the throttle.

Was the man mad?

Then like a flash I realized his intentions. He was trying to run down the lion! Just as the maddened lion launched himself toward me the engine struck him. The animal was thrown high in the air and crashed to the ground within ten paces of where I lay.

Now the engineer was doing all in his power to stop. But the heavy train passed me with a roar. Showers of sparks flew from the wheels as the brake shoes pressed them with all the power of the emergency brakes.

As the last car passed me with its screaming brakes and scent of hot steel pressed against steel, I turned to look for the lion. With its hind quarters paralyzed, and rendered useless from a broken spine, it was slowly dragging itself toward me. Its last thought before dying seemed to be of vengeance.

With distended jaws the great cat dragged itself toward me. By rolling and dragging myself, I barely managed to keep beyond the reach of those cruel claws, but was rapidly becoming weaker from the pain of my broken ankle. I was near fainting from the agony when two large red disks loomed above my head. The tail lights of a train! The special was backing up!

Then came a beam of light, a volley of shots, and darkness.

I came out of my faint with the cheery voice of Old Si Newman ringing in my ears, crying, "Snap out of it, Burt. You're O K. now."

With the exception of one ankle broken, and the other sprained, I was O. K.

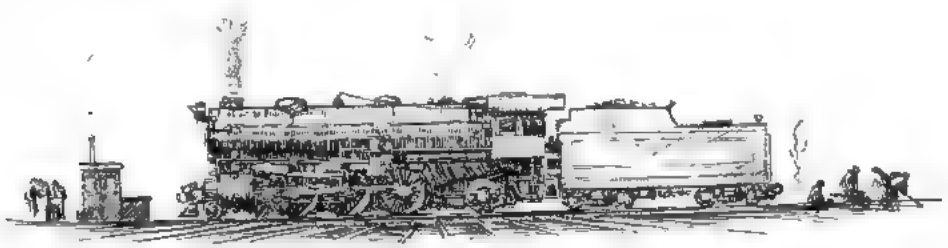
Well, the soldiers had finished the demon, with me as a decoy. But leave me out of the next demon hunt. I haven't lost any demons. The company was pretty decent, paying my wages and hospital expenses until I was able to return to work. But take it from me, next time I go flagging on the Rascon Mountain, I'll carry a cannon.

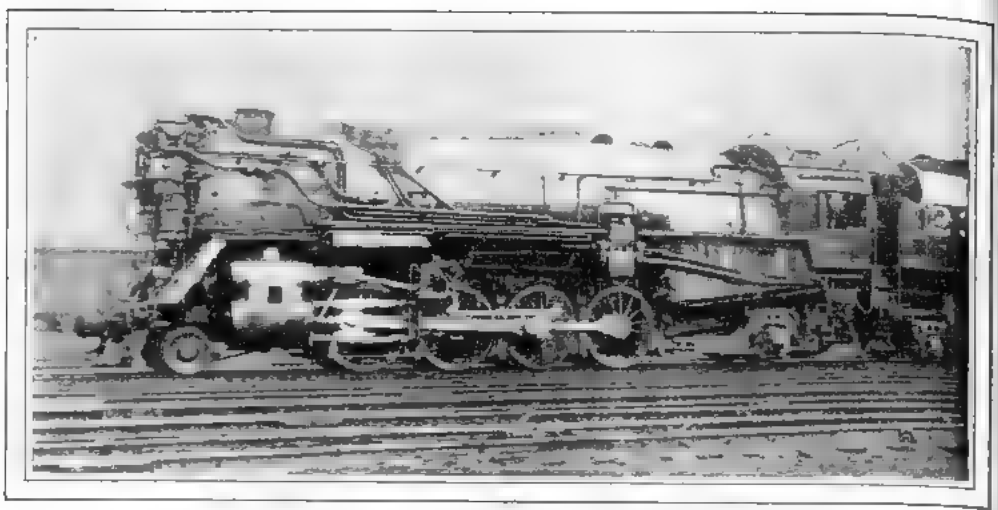
## DIRECT STEAMING

UNDER a new practice known as direct steaming, a locomotive is run out of the engine house without any fire in its grates. The purpose of this plan is to save time, fuel, and to cut down the amount of smoke near a roundhouse

It is done by connecting the boiler with a stationary steam and hot water plant, which builds up a working pressure in the boiler in less than half the usual time. Under its own steam the engine is run to a special firing-up track, where an employee is able to light the fire and bring it up to working condition very quickly, even for heavy freight trains and fast passengers. The process is reversed with an incoming locomotive

Reports from analysis of one direct steaming installation state that there has been a saving of twenty per cent in the expense of bringing an engine's steam up to working pressure, a saving of thirty-five per cent in the time required, and a noticeable cutting down of the smoke and gases around the engine house





A C. & O. Locomotive, Radio-Equipped. Note the Antenna on Top of the Cab

# Rolling with Radio

## The Brains Talks to the Eagle-Eye by Ether on the Mile-Long Main Line Freight Drags

By Earle W. Gage

"GO AHEAD!"

A firm voice spoke into the microphone in the dispatcher's office. Outside a locomotive snorted, its wheels started spinning, and it started down the rails.

"Stop!"

Again the dispatcher spoke and the locomotive came to an easy halt.

No, you are not dreaming. This is just a picture of what is possible right now, thanks to the scientists who have perfected a marvelous means of controlling the operation of trains by radio. The S O S — fearsome distress signal of the seven seas, three dots, three dashes, three dots — has been introduced into modern railroading, and it heralds a new era of speedier operation with increased safety.

This was graphically demonstrated recently at the General Electric laboratories, in Schenectady, when "Casey Jones," toy electric locomotive, was made to go, stop, or back up when spoken to. The same principles may soon be installed on some of the leading railroads. The model locomotive starts forward, reverses, or comes to a standstill when commanded, and, provided the dispatcher properly words the commands, there is never an error

The orders are issued through an ordinary telephone transmitter; the action of the locomotive depends on the voice impulses. The command to go ahead is carried through a radio de-

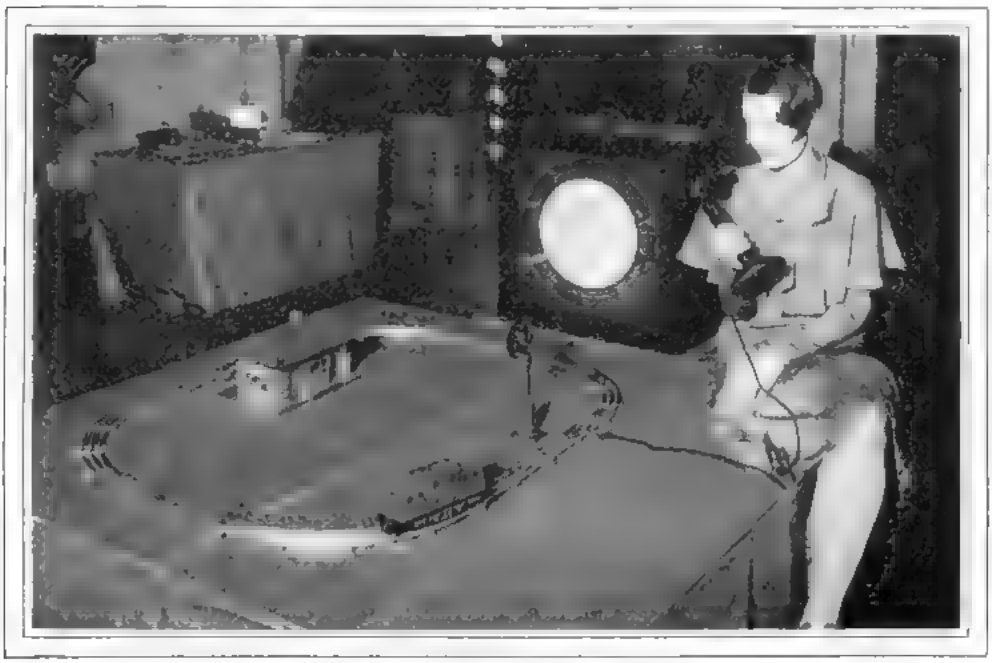
tector tube to a special selector which determines the polarity in the track Upon this depends the direction in which the engine travels

Three or more syllables operate the relay system and the selector to provide forward movement. A two-syllable command, such as back up, serves to send the locomotive backward; a one-syllable order, stop, breaks the circuit and thus causes the locomotive to come to a halt.

By merely moving the transmitter from the face, the operator may carry on considerable chatter without in the least affecting the operation of the locomotive. The transmitter is especially sensitive to sibilants. By blowing into the transmitter, the operator is able to check the engine at any point along the track.

All this may appear like play-acting, toy-trundling nonsense, to old-timers who have become accustomed to all sorts of train control, from the original red flag to the latest block signal device. Yet, the fact remains that such leading lines as the New York Central, Pennsylvania, and Chesapeake & Ohio, have not only made exhaustive tests of the adaptability of radio to railroading, but have expended large sums of money installing radio control methods Engineers of General Electric and Westinghouse have perfected epoch making devices which insure most anything from communication—while the train is running — between locomotive engineer and caboose, to receiving train orders from dispatchers along the line without stopping the train. All of which is unbelievable to those who have not followed the onward march of radio in transportation.

It is not so strange that the same mysterious ether waves which entertain us at home each evening, and which link the world's great family into one circle, may thus be used to help train operation. Radio guided



Testing Control by Radio With a Toy Train

traffic is the next logical step, according to electrical engineers and traffic men. The plaything of yesterday may easily become the master hand of tomorrow.

Trains on the New York Central have strange things happen on them For instance, not long ago a brakeman, seated in the caboose of a freight train a mile and a half long, carried on a conversation with the engineer up ahead, as the train traveled down the line. This was done just as easily as one talks over the telephone, and was accomplished by means of a short wave, low power radio set, which avoided interference with the big broadcast stations

Both ends of the train are equipped with complete radio equipment, a transmitter and a receiver, as well as a double antenna, one for transmitting and one for receiving Communication is established at either end of the train by the simple act of removing the receiver and pressing a button. This causes a howling sound at the other station. The pitch of the note is adjusted so that it is easily heard above the usual train noises A loudspeaker is used instead of earphones for receiving.

Radio fading, which many fans experience in home reception, does not trouble the train apparatus. However, it is noticed that communication is reduced in volume by the presence of steel bridges or structures over the right of way, which "drink in" the radio impulses. This does not cause the radio to fade, but rather absorbs, and conversation may be continued even though the voice sound is slightly reduced. Curves along the line do not seem to have any effect on the radio transmission.

Now the Hogger Can Tell the Skipper His Private Opinions on Trainmen in General

Leroy H. Libby

And the Skipper Can Make the Hogger's Ears Burn if the Handling Becomes Rough

The radio transmitter used on the locomotive is inclosed in a metal box, made of steel plate welded together, and is installed on the deck of the tender. It is made weather tight to insure it against moisture. The transmitter compartment contains three 50-watt tubes and one 7½-watt tube. Four of the latter are used in the receiver. The 7½-watt tubes are the standard train control type which are used on many roads. The 50-watt is known as type UV-211, and is used for aircraft and marine applications.

The power unit for the equipment, which contains the necessary dynamotor, filter condenser, reactors, etc., is housed in a metal container. Two dynamotors, or two-bearing motor generator sets, are used. The larger operates when transmission is taking place, and supplies plate voltage at 1,000 volts direct current to the transmitter. The smaller machine runs at all times when the equipment is on the road and delivers plate voltage and bias voltage for the radio receiver. This eliminates the need of batteries.

Power for the locomotive set is supplied from the headlight generator. No storage batteries are needed. On the caboose a standard generator, driven by a belt from the axle, is used to charge a 32-volt storage battery. This supplies all the power needed for transmitting and receiving. The total power drawn by the equipment when transmitting is about 30 amperes at 32 volts direct current, while in receiving, the current is about 5 amperes.

A loudspeaker is bolted to the roof of the engine cab, over the eagle-eye's head. The other is mounted to the roof inside the caboose. The opening for the sound is protected by means of a heavy wire screen so that an accidental blow will not damage the sound producing unit inside. Excellent speech quality is obtained from this speaker.

The Antenna Equipment on the Crummy

The equipment may be tuned to the particular wave length desired at terminal points; then the equipment is locked up and no further attention is paid to it by the train crew during a run. The starting and stopping of the transmitter is all automatically performed by the simple action of picking up the telephone.

Down on the Chesapeake & Ohio lines two powerful locomotives were puffing away up ahead, while three more were pushing from behind, slowly starting the 131-car freight, which weighed 9,601 tons. The front end had been going two minutes and a quarter before the rear end started to move. A towerman, not realizing that the long string of cars was under way, signaled a light train to pass. The head engines set the emergency air, and called for brakes. The three rear engines, a mile and a quarter away, kept right on shoving. A wreck was certain. But the head engineer remembered the recently installed radio set; he reached for the transmitter and called the caboose.

"Stop!"

The conductor flashed the signal. Three snorting helper engines came to a standstill, then went into reverse to take up the slack.

Instantly the drag stretched, stopped clear of the light freight, and a serious wreck was averted by only a few feet. Such is the value of radio train control. The equipment used on the C. & O., and Pennsylvania system, is very simple and flexible.

The telephone voice is clear and strong—easily heard above the roar of the locomotive. In addition, the whistle signal (500 cycle notes), is operated by simply pulling a cord, emitting a whistle sound.

The usefulness of radio on trains is hard to estimate. It has been found

particularly invaluable in handling long trains, which are now quite the order.

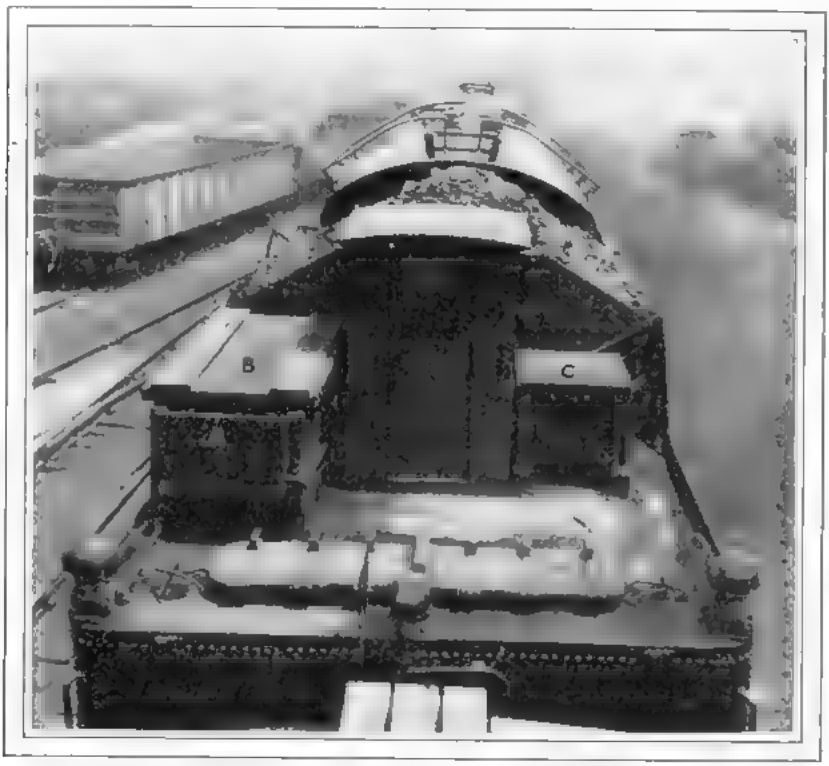
On one occasion a hot box appeared, ten cars ahead of the caboose Instead of making a stop, the caboose telephoned the engineer to run slow; a rear brakeman ran along the side and made an inspection. Setting the car off at the next junction was a matter of ten minutes instead of thirty, as usual, as the engine could spot the car exactly at the switch by means of radio orders.

Or again, if the hoop with its 19 orders, is missed by the head end, the engineer may flash a message to the rear to be on the watch, and a stop is thus averted.

In regular train operation, trains receive orders by telephone from the tower as they pass without even slowing up; later engineer and conductor check their orders by telephone, and by writing down the order for record.

After tests covering many months, a veteran Pennsylvania railroader estimates the resulting increase in actual train movement from two trips in four days without the telephone, to two trips in three days with it—a 25 per cent increase in carrying usefulness of the system. Picture the tremendous results of radio operation on all trains in speeding up traffic and insuring a degree of safety never before achieved, and we may catch a glimpse of the great part radio may come to play in train operation.

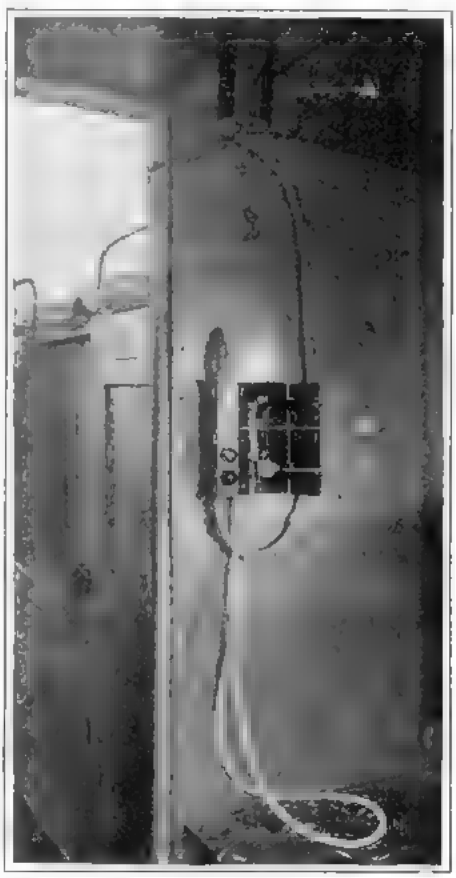
Just take, as an example, one of the




This Shows How the Radio Workments Are Arranged on the Engine
A—Battery Charging Panel B—Battery Box C—Filter System Box

severest storms in a generation, which so crippled all dispatching facilities in the city of Buffalo as to completely wreck their lines. Immediately an amateur radio operator set about handling the operations with his little set, and for many, many hours, while linemen struggled to reconstruct the lines, trains were kept moving with safety.

"Railroad traffic has become so congested on many of the Eastern lines in recent years that some improved method of relief simply had to be perfected to increase the efficiency of the hauling factor, and to move the trains over the roads with greater speed," explained Arthur N. Curtiss, Westinghouse engineer. "There are, of course, several solutions to this, such as the construction of more tracks and electrification. Both require enormous amounts of money and a lapse of time. The simpler scheme is to keep the train crew and operators in touch with each other at all times



The Pull Cord System, Control Box and Mike in the Caboose on the P R R. A Pull Cord System B Control Box. C—Microphone.

"Although our sets were originally designed to operate on a wave band from 112 to 130 meters, shortly after our tests started, the Federal Radio Commission assigned the railroads a wave band of between 126.1 meters and 133.1 meters. This was within the limits of the equipment used, and no trouble was experienced with the frequency change.

"This apparatus functioned with entire success on trains with as many as 130 cars, under all conditions of service. In fact, the equipment worked satisfactorily when the locomotive and caboose were as far as four miles apart, which gives a range wide enough to meet the needs of the service."

On the Pennsylvania Railroad a number of test runs were made, which proved so satisfactory as to convince traffic men of the superior qualities of radio controlled trains.

"We installed apparatus for these trials on the regular runs, which were made over single track sections," explained Mr. Curtiss. "The length of the run was 112 miles of line which was practically a continuous succession of curves. With a train of 80 to 100 cars, it was seldom that the locomotive was in sight of the caboose.

"Later we gave the same equipment a rigid test on a four-track division of another road, where traffic was very heavy. This division was in typical mountain territory.

"On such a division, heavily loaded with traffic, train delays are a handicap, not alone from the standpoint of trains involved, but to other trains which would be affected. It is important to keep freights moving. Should a train be stopped by signals, it is important that it start again just as soon as a clear track is available. Right here we get a good illustration of the real value of the radio in railroading.

"Should a train be stopped by signal, the engineer can call the caboose and explain, thus saving the conductor from hiking the length of the train. After the train has stopped, the train line usually has to be pumped up again, and in doing this the engineer can call the conductor to learn the train line pressure. When the correct pressure has been obtained, a road test may be made, using the front to rear train radio communication to tell when a pressure drop has been made on the rear end. This completed, and signals clear, the engineer calls in the flag.

"Many times it is important that the flagman hear the engine whistle. This means the engineer waits about five minutes for the flagman to board the train, and then he pulls out—leaving the flagman behind.

"On radio equipped trains it is only necessary for the engineer to call the conductor and tell him to call the flagman and let him know when he is on. This saves considerable time, since it takes a few minutes for the flagman to return. Without the radio the engineer has no way of knowing that the flagman is on, unless some trainman walks the length of the train, or halfway up, and signals."

Asked to catalogue some of the outstanding advantages of radio on railroads, Mr. Curtiss enumerated these as most important, both from the standpoint of the operators, crews and public:

First. From two to three tons of coal were saved by shortening the time of trips on one locomotive, which in turn saved coal on other trains.

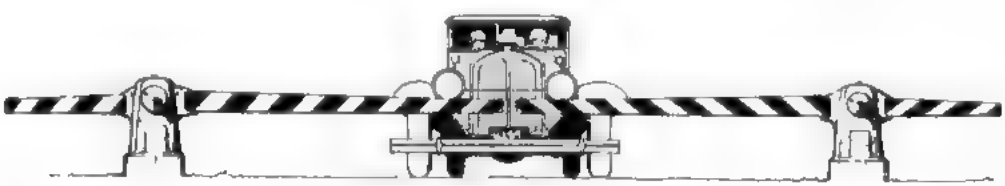
Second. In the event of a train breaking in two while in motion, the crews may be advised immediately of the exact nature of the trouble, and have it corrected before a man could possibly walk the length of the train to perform repair work.

Third. When waiting for signals or other trains, crossings have to be opened. For all the necessary movement, the engineer may be directed by radio.

Fourth. When stuck brakes are noticed, the engineer is notified by radio, and the train speed is reduced, so that the front brakeman may get off and correct the trouble while the train is under motion.

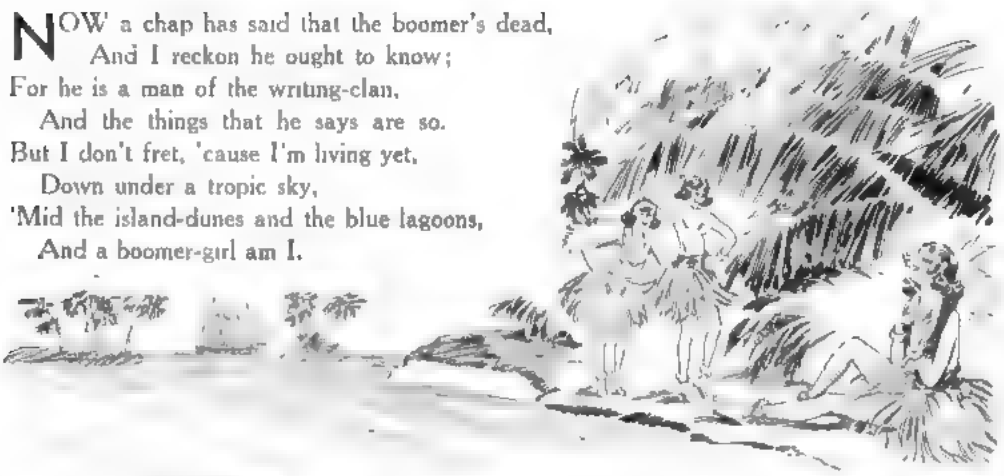
Fifth. On entering sidings, the engineer may be advised as to the relative position of the caboose to the switch, and know when he is in the clear.

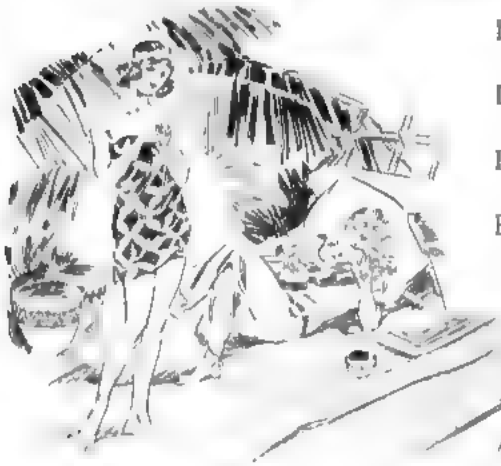
Sixth. Dense fogs, rain and snowstorms at certain seasons of the year make it impossible to see signals given by trainmen, and radio may make possible the better operation of trains under these circumstances.



# Boomers' Greetings

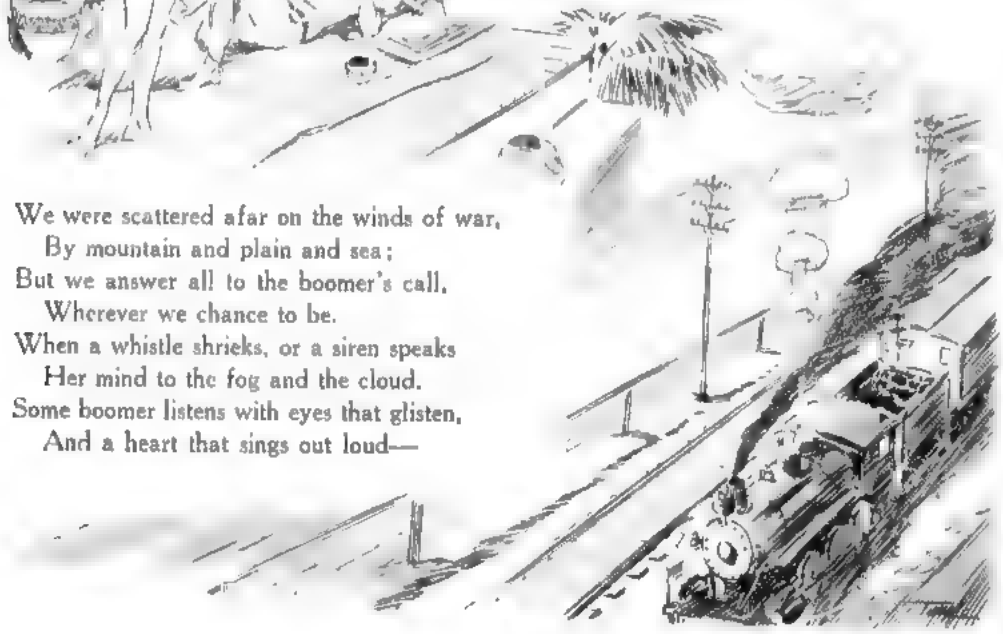
NOW a chap has said that the boomer's dead,
And I reckon he ought to know;
For he is a man of the writing-clan,
And the things that he says are so.
But I don't fret, 'cause I'm living yet,
Down under a tropic sky,
'Mid the island-dunes and the blue lagoons,
And a boomer-girl am I.





I'm a boomer-girl from the Lehigh Valley;
I'm a boomer-girl from the C. of N. J.
I'm a boomer-girl from the old Rock Island;
I'm a boomer-girl from the Santa Fe.
I left one pal in old La Salle,
And one in Needles, too,
But I've got a new one, a real true blue one,
Down here in Woolloomooloo!

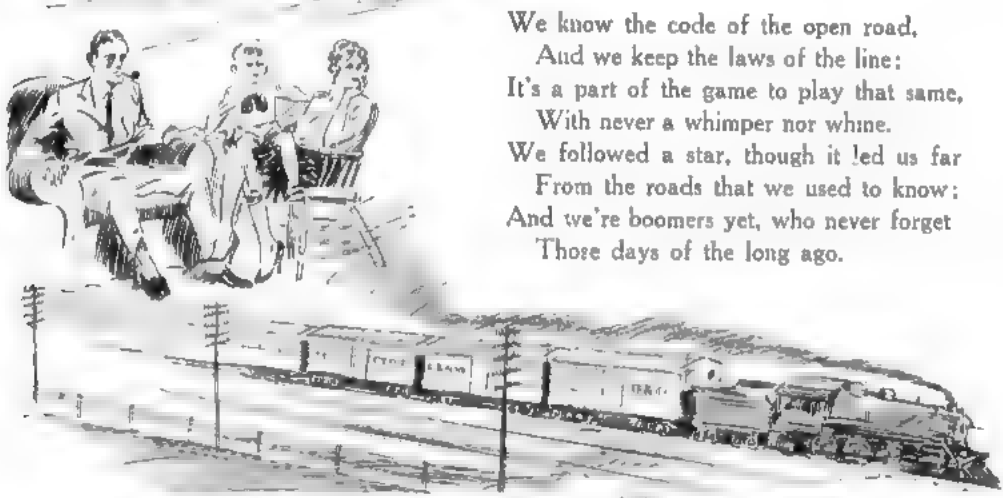
We were scattered afar on the winds of war,
By mountain and plain and sea;
But we answer all to the boomer's call,
Wherever we chance to be.
When a whistle shrieks, or a siren speaks
Her mind to the fog and the cloud,
Some boomer listens with eyes that glisten,
And a heart that sings out loud—



# By Lydia M. Dunham O'Neil

"I'm a boomer-boy from Little Rhody;
I'm a boomer-boy from Louisian';
I'm a boomer-boy from the Lackawanna;
I'm a boomer-boy from the Texas Pan.
I left one lass on Marshall Pass,
And another in Mobile,
But I've got a new one, a real true blue one,
Down here in Guayaquil!"

We know the code of the open road,
And we keep the laws of the line;
It's a part of the game to play that same,
With never a whimper nor whine.
We followed a star, though it led us far
From the roads that we used to know;
And we're boomers yet, who never forget
Those days of the long ago.



I'm a boomer-girl from the Illinois Central,
I'm a boomer-girl from the B. and O.
(Hello, Mel Emmert, out in old Montana!
Hello, there, Charlie, up in Buffalo!)
We've made new friends at the earth's far ends,
For such are the boomer's ways—
But here's regards to all old-time pards—
And here's to our Boomer days!

# Who's Who in the Crew

## Introducing James W. Earp, Conductor, C. R. I. & P., Author of "Boomer Jones" and Other High Tales of the Rails

PERHAPS no one is better qualified to tell you about the author of the famous Boomer Jones yarns, and other hilarious stories of the rolling rust than James W. Earp, himself. So, herewith we give you Mr. Earp's own story:

James W. Earp

Born Clarence, Missouri, June 15, 1888, on the old H. & St. Joe line where the arrival of the "Dude" each evening constituted the town's whoopee in those days Was moved to Marceline, on the Santa Fe, where I flirted with Dame Education when not engaged in the nefarious pastime of reading five cent novels

Went to Sapulpa, Indian Territory, in 1904 Worked as soda jerker, then sent to Cement, Oklahoma, to work as agent's helper and learn telegraphy Resigned when cotton crop began to move, due to the fact that eighty pounds of boy can't handle successfully a truck with eight hundred pounds of baled cotton on it. Back to Sapulpa to set pins in a bowling alley until father took me into business with him

Migrated to Colorado Springs in 1906 and worked for Out West Printing and Stationery Company until opportunity to get a job as grocery clerk showed up Stayed with grocery job until 1910, working from 7 A.M. till 6 P.M. six days a week. Winter evenings saw me playing indoor baseball or working as a stage hand at the Grand Opera House. Summer saw me playing baseball and trying to write stories Played ball in Rawlins in the summer of 1909 and met a world of boomers and gathered a world of stories and experience

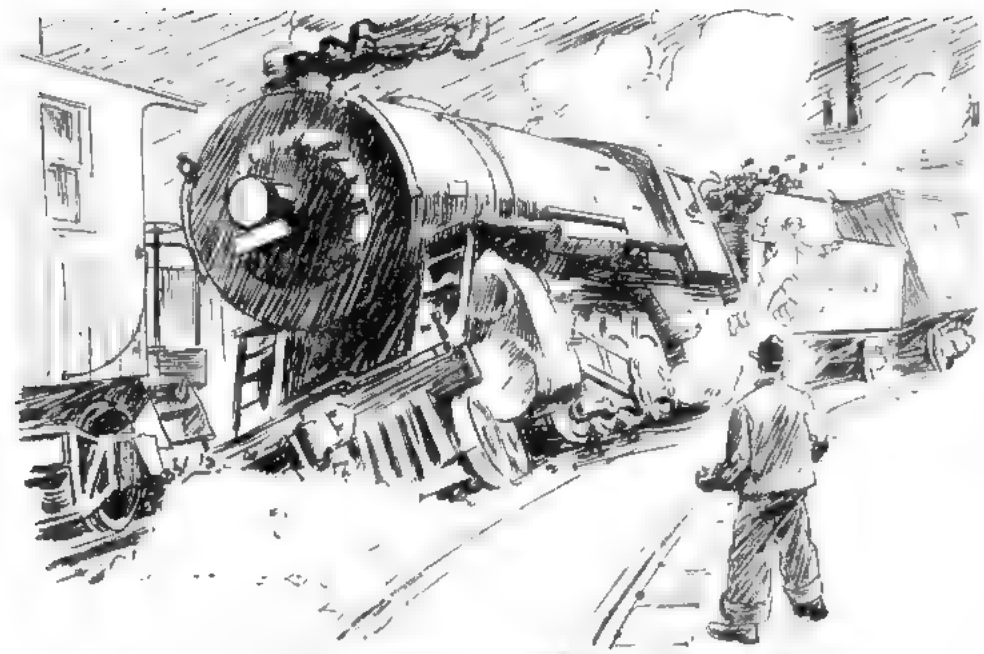
Severed diplomatic relations with the grocery job in 1910 and wound up a hectic three months of idleness as a street car conductor in Kansas City Typhoid fever in 1911 caused me to quit grabbing nickels and go to Colorado Springs for a rest There I met a friend who was in vaudeville and who invited me to join him in a blackface act. I stayed two weeks and tired of the smell of grease paint and continuous shows, and one night stands and jumped the job. A month later I was on the Frisco as an operator and playing box car stands up and down the road from Sapulpa to Afton

Left there in 1912. Jerked soda, ushered in theaters and whatnot until I joined a barnstorming troupe of actors and was stranded with them three days later Back to Kansas City and to work for the Pullman Company until the slump hit. News that the Rock Island, at Herington, was hiring students, sent me there. Got my job and went to work

In 1915 I deserted freight work for passenger so I could write stories. That fall I sold my first story—and to the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. After that came the Boomer Jones stories and a fair degree of success with other magazines and stories Then the war came along and I got restless feet again, knowing full well that the war could never be a success unless I was in it

Went over in a railroad outfit and did duty as a corporal, a sergeant, a conductor as well as sporting editor of the camp paper. Toured the American Expeditionary Force and Germany with a press special under the auspices of Stars and Stripes

Returned in 1919 to the Rock Island with all seniority rights. Was promoted to conductor 1920, joined O. R. C. 1921, had a book, "Boomer Jones," published 1921, met the wife-to-be the same year and also landed in Who's Who in America. Married in 1927, made a father in 1929, and now acquiring a knowledge of vitamins and infant care along with my other accomplishments



"That Was Where Pat Reverted to His Wildest of Wild Men's Forms"

# Runt Ryan—Square Peg

In Train Service He Was a Hopeless Misfit, But Time and Fate Supplied the Perfect Niche

By James W. Earp

OUTSIDE the little switch shanty the rain was coming down in torrents. Inside, the crew on the graveyard shift was at lunch. It was "Dustpan" Kelly who started the argument when he said in lugubrious tones:

"On nights like these I wish I'd never saw a railroad or a box car. If I'd been smart enough to do anything else when I was young, maybe I'd have something to show for my years of hard labor besides a pair of worn out feet with corns and bunions and a mortgage on the old homestead."

"Two of us," echoed "Humpy" Cain, his mouth full of pie. "But the worst of it with me was I never knew how to do anything else but railroad."

"That was me," said Dustpan. "But I was foolish enough to try to learn something else. Six times I've left the railroad and six times I've had to come back. As a failure in the business world my batting average is still one thousand per cent."

"Which is the usual case when one

tries to do something for which he is not fitted," nodded "Knowitall" Bonner, their foreman, sage of the switch shanty and veteran rail of them all. "It's a wise square peg that does not try to wedge himself in a round hole. Better to be a good railroad man than a poor business man."

"Oh, I'm not tackling it again," denied Dustpan sourly. "Six knockouts in a row is enough for me. I'm no hog. A guy who can fail six times and still think he's not a failure is a boob and entitled to no sympathy."

"A man can fail a dozen times in as many different capacities and still not be a failure," Knowitall rebuked Dustpan. "I know a man who failed a dozen times or more at trying to be a railroad man, yet he always came back for more."

"That boy's middle name must have been Confidence," grinned Humpy. "Whatever become of him?"

"He finally made a success of it," Knowitall admitted. "If you would care to hear the story—"

"Shoot!" begged Humpy.

And Knowitall shot.

II

Up and down the Mohawk he was known as "Runt." That name fitted Ryan better than any other could have. Of course, it could have been "Shorty" or "Pug" or "Freckles," but somehow Runt Ryan seemed to fill the bill.

He blew into Pineville one morning in May via a hotshot manifest and "Hardboiled" Harry Cummings's caboose. The fact that Runt rode in the hack was enough to stamp him as one out of the ordinary, for Hardboiled never carried anybody, not even up to date rails with lodge receipts and the works, yet he carried Runt who had no lodge receipts of any kind and who was a total stranger and who looked like a hobo.

The mystery was explained when Runt himself dropped into the switch shanty to peddle his corn plasters. If Runt was to be believed, which he was not, these corn plasters were the last word in miracles. One application would remove not only corns and bunions, but chilblains, pimples, warts, ingrowing hairs and mother-in-laws.

"And if you doubt me, ask Conductor Cummings," Runt wound up his spiel. "He, too, was a doubter until I removed six giant corns from his feet and three dollars in coin, not to mention a free ride in the caboose to this burg as a result of the reckless wager he made me. Now, if you wish to be rid of your infirmities, my price is fifty cents a corn. No pain, and no pay if not cured. Step right up, gents. Who'll be the first lucky man?"

Maybe it was his talk that got us. Maybe it was his size or the smile on his freckled face. Somehow, the kid had a way about him that got you. The first thing we knew we were donating our corns and fifty cent pieces to this freckled face kid and he was working like a Trojan. When he stopped it was because he had run out of corn plasters and not for lack of customers.

"That's all there is," Runt grinned. "There isn't any more. And the worst of it is I wouldn't know where to get any more of them. I got these off a peddler that was riding in the same box car with me over on the U. P. last week. We were shooting craps to pass away the time and he ran out of money and got started using these corn plasters. I won all he had. Since I hope to get a job here as brakeman, I decided to raise a little coin to feed me and bed me."

"You're not very big for a brakeman," I said.

"Why worry about size," he grinned. "An ounce of brains is worth two tons of plain brawn. Let me tell you right now that I can swing as big a lantern as any of you car busters, and if the T. M. turns me down he's missed a chance to hire the best club swinger at liberty."

"Do you belong to the stingers?" asked one of the switchmen

"Not yet," replied this gabby youngster. "To date it has been about all I could do to keep my membership in the human race. But I got a service letter that is a knockout. And if you don't believe me, read it for yourself."

We did. It was some letter. It stated that one James Ryan had worked for the Santa Fe three weeks and had been discharged for general incompetency, insubordination, application not approved and fighting on duty.

"That's not a very good letter," I said. "Evans will turn you down."

"The letter is as good as the guy that gave it to me," said Runt. "My one regret is that I didn't black his other eye for him while I was at it I didn't take part in prelims at the arena for nothing. What'd you say that T. M.'s name was?

We told him. He mooched a couple of cigarettes and headed for the trainmaster's office.

The next time we saw Runt he was marked up on the extra board and was going out with Patrick O'Connor. How he ever got by the trainmaster was beyond us. But we knew he would never get by Pat. Pat was one of the hardest conductors on the division to work for. Even experienced men fought shy of him while students avoided him like the plague.

Runt was bringing out the engine when Pat came out with the orders for the engineer. One look at Runt and Pat knew that he had a student.

"Who are you?" Pat yelled at Runt.

"I'm the brakeman on this engine," Runt fired back. "What business is it of yours, you old battle ax? Who do you think you are anyway?"

Pat began to choke.

"Listen, me young buckaroo!" he howled. "I'm the conductor on this train and I don't stand for any lip from you kid punks."

"Punk yourself!" retorted Runt. "If you're half as good a conductor as I am a brakeman, we'll do some real railroading to-night and I don't mean maybe."

Pat pondered this remark carefully. He was only half convinced, but it was enough to keep him from blowing up Runt completely.

"How long you been railroading?" he wanted to know of Runt.

"I was born on a railroad, brother," Runt grinned. "I swallowed a conductor's watch charm when I was three years old and I cut my eye teeth on a pair of switch keys. The first toy I ever had was a railroad lantern. How much experience you had, Mike?"

This last was too much for Pat's Irish sense of humor. He began to chuckle. "Enough to run a train and two nutty shacks," said Pat between chuckles. "And listen to me, you young buckaroo, 'tis action I want out of me head man. When I don't get it, I leave him out on the right of way."

"You're not talking to me, brother," said Runt. "I've never walked home yet from anywhere."

Pat was still chuckling when he turned away and Runt took the engine to tie it to the train. But once they got out of town Pat began to have his trials and tribulations. It was as they went

through the first station that the rear man reported a hot box smoking.

"Better stop and fix it," ordered Pat. "No use trying to run it."

Out on the cupola climbed the rear man and began to give stop signals. He was still giving them when Pat stuck his head out of a window to know what was wrong.

"I don't see that head man at all," the rear man reported. "And you know old Morrison never looks back."

"He'll look back when I get through with him!" Pat swore. "And so will that kid punk. If they think they can railroad like a bunch of hod carriers with me they got another guess coming. Hang out a yellow fusee. If he doesn't stop at the next town I'll pull the air on him."

But the yellow fusee went unminded by the engine crew and Runt. It is doubtful that Runt knew the meaning of the yellow fusee on the caboose as used by the men on the road. As the brakeman climbed inside he reported the box blazing.

"Blazing!" Pat yelled, beginning to go wild as he always did when things went wrong. "I'll blaze that punk's pants when I go over. I knew he was a bonehead. Hang out another fusee."

"Well dog-gone!" exclaimed the brakeman as he obeyed. "There's another one blazing on an oil tank up there, about four cars from the engine."

Then Pat did go wild for fair. And the farther they went the wilder Pat got. The two hot boxes ablaze less than four cars from the engine seemed to mean nothing at all to the engine crew and Runt. Neither did the two yellow fusees on the caboose. They whipped through town at some forty miles per hour with the hot boxes throwing sparks right and left. Pat said a silent prayer, reached for the emergency valve and pulled the air to stop them.

For once his prayer was answered The train was still together when they stopped. But it was a peeved conductor who gathered up dope pails, irons and a spout can to hurry over to fix the blazing boxes while the rear man went back to flag. Halfway over the train he ran into Runt.

"What happened?" Runt asked. "The air set and the hogger said you pulled it."

Pat put down his load and wiped his beaded brow. "Don't mind about the air!"

Pat panted between set teeth.

"Why didn't you stop when those boxes started to blaze?"

"What for?" Runt demanded. "They can't hurt anything. They're nothing but iron."

Only Pat's perfect health saved him from apoplexy. No need to tell him he had caught the greenest of green students as a brakeman. He choked twice before he managed to point to the fusees back on the caboose.

"And did ye ever see fusees on a caboose before?" he wheezed. "Did you think we were playing Fourth of July for your benefit?"

"Fusees?" Runt repeated, looking back with Pat's finger. "So that's what those are, eh? You know, Pat, I thought those were the headlights of an automobile all the time."

Pat promptly went insane. He read Runt's probable pedigree from Genesis to Revelations and then some. If Pat told the truth, Runt's ancestors were a combination of jackasses and ivory billiard balls and like material. If Pat was to be believed, Runt ought to be arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses in trying to pass as a brakeman.

"Well, how was I to know?" Runt asked when Pat had to pause to get his second wind. "We never had anything like that over on the Sante Fe."

So willing and cheerful was he about it that Pat's wrath cooled with the journals. Runt put the finishing touch to Pat when he offered to put the equipment back on the caboose so Pat would not get dirty.

"I'll tend to it meself," said Pat. "You stay here. All I ask of you is that you do a job braking for me."

"We Never Had Anything Like That on the Santa Fe"

"Well, you've got them here!" said Pat grimly. "And you're going to fix them all by your little self."

Runt did. He even carried the water from the engine to cool off the journals.

Which statement from Pat, when you knew Pat's record, was almost past believing. It was probably the first time he had ever overlooked a bonehead play on the part of a student. You

can figure it out for yourself as to his reasons. None of us ever could.

The rest of that trip was without mishaps of any kind. But the return was another story. Runt seemed bound and determined to make up on one trip what he had missed on the other. At Blanton, a sub division, he ran through a cross over switch. At Mapleton he put a car and the engine over the derail and cornered the work train's caboose that was in on the spur which led from the house track. That was where Pat reverted to his wildest of wild men's forms.

"One trip!" Pat whooped. "One trip and you will have me answering correspondence for the rest of my life. Get on that engine, you ignoramus and don't you get off till we get in. If you do I'll leave you right here."

Runt obeyed. There was nothing else to do. Even then, it is possible that Pat might have forgiven him had it not been for the stunt he pulled as they were heading into the yards. That was when he turned the angle cock on the engine and pulled the pin just as the rear man gave him a signal that they were in the clear behind.

You can picture what happened on the caboose behind. The flagman told me afterward that Pat threw bills and switch lists all over the yards before he finally tumbled off the caboose to bury his face in the cinders. The flagman himself had a knob on his head as large as an apple. He got that when he collided with a handhold.

## III

It was an angry and peeved Pat who arrived at the yard office to notify one and all that henceforth and forevermore one Runt Ryan was barred from his caboose and trains. And Pat's anger and peeve still held good when the trainmaster called the crew into the office for investigation the next morning. Like Pat, the rest of the crew laid all the blame on Runt, who cheerfully admitted everything. Finally Evans dismissed them and marked up twenty brownies against Runt's record.

"I suppose I ought to fire him," Evans told his clerk. "But that boy interests me. He's too smart to let loose. I believe he'll make us a good man yet. He passed a wonderful examination. Knows the rule book from stem to stern and back again. He could pass a conductor's exam with a little coaching. We'll try him a little while longer. Give him a show for his alley."

Evans might have been a little too lenient in his views, but it gives you an idea of the way Runt acted on people. Somehow, you liked him, even when you didn't want him. It was the same with all the other conductors who took Runt out as brakeman. One trip and he was barred from their trains. The bonehead stunts that he pulled as compiled by the various conductors were enough to fire a dozen brakemen, let alone one like Runt.

Yet Runt kept on making trips. More surprising than all that, he made trips with the very conductors who had barred him from their trains and who had been the most radical about him. Explain it if you can. Nobody else could. Not even the conductors themselves. For the most part they were like Bill Brady.

"And what can you do?" Bill said to me. "Here he shows up with his little mouth all set in a grin and his blue eyes looking at you kinda pleading like, and you just get to feeling sorry for him and make up your mind to try him once more."

Perhaps it was the same with

Evans. I don't know. With almost every trip Runt made, the list of brownies climbed on his record. He was carrying pretty close to tonnage when he went back to sleep on the call boy and missed his run. Evans got around that by giving him a reprimand without brownies.

But all things must come to an end, and Runt's career as a brakeman came to an end on the work train. Pappy Myers was the conductor. He's dead now, poor soul. Maybe the week that Runt spent on the work train with him helped to shorten his life. Runt was a strain on any railroad crew's nerves at any time.

They were tying up this night at Blanton. The first move they made was to shove the caboose on the rip track. The ditcher and spreader was to be set over on the house track. The two dump cars were to be thrown on the lead track.

Runt and his partner carried out all the moves without mishap until the last. It was Runt who failed to see any need of shoving the cars in and spotting them when they could kick them and get through sooner. His partner agreed.

"You bleed them while I line up," said Runt. "Then kick them to me. I'll ride them in and tie them down."

His partner did. Runt lined up, so he thought. Somehow, Runt never could learn to gauge the hows and whys of the switches in a yard. Instead of lining up for the lead he lined up for the storage track and signaled his partner to turn them loose.

Down the cars came to Runt who mounted them. Not until they shot through the cross over did Runt see his mistake. At the far end of the storage track set the general manager's private car with Evans and the super and all the lesser bugs in conference. With all his strength Runt began to swing on the brake of the car he was riding. And the more he swung on that brake the faster the car seemed to go.

The explanation was simple. There was no brake chain on the staff. In some way it had broken or lost off. Runt had never thought to look to see if it was working or if it was connected.

Whang! went the two dump cars when they smashed into the G. M.'s wagon. The private car humped itself in the middle and everybody inside it began to do acrobatics in a way that was not at all in keeping with their dignities. Every official in the car fought to be the first on his feet and the first out of the door of the car to safety. They made it, but not before Evans had been hit in the eye and the G. M. had got his nose bumped in the scuffle.

"What the blankety blank blank!" Evans roared as he hit the ground on the run and looked about for somebody to chew on. "Who did that?"

Runt heard him. He was just then picking himself up from the bottom of the dump car where he had been knocked when the cars hit. Evans was waiting for him when Runt came sliding over the edge of the car.

"You!" Evans barked. "You did that, Ryan?"

"The car had no brake on it," said Runt. "I tried to stop it, Mr. Evans, but I couldn't."

"You're discharged!" said the super who had come up just then. "And don't you ever think you'll be reinstated again. You're a menace to everybody concerned as long as you're on this railroad."

So once more Runt went up for an investigation. It wasn't needed. Everybody knew what and how it had hap-

pened. When it was over, Runt appealed to Evans.

"Mr. Carson said if you didn't mind he'd give me a job as switchman," said Runt. "You don't mind, do you?"

Carson was the G. Y. M. Why he should offer Runt a job is another mystery for all to chew on. But he did. What was more, Evans permitted it. So Runt took his place on the switchman's extra board and became a switchman on the seniority list if not in the yards.

I've seen lots of misfits in my life, but none as complete as Runt. He was always in the wrong place at the wrong time and could never be depended on for anything. Then one night he came on with me. Before the night was over I could realize why it was that you couldn't abuse Runt like other men or get mad at him.

It was morning when he pulled his final bonehead. We were shoving a bunch of cars into No. 3 track to finish making up No. 43, the hotshot. I had left Runt at the switch with instructions what to do.

But when we started to shove down the lead I saw that the switch was still not lined for the three track. Runt was busy rolling a cigarette, but my yell made him look up and catch my frantic signals just as the cars were almost upon him. The next moment he bent over and threw a switch.

Of course it was the wrong switch. With Runt on the job it had to be. Of all the switches he could have thrown, none would do except the one that led onto the roundhouse spur where the switch engines sat. Before I could swing our own man down, the first of that string of loaded stock cars had slammed one of the goats in the middle and the fireman and engineer were jumping for their lives.

They were just in time, too. Over went the goat and knocks a corner off the switch shanty. Bill Dodson was changing clothes in the shanty when the crash came. He didn't wait to see what was happening, he just sailed out of the shanty with his necktie in one hand, a red light in the other and his B. V. D.'s flapping in the wind.

Bill is just in time to take part in the excitement that follows. One of the stock cars had the old end knocked out of it and those wild Texas steers poured out of it like mad bees from an overturned hive. They took one look at Bill and his red light and gave him the charge of the steer brigade.

For once Bill didn't stop to ask any questions. He just hung his red light over the long horns of a steer and hurdled the high board fence. Once on the other side Bill never stopped until he fell in the door of his own home three blocks away.

The rest of us were not so lucky. Excitement reigned in the yards for the next half hour and business was at a standstill. In the yard office one of the biggest steers had Carson cornered on top of the files and was pawing switch lists and waybills and what-nots all over the office. The operator and clerks had left when the steer came in.

Finally we got them all corraled. They had to kill the steer in the yard office. Carson came down off his row of files and went out looking for Runt. The last I saw of Runt that day was Carson chasing him with a club and Runt headed for town as fast as he could go.

"And this time he stays fired!" Carson told me. "I wouldn't let him on the right of way again if I could help it."

The next day Runt left town. He left as he came, with Hardboiled Cum-

mings. After that Runt was seen no more by any of us. Now and then some brakeman or conductor or boomer brought word of having seen Runt

"Well, if it isn't Mr. Bonner!" Runt exclaimed. "How are you anyway?"

"Alive and happy, no thanks to you," I replied.

They Took One Look at Bill and Gave Him the Charge of the Steer Brigade

somewhere or other, doing first one thing and then another. We lost track of him at the beginning of the war.

IV

THREE years passed with no news of Runt. Then one morning while I was at breakfast the doorbell rang. The wife answered it. Who stood there but Runt Ryan himself. He was selling perfume. The most exquisite attar that was ever offered for sale.

He seemed to shrivel up at this. It gave me the feeling of a man who has just kicked a cur dog. For the first time I noticed the woebegone look on his face and his tattered clothes. I looked at my wife and she looked at me. We understood

"Won't you come in have breakfast with us?" I asked. "We're having ham and eggs"

"If you buy a bottle of perfume," he replied. "It's only fifty cents a bottle." Then a tired little smile that

went to our hearts. "Business is sure rotten in the perfume line."

We took the perfume and he ate breakfast. I think the kid was almost starved. After breakfast the wife insisted on taking another bottle and paying him for it. It was terrible stuff from what the wife told me afterward. She put some on our collie when he came home from a spree of rolling in dead chickens and the poor dog went away and was gone for four days trying to get rid of the smell on himself. After that if she even opened the bottle in his presence he would almost go crazy.

Finally she threw it out in the garbage can for the garbage man to pick up. The poor fellow evidently did, for the next day he was arrested for racing his mules up and down main street and daring our one lone policeman to come out and arrest him.

But to get back to Runt. We fed him. The more I looked at him, the more of a change I saw in him. He was not at all the old Runt I used to know. Gone was his confidence and pep. His was the appearance of a man who had been broken on the wheel of life. Little questions here and there brought out his story.

He had enlisted in the army and had gone over. Twice he had been wounded and once he had been decorated. The armistice was signed when he met Yvonne and fell in love with her. The captain refused him permission to marry, so he had to leave her behind when they sailed for home.

"I told her I'd send for her as soon as I got a steady job," said Runt. "But there doesn't seem to be any work anywhere for ex-soldiers. From the looks of things Yvonne will die an old maid if she waits for me."

"Did you ever railroad?" asked the wife.

"Oh, yes," said Runt. "I've had experience in it."

"Maybe my husband can help you get on," said the wife. "You can, can't you, dear?" to me.

"I'll try," I replied, and I meant it.

And I did. But nothing doing. Evans refused to listen to it at all, and Carson offered to fight me when I proposed the subject to him.

"I expected that," said Runt dejectedly. "And I don't blame them. I'm no good as a railroad man or anything else. I'm a failure in life, and never had sense enough to realize it in time. Do you suppose I can get one of the conductors to give me a lift to K. C.?"

I didn't know, but I offered to try it. Hardboiled Cummings was the first man out. When I mentioned Runt as a prospective deadhead, Hardboiled bit the end of his cigar in two and yelled.

"That little crook!" he howled "Where is he while I skin him alive. Those damned corn plasters that he used on my feet have almost ruined me for life. Now, I got two corns where I only had one corn before. Where is he?"

I refused to answer. My own corns had come back, but I never thought of blaming Runt.

To make a long story short, it was Pat O'Connor who finally consented to take Runt out of town.

"But on one condition," Pat growled to Runt. "And that is that you promise not to wiggle a finger or make a move unless I give you permission. Even then, I suppose I'll be lucky if I can get back from this alive and with my job."

"Of course, Mr. O'Connor," Runt promised. "But I wouldn't want to cause you any trouble."

"Just having you on the caboose will be enough trouble," Pat sighed. "I wouldn't be surprised at anything that will happen."

And Pat's comment might have been made with a foresight of what was to happen that night when his train jumped the track at Bishop to furnish one of the worst possible jams in the history of railroading that I or any one else ever heard tell of.

They had a meet with a redball freight there. Pat was on a fruit train. Behind him was the Toronto Oil, the hottest hotshot any railroad ever had. The dispatcher planned for both the oil and Pat to make Latopa for the Limited, ahead of the Twin City Express. He gave the Limited a meeting point with the Express at Bishop, figuring that the redball train would have a clear shot after the meeting.

This would have worked fine had not Pat's train tried to take a short cut across the country to Latopa just after the caboose cleared the west bound switch. By the time Pat got the situation sized up the oil train was behind him and the Limited was due out of Latopa. On top of that the Express was due behind the oil at any minute.

Oh, it was some mixup all right. And the worst of it was Bishop was a closed office at night and the operator lived at Latopa, some seven miles away. If there was a telephone or any way of communicating with the dispatcher this side of Latopa, Pat didn't know of it. From the looks of things it was up to him to walk to Latopa to order the wrecker and arrange with the dispatcher some way to move those trains and clear the blockade.

"Seven miles to walk!" Pat groaned. "And it will take them a month to clear up this mess. If they only had an operator here, we could get these trains moving. That's what a railroad gets for trying to save money. Right now I'd be willing to pay for an operator to save me that walk."

V

He was talking to Runt all the time. The head brakeman was out flagging against the Limited, and his rear man hasn't come in yet from stopping the Toronto Oil. Runt looks at the station and then at Pat.

"If we could get into the office I could do the telegraphing for you," was Runt's amazing offer. "I used to be pretty good at it before I went braking. You know, my old man was one of the best lightning slingers that ever sat at a key."

Pat stared. "You what!" he almost yelled. "You what!"

"They always said I was almost as good as father," Runt went on modestly. "And he had no peer in his day. Do you suppose we dare break into the place?"

"Dare!" Pat whooped. "Why we'll tear the damned thing down, if we have to."

They did have to break the lock on the station door. Once inside, Runt went about plugging in the switchboard as if he had been working as an operator all his life. He called the dispatcher who got the shock of his life when he heard a closed station signing the call. He got another shock when he learned who was on the wire.

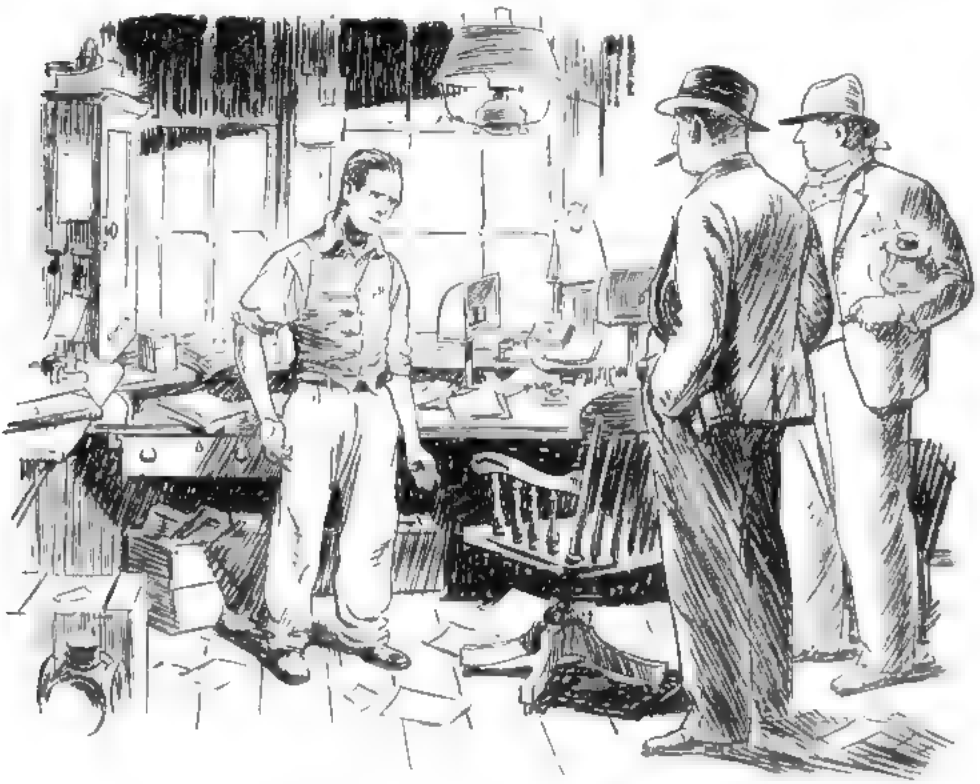
From then on business was good. To help ease up matters a little, the Limited had busted a flue while pulling into Latopa and had to wait for an engine. The dispatcher was shooting orders right and left to Bishop and Latopa when Evans dropped into the office and hears what is going on.

"And will you listen to that?" said

the dispatcher to Evans as his sounder rattled back in a repeat of an order. "Gilt edge and true. And would be a credit to an A. P. man. That boy is good as an operator."

cars that had not left the track. Good railroader that he was he knew that delay to perishables means loss of revenue.

And Pat had seen to it that Evans



"I Am Sorry. I Didn't Mean to Bother You Any More"

"Well, I'll be switched!" Evans broke out. "I'll be switched twice. I'm going up to Bishop on the wrecker before he gets away."

And he did, but not before giving final instructions to the chief dispatcher. Evans found Runt still at the key when he arrived at Bishop. Sixteen copies of orders hung on the file hook. The redball, the oil and the Twin City had moved to Latopa where they were to meet the Limited. All told the delay was less than forty minutes, thanks to the ability of Runt Ryan. Pat had seen to it that the oil train took all his

had heard about Runt even before the trainmaster strode into the little office. At sight of Evans Runt hung his head.

"I'm sorry," said Runt, his lips quivering. "I didn't mean to bother you any more. But I felt that I had to help Mr. O'Connor. He's been nice to me. So have you all. And I thought maybe I could pay back some of what I owed you for all the trouble and expense I've caused you in the past."

Evans said nothing, only studied Runt's face. "Where did you learn to telegraph like that?" asked Evans.

"I've always known," said Runt.

"My father was the best operator the C. K. & N. ever had. He wanted me to be one, too, but I couldn't see it. I wanted to be able to do something worth while, something exciting. I didn't want to spend the rest of my life at some box car station."

"I see," said Evans. "And then what?"

"But dad insisted," Runt went on. "I took a job to please him. When he died, I quit it. I swore I'd never go back to it. A conductor friend of dad's helped me get a job braking. I got fired as you may remember from my service letter. But I wouldn't go back to telegraphing."

"Still feel that way?" asked Evans.

Runt shook his head. "No more, Mr. Evans. I'm whipped. I'm a failure. I'll never be anything but a failure." His voice broke in a tiny sob "I'd take a job anywhere, even at a box car station. I can't let Yvonne spend the rest of her life in France."

"Suppose she would like to live in Latopa?" Evans wanted to know. "Our X office there is always short a man or two. It's work, but pay is good. If you think—"

"Oh, Mr. Evans," said Runt "It's what I always wanted."

Knowitall paused to drive a stream of amber colored juice at the old switch shanty stove at the finish of his story. As usual he scored a perfect bull's-eye. Humpy grunted and reached for his lantern.

"Thought you said this guy was a success," Humpy observed. "I wouldn't call that no success just to be a brass pounder."

"That was the beginning only," said the old foreman and sage. "Ten years have passed since then. To-day, Runt is chief dispatcher over on the Nesbon Division with good prospects of being a trainmaster some day."

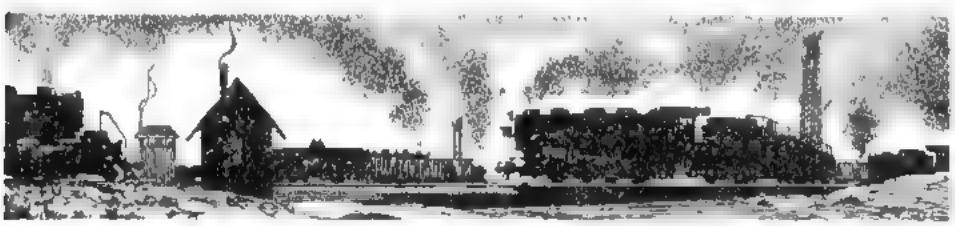
"He was lucky," sighed Dustpan enviously. "If I'd pulled his stunt at Bishop they'd have put me in jail for life for housebreaking or worse. I'm a failure and I admit it. From now I'm sticking to switching box cars where I'm at home. One thing sure is that I know how to switch cars."

"Admitting oneself a failure does not always make it so," smiled Knowitall. "Runt, too, admitted himself a failure, which admittance was his first stepping stone to success. It may be the same in your case."

"I can't see it," said Dustpan.

"Think it over," advised the old veteran. "You're a good switchman—none better. You know the game. Some day you will be a foreman. After that it will be up to you—unless you go to chasing rainbows again. Many a time success is right at our feet, but we are too dumb to know it. As I said before, it's a wise square peg that knows his own hole."

"A square peg," Humpy grinned just then. "That's me. And I'll be dog-goned if it ain't quit raining outside."

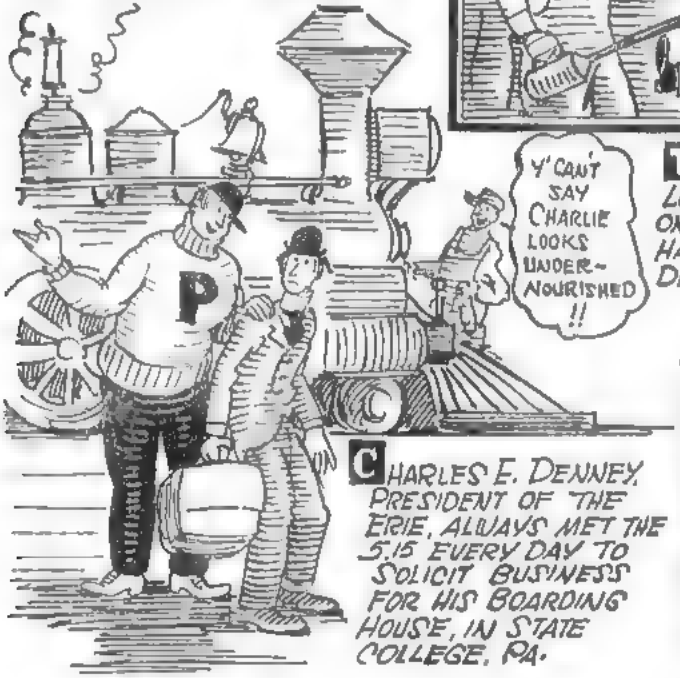


# JUST A FEW

**LEONOR F. LOREE**
THE NEW SUPERINTENDENT OF THE CLEVELAND AND PITTSBURGH DIVISION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA, WHO IS WORKING ON A SYSTEM OF LAP-PASSING TRACKS, WITH NUMBERED SWITCHES WHICH IS DESTINED TO REVOLUTIONIZE SINGLE TRACK DISPATCHING OF TRAINS.

EVERYBODY AND HIS BROTHER HAD A RAILROAD PASS FOR "SELF AND FAMILY."

THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS ON THE NEW YORK AND NEW HAVEN ASKED FOR A REDUCTION IN WAGES.



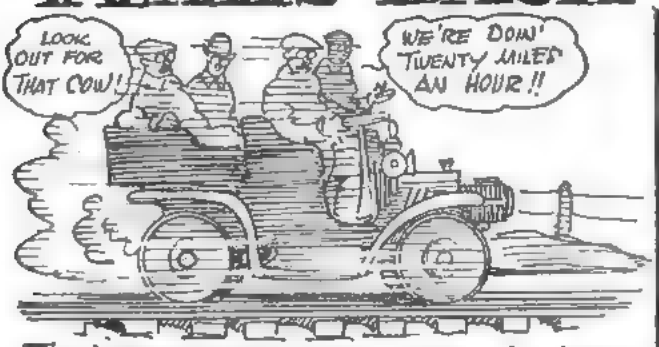

CHARLES E. DENNEY, PRESIDENT OF THE ERIE, ALWAYS MET THE 5.15 EVERY DAY TO SOLICIT BUSINESS FOR HIS BOARDING HOUSE, IN STATE COLLEGE, PA.

ADVERTISEMENT

NEW YORK
TO
ST. LOUIS
WORLD'S FAIR
AND
RETURN
$20.
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

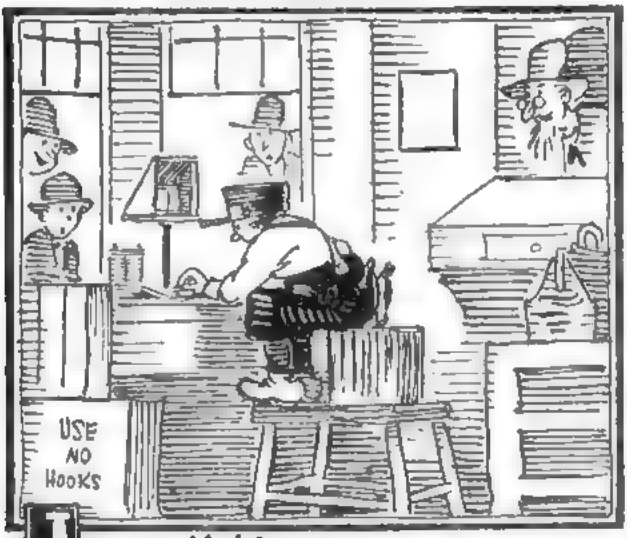
# YEARS BACK

BY C. KESSLER



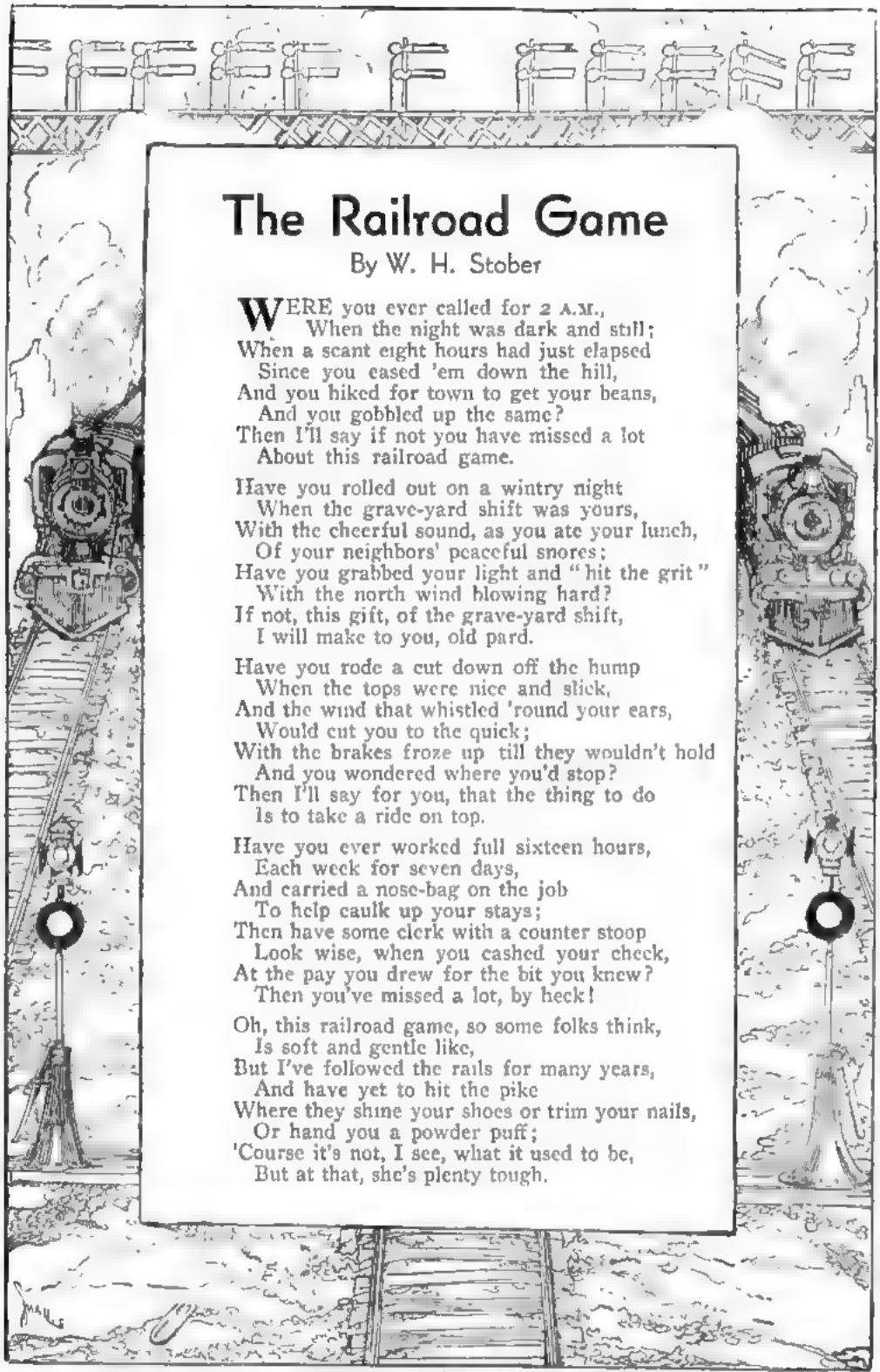

THE ERIE RAILROAD BUYS MODEL A. WINTON AUTOMOBILE - 40 HORSEPOWER - EQUIPPED WITH FLANGE WHEELS TO RUN ON COMPANY'S TRACKS FOR INSPECTION SERVICE — A REVOLUTION IN TRANSPORTATION.

**CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW,** NOTED FOR HIS HUMOR, IN A SPEECH BEFORE THE TRANSPORTATION CLUB IN NEW YORK, TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, PREDICTED "WITHIN TEN YEARS THE STEAM LOCOMOTIVE OF TODAY WILL BE SEEN IN THE MUSEUM AND WE WILL BE ABLE TO PROCEED OVER THE RAILS BY MEANS OF ELECTRICITY AT A RATE OF SEVENTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR."




**JAMES M. KURN,** PRESIDENT OF THE FRISCO, AT FOURTEEN WAS THE YOUNGEST STATION AGENT THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL HAD.

**COL. NATHANIEL L. HOWARD,** PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN. WAS TRUCKING FREIGHT FOR TWENTY CENTS AN HOUR.



# The Railroad Game

By W. H. Stober

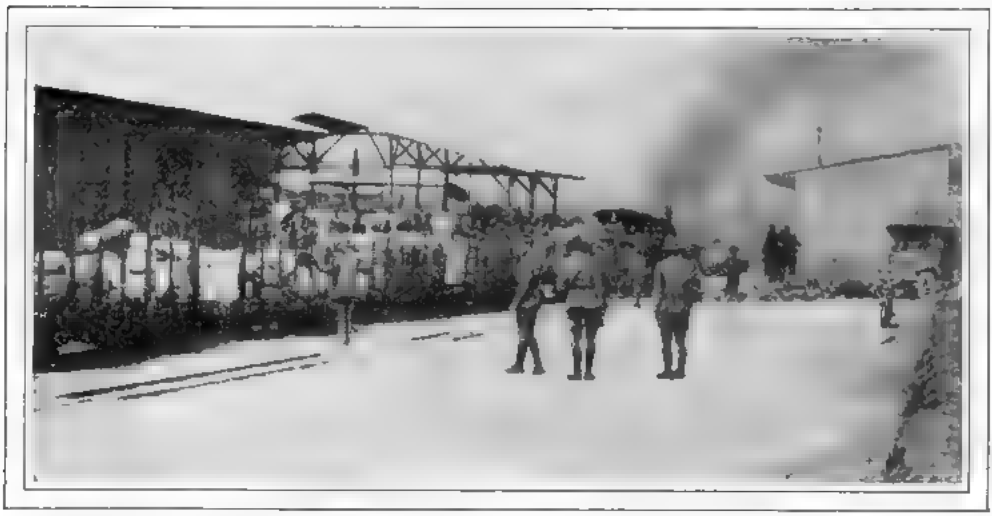
WERE you ever called for 2 A.M.,
When the night was dark and still;
When a scant eight hours had just elapsed
Since you eased 'em down the hill,
And you hiked for town to get your beans,
And you gobbled up the same?
Then I'll say if not you have missed a lot
About this railroad game.

Have you rolled out on a wintry night
When the grave-yard shift was yours,
With the cheerful sound, as you ate your lunch,
Of your neighbors' peaceful snores;
Have you grabbed your light and "hit the grit"
With the north wind blowing hard?
If not, this gift, of the grave-yard shift,
I will make to you, old pard.

Have you rode a cut down off the hump
When the tops were nice and slick,
And the wind that whistled 'round your ears,
Would cut you to the quick;
With the brakes froze up till they wouldn't hold
And you wondered where you'd stop?
Then I'll say for you, that the thing to do
Is to take a ride on top.

Have you ever worked full sixteen hours,
Each week for seven days,
And carried a nose-bag on the job
To help caulk up your stays;
Then have some clerk with a counter stoop
Look wise, when you cashed your check,
At the pay you drew for the bit you knew?
Then you've missed a lot, by heck!

Oh, this railroad game, so some folks think,
Is soft and gentle like,
But I've followed the rails for many years,
And have yet to hit the pike
Where they shine your shoes or trim your nails,
Or hand you a powder puff;
'Course it's not, I see, what it used to be,
But at that, she's plenty tough.



A Supply Train. The Dinky Goat Is Coupling up to Haul the Rattlers over the Narrow Gauge

# A War Railroad

## Enginemen, Trainmen and C. E.'s Made the Supreme Sacrifice to Keep the Trains Headed Toward the Front

By Leslie C. Davis

ONE night early in January, 1918, when a southbound P. L. & M. train stopped at the Dijon, France, station, a bunch of American soldiers piled off and began to crowd into the waiting room. Two M. P.'s stationed at the door had on campaign hats with yellow hat cords — the insignia of the cavalry branch of the service. The new arrivals were engineers with red and white mottled hat cords.

One of the cavalrymen turned to his companion and said: "Them are the guys that dig the ditches."

The writer was one of the new arrivals, and upon overhearing the remark, turned and gave the cavalryman a withering glance. Ditch diggers, indeed! If he only knew it, we were a technical outfit being rushed to the front to man the Decauville light field railroads, the vital link in the service. There was no time for us to waste at the plebeian job of digging ditches.

But sad experience soon proved that the cavalryman's words were all too true, and if this story should, by any chance, come to his attention, I wish to apologize for a certain dirty look which he received that night at Dijon. My mistake, soldier! You showed familiarity with the army unknown to me at that time. It is a safe bet that you stayed in the M. P.'s.

Unfortunately, railroads have to be constructed before they can be oper-

The Dog Law Never Worried These Lads as They Highballed Over the Uncertain Rust in the Woods

ated, and we had our share of construction work to do on the Decauville roads. In fact, most of the hogheads were permitted to establish seniority with a wheelbarrow

### Narrow Gauge Roads

Standard gauge railroad operation, with the exception of camouflage artillery spurs, stops just beyond artillery range back of the line. At these railheads labor battalions transferred the supplies from the standard gauge cars to the light or field road cars which were serving the front.

The Decauville tracks were in sections of five meter lengths, bolted on steel ties in ladder fashion. A break in the line could be repaired by replacing the broken section with a new one.

Small coal burning American built locomotives and gasoline rail tractors were the hogs on these lines. These rail tractors will no doubt be used more in the future, because water and fuel for a steam engine are more difficult to supply than gas.

Ammunition and all manner of supplies were handled on the field roads. Also there were three-car artillery units, consisting of a field piece of about 155 millimeter caliber, a car of ammunition for the piece and a car of traps. These were shifted from place to place, usually at night, for short stands, in camouflage positions. Operation on so-called quiet fronts did not differ greatly from pioneer operation the world over.

However, when heavy offensive action was the order of the day, business picked up. Long before the day of advance arrived, aërial photographs of areas behind the enemy lines were

made and maps were sketched to show the most favorable points to connect our field lines with those that were being used by the enemy. Piles of construction material were stacked at points where these connections were to be made. All the material was covered with camouflage made of chicken wire sheets woven with burlap strips and dyed green or brown, depending upon the season of the year.

As soon as the infantry advanced the engineers laid the new line. This was a tremendous lot of work, since shell holes were numerous and had to be leveled before the track could be laid. Usually labor battalions assisted in this work. Engineering scouts followed all advances and inspected the lines to be taken over to see what was needed to restore them to service.

Three men of our outfit while thus engaged walked right into the German lines. They were following a line of track and unexpectedly came to an opening in the forest. There was a quiet moment in infantry action just then, and, unknowingly, our fellows walked right by the last of the doughboys, across the open space, into the enemies' hands. No doubt the Germans had them covered with their guns from the time they came into the open space, but quite likely the Huns were surprised to see three unarmed men nonchalantly strolling across No Man's Land, apparently enjoying the scenery When they had walked completely into the midst of the Germans, concealed in the brush across the open space, they were, of course, forced to surrender.

In times of major offensives there was but one order, reach your objective. If the water was low in the boiler, and there was no water to be had, you kept going until the objective was reached, depending upon the soft plug in the crown sheet to do its stuff.

Boys of the Engineering Corps on Pick and Shovel Duty on the Way to the Front Lines

If there was a derailment the track was cleared the easiest possible way. You could burn a crown sheet, lose an engine or a whole train for that matter, without being called on the carpet.

In taking over enemy lines it was seldom that serviceable locomotives were captured, since it was military strategy to destroy anything of value that might fall into the hands of the enemy. On one occasion we found several locomotives in captured territory apparently in good shape. We fired them up with the water in the boilers just as we found them. When they began to generate steam the flue sheets began to leak like a sieve and these locomtives were of no service to us. The boilers had been doped with chemicals and the joke was on us.

All the standard gauge railroad tracks, as a rule, were destroyed in abandoned regions. A small charge of explosives placed under a joint will blow out a foot or two of each rail, therefore, by blowing every other joint and all switch points and frogs, the destruction was very complete.

The need for light field railroad operation passed when the Armistice was signed, so we took over the operation of some standard gauge trackage in French territory that had been behind the German lines and in their hands since early in the war.

Much of the light railroad operation was, of course, necessarily carried on at night. Often the engineer was not familiar with the road and had no idea what was before him. The tracks were poor and derailments were frequent, the replacement of which was difficult.

A Hungry Crew. Members of Company F, 21st Engineers. They Are, Left to Right, George Craig, Floyd Cresge, George Berwick, the Crew's Goat, One-pint Smitty, Erler, Hamilton. Mr. Davis, the Author, Is Represented by the Hand Which Clutches the Sandwich at the Right

A High Speed Job Behind the Lines Oh, yeah?

Signals were given with police whistles, as lights could not be used. Water for the boilers had to be syphoned out of wayside ditches.

What a relief to leave all this behind! Coming from Decauville roads to the standard gauge lines was like operating an automobile on a paved street after a drive on a mud road.

When the Germans left, we moved in. As a rule all switches were handled from a switch shanty of the interlocking tower type, only they were manually controlled. There was one of these shanties at each end of the yards. If the yard was important the tower was elevated, otherwise they were not towers, but were ground level shanties

### Captured Railroad Yards

The Germans left no one to explain their blue prints, which we could not read. The method of finding which shanty lever operated certain switch points was that which scientists would call elimination of the range of error in research. An observer was placed at a switch point and some one in the tower operated the levers until the switches moved. Diligence and perseverance would be rewarded in the end.

The operation of the standard gauge road was a military necessity; it was one of the connecting links in handling supplies to the army of occupation in Germany. We were furnished standard gauge American locomotives and American cars equipped with air brakes, but there were also many of the small European cars without air brakes handled in the same trains. This created a peculiar situation.

While on the Decauville roads it was impossible for any one to be a serious menace to any one but himself. Any reckless spurt of speed only endangered that particular unit. If the engineer ran too fast or had a runaway, his engine would turn over and that ended it.

When we got on standard gauge lines it was different. In order to be assigned the job of running an engine it was necessary to convince the captain you had at least called engine

These Were the Engines That Made the Boys Wish They Were Back Home Again

crews before going into the army. This was equivalent to writing up and passing the hogger's examination

Air cars were at first set directly behind the engines. It does not take an expert to see what this would lead to if some of the call-boy engineers made a generous application of the brake with a half and half air train

### Thrills After the Armistice

One fellow, in making such a stop, not only telescoped some half dozen cars behind the air section, but as it happened on a steep grade, the rear portion broke loose when the slack ran back, and started down hill. As the rear section rolled down the hill one of the piston-like bumpers used on European cars, which had been broken in the crash, dropped down on the track and derailed the last three cars in the runaway cut. The remaining cars continued merrily on their way and draped themselves over a double-header which was coming up the grade some miles below.

So far as I have been able to learn this was a record. A wreck scattered over fifteen kilometers of railroad. The last round of this affair blocked a double track railroad and filled the cut some thirty feet deep. It took about ten days to clear this wreck. Following this wreck a bulletin was issued not to cut in any air on trains

The runs all being short, and in most cases less than fifty miles, all trips were turn arounds. In order to save turntable delays, some one conceived the idea of running engines without turning them. A road engine is built with the object of keeping the track ahead in view, and it is not very easy to see what is going on when the engine is in reverse. Especially is this

true when in a snowstorm or when the wind is blowing coal into the engineer's eyes every time he pokes his head out. During one cold spell steam gauges froze upon engines backing up.

On one occasion we had one of our best men operating an engine that had not been turned. He was following a train which was stuck in a cut. The flagman of the first train ran back along the outside of the curve in order to see as far back as possible. The second-train shot around the curve with its reversed engine so fast that the flagman could not jump over and crowd against the bank where the misplaced engineer could see him. The time saved in turning that engine cost seven lives besides those injured and property damage.

Clearance overhead will not clear a man standing on top of cars on European railroads. We had one fellow killed while he was back on top of the tank looking at the water. Many Americans were knocked from moving trains by overhead structures before the promiscuous riding on top of troop trains was stopped

The railroad operation was a souvenir hound's paradise, both in captured railheads and in the military supplies which were turned over to the Allies under the terms of the Armistice. We handled train loads of this material which was being passed back to the Allies. This consisted of almost everything. I recall two carloads of patent leather dress helmets. I will modify that by saying there were two carloads when they started. I saw one fellow with two empty sixteen-inch shells. I wonder if he ever got back to the United States with them.

About Christmas time a detachment came up to help us. Pilots from our outfit were assigned to the new crews on their first trip. One of our brakemen, whom we will call Windy, was assigned to a crew that was going north one night. A wreck blocked the regular line, and Windy's train was detoured over a section of single track. Windy had never been over this de-

Grading the Narrow Gauge—and Liking It

tour, but why worry about a little matter like that? He had orders to meet a southbound train at the end of the double track, where there was a small yard. When he and his crew reached the end of the double track the southbound crew were in the switch shanty trying to get the switch lined up for the southbound track. They made it just as the northbound train stopped.

Windy and his crew took up the problem of getting the main line switch set. Finally a yell from the observer at the main line switch signified satisfactory results. Everybody loaded on the hog and started toward Germany. It was down grade, and some distance below the double track junction there was a derail spur leading off the main line into a mud bank forty feet high.

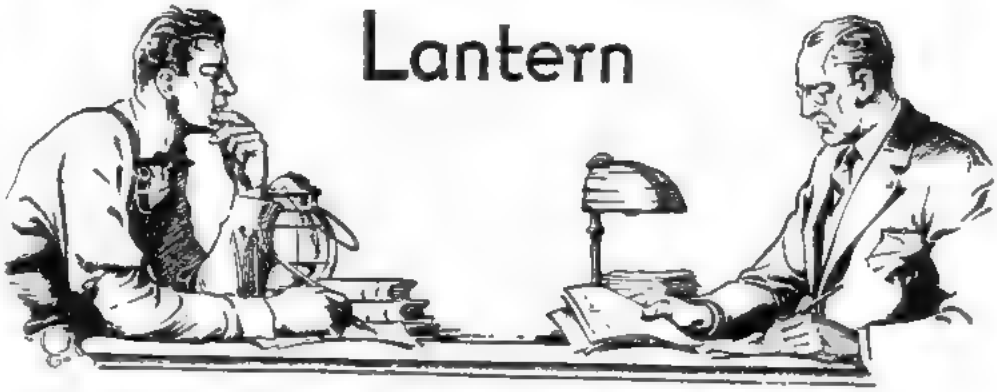
I don't know why the derail was out on the main line below instead of being in the yards where it should have been. I presume under normal conditions there was always a man on duty in the switch shanty.

Early in their efforts to work the main line switch, Windy had pulled the lever operating the derail, but since he received no yell from the observer at the switch he wanted, he dismissed the derail lever as useless.

The hog picked up speed until she reached the derail to which Windy had given but scant attention. There was a slam and lurch when she hit the switch points. By the time the engine had reached the frog she had begun to lose her crew. She buried herself up to the steam dome in the soft banks where she probably is to-day, for we made no attempt to get her out.

A Captured German Truck in the Hands of the American Railroad Men

# By the Light of the Lantern



WE want to be as useful as possible to our readers, but, because of the great popularity of this department, we are obliged to impose certain restrictions. It is limited to the answering of questions of an informative, technical, or historical nature only. Letters concerning positions WILL NOT be answered. All letters should be signed with the full name of the writer, as an indication of his good faith. We will print only his initials. The editor begs that readers sending in questions will not be disappointed if the answers do not appear as early as expected. Delays are often unavoidable for two reasons: the magazine is printed two months in advance of the date of issue, and it frequently takes weeks to secure correct answers, owing to the complexity of the questions.

WHAT is the weight of the 2-10-2 type engines on the Canadian National Railroad?

(2) What is the crown sheet of a locomotive?—L. J. Q., Toronto, Ont.

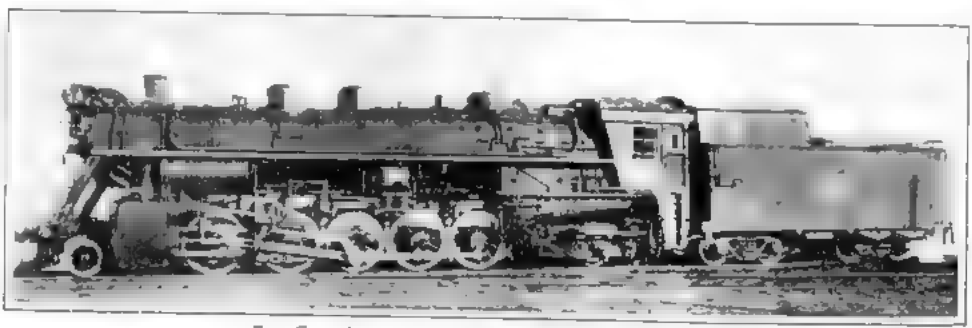
(1) The weight of the 2-10-2 engine on the Canadian National Railroad is 317,600 pounds, plus the weight of the tender, 211,100 pounds—making a total weight for the engine and tender of 558,700 pounds when in working order. This locomotive is illustrated here.

(2) The crown sheet of a locomotive is comprised of heavy sheeting above the top of the firebox and forward beyond the juncture of the brick arch, and is used for the purpose of keeping a water level on the widest heating surface above the fire. The crown sheet is held in place by hollow angular staybolts, and slopes slightly upward to the forward end. This sheet must necessarily be kept covered with one inch or more of water at all times under pressure, and a lesser amount will cause scorching or burning, and in most instances serious explosions.

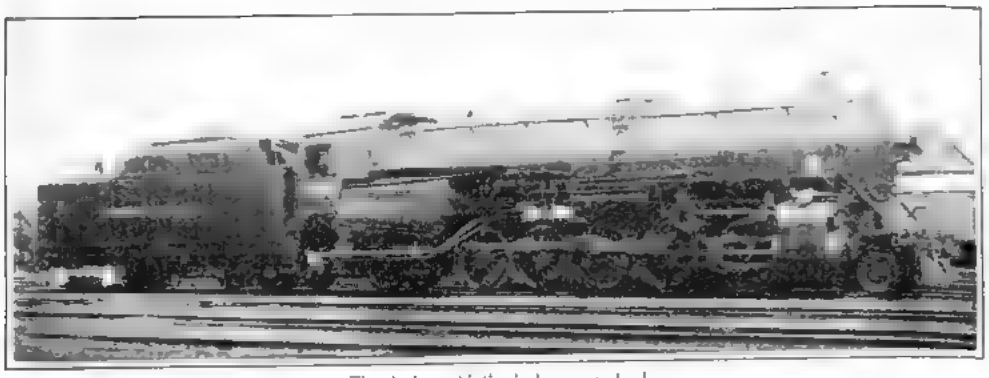
ARE there any U. S. or Canadian railroads that designate the train numbers by illuminated figures on the locomotive other than the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific?—B. N., Portland, Ore.

A great many of the western roads, the Oregon Short Line, Salt Lake, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Texas & Pacific, Santa Fe, and others, designate train numbers by the illuminated figures on the engine.

W. P., Newark, N. J.—The Northern Pacific's Yellowstone is more powerful than the Erie's Triplex Articulated. (2) The Lehigh Valley's largest locomotive



The Canadian National Santa Fe Type Locomotive



The Lehigh Valley's Largest Jack

is their 2-10-2 Santa Fe type as illustrated. It was built by the Baldwin Locomotive Company. The total weight of this engine and tender is 547,320 pounds, with 293,560 on the drivers. The total heating surface comes to 6,681 square feet. Boiler pressure, 200 pounds. Diameter of driving wheels, 63 inches.

We would be very glad to tell you where to get a complete set of locomotive pictures, but we are afraid there is none to be had. Readers often ask us to print photographs of locomotives which we are not able to get. Sorry to disappoint you.

IN regard to the picture of the train "Vintage of 1873" in your January issue—where and when was this train built, and by what railroad company was it owned? I would also like to know when it was junked. —J. K. B., Elkhart, Ind.

This illustration was made from a drawing of a train on the Michigan Central, which is now one of the New York Central Lines. No one seems to know when or where it was built. There is no record regarding the date when the Miller coupler, buffer and platform were retired by the Michigan Central; but broadly speaking such things were crowded out by the advent of the wide vestibule and the Janney coupler about the end of the last century.

WOULD it be possible for you to explain how a modern chime whistle for use on a locomotive is designed in order to produce the well known "locomotive whistle" signal? I cannot seem to produce the effect by any combination of three notes on the piano, but heard three female voices in a "talkie" sound a few chords which were a perfect mimicry of a whistle.—H. S. G., Toronto, Ont.

Whether this tone you speak of is produced by selecting the pitch of the different chambers comprising the whistle according to some rule, or to other factors, we are not able to say.

The chime whistle consists of no less than five or six cylindrical chambers mounted over a single steam jet, with the lower edges of all of them on a level. One would naturally suppose that all five or six notes would respond at the same time; but we must remember that the lower the pitch the less pressure and the more volume of steam is required. As a result the character of the chord changes somewhat as the valve is gradually opened. Then, too, the notes are by no means as clear as those on the piano; and there is a further complication in that a source of sound moving away from the hearer is flatted, or vice versa. This gets us into the science of acoustics.

C. C. D., Royal Oak, Mich.—We find that the dimensions of the Rock Island's two-cylinder Atlantic type engines are: Cylinders, 21 inches x 26 inches; diameter of wheel cylinders, 66 inches; boiler pressure, 185 pounds; heating surface of firebox, 194 square feet; weight of drivers, 107,500 pounds; weight of truck, 94,850 pounds; weight of engine, 202,350 pounds; weight of loaded tender, 144,000 pounds; total weight of engine and tender in working order, 346,350 pounds.

We are unable to say how many of these engines the Rock Island has owned. Twenty-three of them are still in suburban service between Chicago and Joliet, while a number of others have been set aside to be dismantled. No photographs of these engines are available.

WHAT does "lap" mean on the engineer's brake valve?

(2) How is it that Charles H. Hogan set the world record at 112½ miles per hour, whereas this department stated that a speed of 120 miles an hour had been made on the Atlantic Coast Line?

(3) What is a mountain type engine?—W. H., Billings, Mo.

(1) On the engineer's brake valve, the lap position is one of the six positions. When an engineer gives his train a reduction and he wishes to maintain the continual friction on his wheels, he pushes his brake valve on to the lap position. This gives him a braking capacity for as long a time as his valve is in the lap position.

(2) Charles H. Hogan set the world record of 112 miles per hour. This statement you found in "Hogan of the 999" and we assure you that this statement is officially correct. There have been faster runs made, but none faster have been officially timed. You refer to the 120 miles an hour made one time on the Atlantic Coast Line and your reference is correct. The only apparent discrepancy is due to the fact that Hogan's speed record was official and the run on the Atlantic Coast Line was unofficial.

(3) Mountain type engines are engines with a peculiar wheel arrangement of 4-8-2. These engines are specially constructed for heavy passenger and freight duty on mountain grades. They are capable of carrying an extremely heavy load at a very rapid rate.

CAN you answer the following questions concerning a locomotive owned by the Plan System? I believe the number is 111: Diameter of the boiler, diameter of the drivers, size of cylinders, area of firebox, when and where built, for whom built.—S. A., Providence, R. I.

This locomotive now numbered A. C. L. 210 was built for the Savannah, Florida & Western in September, 1900, by the Rhode Island Locomotive Works at Providence, R. I. The type of boiler, extended wagon top; diameter of first course, 60 7-8 inches inside; diameter of third course, 60 3-4 inches inside; diameter of drivers, 73 inches; cylinders, 19 inches x 28 inches, and grate area, 32.1 square feet.

The 120-mile an hour speed record of this engine referred to in our March issue was made by Engineer A. H. Lodge and Fireman Charles Johnson, colored.

R. L. P., Belvidere, Ill.—We have blueprints here of the class D or Atlantic type engine on the Chicago and North Western, so that although we cannot reproduce a photograph we can give some of the dimensions.

The class D is not a very recent locomotive, the last of them having been built in 1907. It is a 4-4-2 type of 325,500 pounds total weight as a maximum under running conditions, of which 97,300 pounds rest on the driving wheels, giving a tractive power of 21,800 pounds. This is about average power for an engine of this size. The class D's 200 pounds of steam is generated in a boiler with 2173.6 square feet of heating surface, plus a superheater of 438.5 square feet more. Diameter of the drivers, 81 inches. Size of the firebox, 102 1-8 by 65 1-4 inches. Weight of the engine loaded, with Walschaert gear, 181,500 pounds; tender 144,000 pounds. Engine with Stevenson gear, 159,500 pounds.

As you say, the class D was a fast engine in its day, and even now it may break seventy miles an hour with five or six cars under favorable conditions.

## TRAIN ORDERS AND RULES

### (Answered by G. W. Plantz)

I AM a locomotive fireman on a passenger transfer job. I go on duty at 8.30 A.M. and work until 11.25 A.M. Off duty from then until 4.20 P.M., when I go on duty from then until 11.30 P.M. I am paid continuous time. I would like to know when my sixteen hours are up. I have been told by my officials that this four hours fifty-five minutes off between runs can be taken off the sixteen hours. To make this clear: If my service was continuously from 8.30 A.M. until 11.30 P.M. my sixteen hours would be up at 12.30 A.M. Is it permissible for me to work after 12.30 A.M. on account of having four hours and fifty-five minutes off between runs?—C. J. S., Chicago, Ill.

Your officials are right, and you are permitted under the hours of service law to work beyond 12.30 A.M.—since you have a legal period off, or a break in the service. This is provided for in the second paragraph of the law, and in your case you could again resume duty after having had 8 hours off duty.

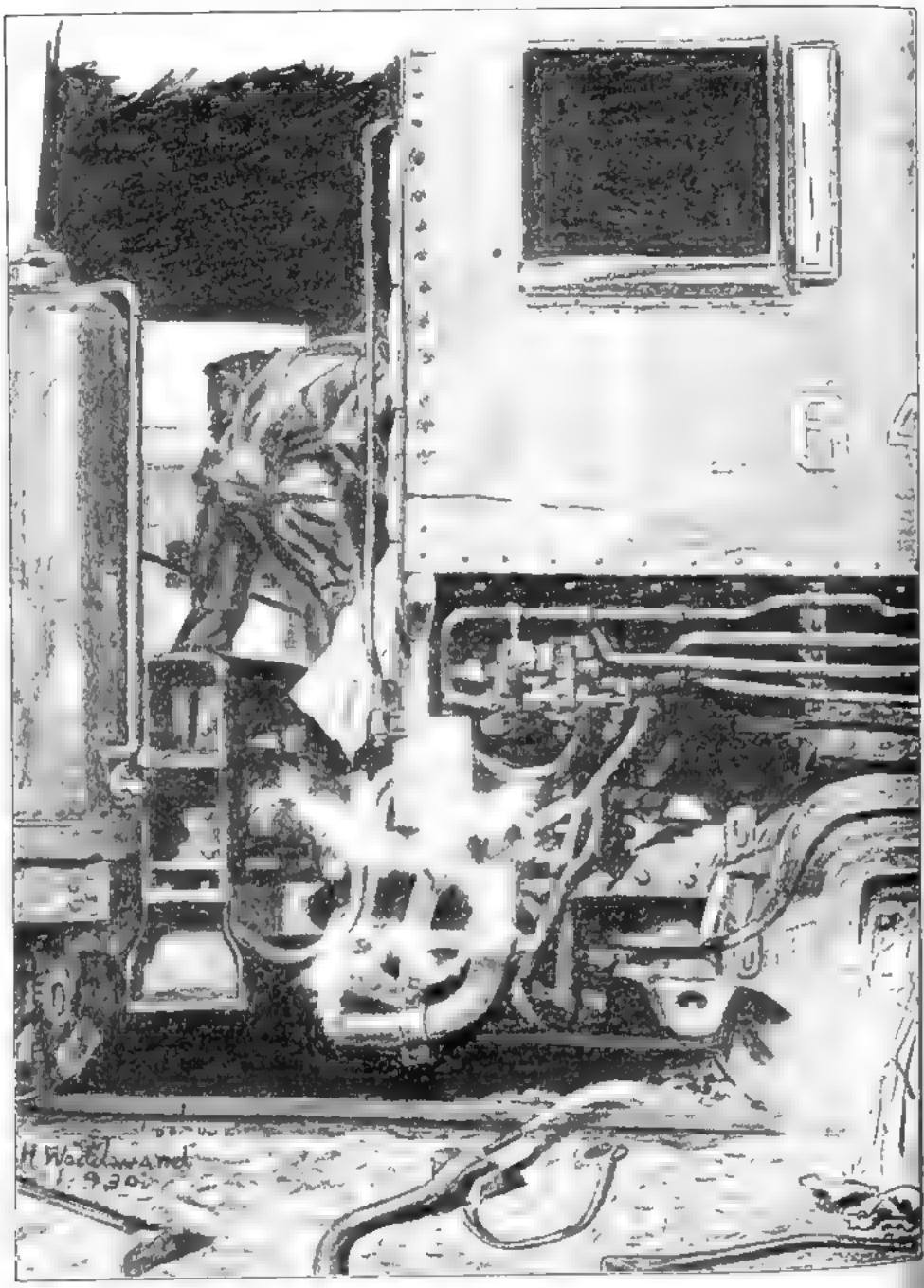
The first paragraph or section of the hours of service law does provide that you are *not* permitted to work more than 16 hours continuously, without having 10 hours off duty before again resuming work.

But the second paragraph or section provides that you are not permitted to work more than 16 hours *in the aggregate* in any 24-hour period, without having at least 8 hours off before resuming duty.

Your case comes under the second section of the law—for aggregate service. Just what constitutes "time off" when crews work in the aggregate is a problem. Most roads have adopted a ruling on the law which requires 3 hours off duty to make it legally in the aggregate. Yet some rulings permit only a single hour off duty in specific cases where it can be shown that crews actually are off duty to the extent of really getting rest during the time.

Your sixteen hours would be up at 5.25 A.M., and in our opinion you could not again be permitted or required to go on duty for eight hours, or at 1.25 P.M.

# On the Pit




A crayon study sketched from life by Andrew H. Woodward, Locomotive Fireman, West Jersey and Seashore Railroad, the Atlantic City end of the Pennsylvania

Naturally the Rest of the Gang Were Green-Eyed with Jealousy at My Rapid Rise

# Honk and Horace

Dark Are the Plots That Brew, and Grim the Specters That Trail the Track Gang's Aspirants to Off-cialdom

By Emmet F. Harte

AHA! And so Hancock Simpson and yours fraternally were affiliated with a regular by-monthly stipend again. A genial thought withal. We were working on a ra-il-ro-oad!. Notice the lilting swing to that, eh? It has a tuneful rhythm to it even when merely written in inanimate writing. Like the sprightly whang of a song; a song accompanied by a spasm or two of leaping dance steps. One of these outdoor dances called classical thingummies, where a bunch of pink nymphs cavort like high-stepping kangaroos garbed in nothing scarcely at all except thin streamers which resemble wisps of cigarette smoke. A greeting to dawn, after the bath, kind of dance. That's the way we felt, by Diana, only we were a little skittish about dancing in the near nude. Old

Puritanical notions, you know. Call it prudery if you like. But we felt reckless, nevertheless.

We were sitting pretty. Of course, we were a lot more than just mere low-browed, horny-handed section hands. You surely realize that. We were seasoned railroad men, tempered in the crucible, or whatever things are tempered in.

We were maintenance of way experts; important artisans rendering an indispensable service. We were engaged in the—er—engagement of maintaining a safe, smooth pathway for daredevil runners like old Sardine Klinglesmith, eagle eye of the Torpedo, with a thousand tons of all-steel Pullmans full of stall-fed aristocrats whirling merrily from here to there. A slick trail of shining rails, solid, sound, and smooth, where a guy could hook her to the high octaves and sling the minutes behind him like a comet shedding sparks. What was it I started out to say? Oh, well, never mind.

A lot of common mongrel freight trains used the line, too. But there's no romantic glamour about freight trains. They're revenue producers, no more. Vulgar commercial things one looks at from a ton-mile viewpoint.

But it was great to step aside, stand at attention, lean gracefully on a crowbar or spike maul, and watch the Regal Special or the Twilight Limited or the Torpedo zoom by.

Hot pazazas. Some railroad, the old Transcontinental. Great company to be associated with. And here we were, snugly berthed, with important jobs. On our way up to high positions. Some day one or both of us would surely embellish the exalted revolving chair of the president of the road, and ride in a sleek official car attached to those speeding flyers. Meanwhile—

Maintenance work on Section B-24, Butch Poteet, foreman, was not an irksome task at all. The strip of company property under Butch's jurisdiction was about as near a perfect piece of double track as whizzing wheels ever whirled over in this man's world. It was as smooth as satin. Rails were aligned to the thousandth of an inch by the most delicate measurements, ballast was leveled, beveled, and hand-tooled to absolute symmetry, boundary fences of smoothly stretched netting were on white concrete posts. From fence to ballast edge there were gently sloping banks, covered with a clipped carpet of greensward, with a border of drainage ditch beside the tracks, cut with such precision that it might have been grooved out with a chisel. And never a weed anywhere you could find with a microscope. Butch had a kind of monomania about weeds. He hated 'em with a dark, bloodthirsty malevolence. On the subject of weeds he was morbid as an ingrowing toe nail.

Butch's corps comprised seven adept maintenance men. Racially they were an American crew with a cosmopolitan flavor. There was Honk, Marylander; myself, a Nordic-Nebraskan of Kentucky extraction mixed with Corncracker; a gink named Tony I Dunno, or something sounding that way, an Italio-Tyrolean; a Celtic-Hibernian called Pat McCann, not the one who up-stepped and spoke to Dan McGinty; an Afro-Ethiopian designated as "Snowball" Brown; and a pair of Mexico-Hidalgo-Castellano hombres enrolled as Manuel and José Ortega. The last two were brothers

A mixed outfit, partly fused in the famous melting pot. You can't wholly fuse garlic and yams, you know; and there are unweldable qualities about pumpkin pie and chili peppers, porter-

house and Friday, and pickled pig's feet and spaghetti. You'll blister several hammers before you anneal 'em.

II

But all in all things ran without a ripple on the surface for a week or two, same as a stream full of alligator gars. Then I performed a feat, won promotion, and instantly became an object of envy and malice. I found a weed six inches high growing in a hidden nook beside a culvert. It was a weed Butch held in special abhorrence, a cockle burr. His earlier experience as a clodhopper in Iowa or some other place where the tall corn grows, had instilled in his soul a brooding hostility for cockle burrs, that was worse than a fox terrier's antipathy for a wayfaring cat.

My finding of the loathsome specimen caused Butch to accord me honor and preference. He created an entirely new position for me; made me assistant foreman so-called, a semi-working assignment, at increased wages. The assistant foreman pulled down two dollars and fifty cents a day. In an incredibly short time I had not only climbed to a semi-executive position, but I also copped a substantial salary increase of a nickel a day. Nobody can keep a good man down, by Hercules! You can flop him and straddle him, but when the dust settles a bit and you look for him he's not there, egad.

Naturally the rest of the gang were green-eyed with jealousy at my rapid rise. Honk exhibited a disposition to be sardonic. "Nice to have a standin with the boss, isn't it?" he said, showing his teeth like a horse. "Nothing like an inside drag."

"You're full of bots," I retorted pleasantly. "My advancement was due to outstanding ability, diligence, loyalty, and sleepless allegiance to the company's interests. Merit wins. Merit, not pull, will lift me up to the dizzy heights. When I'm president of this railroad I shall have a motto printed and hung in my elegantly-furnished private office. It will bear the legend: 'Push, and obstacles fall before you! Pull, and they fall on you!' You better remodel your doctrines, my friend, if you want to travel upward with me. If I hear a few more yaps out of you, I'll start looking for somebody else to fill the position of senior vice-president."

"Heh, heh!" he snickered, apparently thinking I meant to be funny. Of course, I was spoofing about not giving him first chance at the vice-president's job. It was all very well to keep him guessing though. 'Twould keep him from getting biggety. A lot of guys outgrow a job before they begin to work at it. Swell up till they can't squeeze into their official chairs. I knew Honk would make me a crackerjack senior vice-president, but it wouldn't do to let him know that I knew that he knew that I—where were we?

Um—yes. The jealous envy of my less fortunate associates. That's a thing the go-getter type of man always has to look out for. The green-eyed spite of those who didn't land the place, and couldn't've juggled it if they had landed it. It's the same instinct that actuates a mule to kick you; he realizes that you're different from him, so he don't like you; and he proceeds to bust you one for luck.

When I received my well-earned promotion for merit, I cast a weather eye about me to read the signs and omens. A boss must be able to read men even when the page seemingly is covered with nothing but soiled thumb marks. Honk's attitude toward me was, naturally, sympathetic and for-

bearing; a mixture of pity and admiration. Tony's was fawning, unctuously suave; he was full of olive oil, as it were. McCann, true to his racial tendencies, displayed a kind of friendly hostility, an air of watchful waiting; if I got gay he'd tell me where to head in mighty quick, divil a bit. He had no misunderstanding with himself about who was the better man, begorra, d'ye mind.

Snowball Brown's emotional reactions, if any, toward me were nothing to gnaw your finger nails about. A colored man has three major inhibitions: pork chops with gravy, a smiling 'Liza Jane, and dice that listen. Other matters are mere bags of shells. I think Snowball regarded me much as he would have regarded a rat the cat brought in. I wasn't edible, and he couldn't beat me in a crap game, and I wasn't a rival for the favors of his dusky damosel. Thuffore he toted no razzuh fo' me.

But I sensed a different aura around the two Ortegas. Right off the bat I got it that Manuel Ortega cherished a saturnine fondness for me which was strongly suggestive of floral horseshoes and hollow sounding music. I noticed him watching me slyly when he thought I wasn't looking. It was the same greenish yellow stare you see in a rattlesnake's eyes when he's picking out the place on the calf of your leg where he aims to bite you. Manuel Ortega, as far as I could gather, harbored a baleful bug in the back of his bean that I'd put over a dirty deal on him. By adroit inquiries conducted in my famous Scotland Yard manner I ascertained the reason for his disaffection. He'd served longest on the gang. He was what you might call the dean of the outfit, and probably felt entitled to recognition when the plums were passed. My clairvoyant sense told me that I reminded him of a polecat that'd come in by mistake, or worse. He figured that I'd slipped him a decayed egg.

I also became aware of poisonous glances from Manuel's brother José—which sounds like Hosay when you say it out loud. José plainly entertained a ferocious distaste for me. I was the pig of a gringo who had shunted Manuel into a stub siding and up-ended him off a derail. Blood is thicker than cylinder oil. It was a piece of skullduggery they felt sorely aggrieved over. Or so it seemed to me when I tuned in on the thoughts of those two tamale-eaters. But they made no open moves of a hostile nature. Outwardly, they were as polite as a couple of caballeros. *Sí, señor. Gracias a dios!* And all very nice.

Don't mistake the character of my misgivings. I wasn't scared of those slinking rascals. My g-goodness, I should s-say not! One ruthless American frightened at two members of an alien breed? Nonsense. Ha! Ha! Piffle. Raspberries. However, I amused myself one exceedingly dark evening by doing a little scouting around for the purpose of piping off the enemy, so to speak. A bit of espionage just for my own information. I swathed myself in a long raincoat and slouch hat of darkish colors which made me practically invisible, and strolled casually into the neighborhood where the Mexicans lived. The Latin Quarter, I suppose it would be rightly named.

A rather disconcerting surprise awaited me. Manuel and José Ortega, I presently discovered, were two representatives of a whole tribe, clan, or feudal colony of Ortegas. I found a frame house down there in the Quarter so full of Ortegas that a number of

them occupied tents in the yard. I'm very thorough when I undertake an investigation. I got names and descriptions of about a score of the nearest of kin. They ranged from little beady-eyed tots to grandparents and great grandparents. Ortegas of all sizes, ages, and both sexes. Big ones and little ones, Luis, Pedro, Ricardo, Domingo, Carmelita, Bonita, Juana—and also Miguel, Gonzales, Alonso, Sancho, and Esteban. Oh, yes, and Carlos. All Ortegas. Manuel and José had at least four full grown brothers and a father (Gonzales) and four or five grandfathers, great grandads and great great granthers. A formidable outfit when antagonized. All for one and one for all, of course. United by the sticky glue of consanguinity. With still further ramifications.

An additional night's research revealed that Manuel Ortega was involved in an affair of the heart with a black-haired, black-eyed cutie named Panchita Sanchez, a brunette belle of the quarter. And carrambos! The Sanchez tribe was even bigger numerically than the Ortega crowd. The thing was like eczema, an erysipelas, a culture of bacteria. If I dug into it a little deeper I'd find the whole of Central and South America solidly hooked up against me. There was where I began to speculate on whether or not I'd incisored more than I could masticate. I mentioned the matter to Honk.

"You understand," I said, "the ill will of a dozen or fifteen Mexicans would be the same as the tinkling of a camel's bell to me, to put it in the poetic imagery of the Near East. But when, after a little nosing, I unearth an intrigue which is international in scope and may even extend to Andalusia and Castile, it gives me pause. I can't, or at least I won't, fight the Spanish-speaking nations of the world single handed—"

"Huh!" said Honk. "What makes you think these birds have it in for you, Horace?"

"Why, it's as plain as the beak on a toucan," I declared. "Manuel glares at me half the time, and José glowers the other half. I get the word 'murder' or its synonym 'assassination' whenever I come near 'em. Those two miscreants have evil designs on me."

"Ptt!" he scoffed. "You're imagining things. It's the white rabbit streak in you, my dear fellow. The Ortegas seem like a couple of harmless cutthroats to me. The worst I would expect of them would be to kidnap you for ransom. And the joke would certainly be on them if they did that. They might garner a nickel."

He cackled like a laying hen at his own poor witticism. Cut-cut, cut-tah-cut!

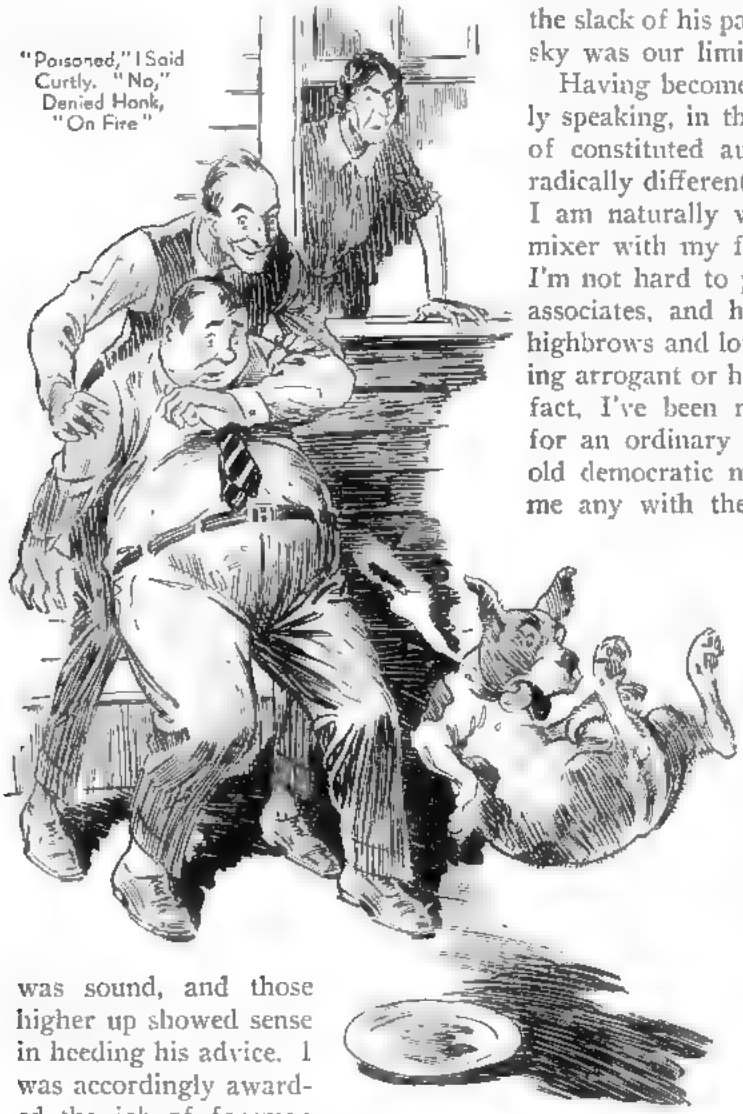
"Very well!" I snapped viciously. "I'll face this crisis alone. I might have foreseen that you'd crawfish out of anything that smells even slightly of danger—"

He contented himself with raillery and contumely, making light of my apprehensions, and hiding his nervous qualms behind a dust cloud of improvised badinage.

## III

Nothing happened for two days. Then our little world was abruptly shaken up. Our superior officer, Foreman Poteet, esteemed by all as our boss, left us. No, he didn't get married or croak. He was already married, and his health was excellent. Destiny decreed that he should climb up another rung of the ladder. Butch was promoted to bridge foreman.

He left a footprint on the sands of time in the form of a recommendation that I be chosen, a real sheep from the goats, to succeed him. His judgment was sound, and those higher up showed sense in heeding his advice. I was accordingly awarded the job of foreman of Section B-24. The position paid the princely sum of ninety dollars a month regardless of rain, feasts or famine. A nifty windfall, by Crœsus—or maybe I ought to swear by that other doubloon-fancier, Midas. What we touched turned to gold.




My first official act was to appoint Honk assistant foreman. Heyday! We were on the up swing of the teeter totter. Mounting fast. As I ascended I'd haul Honk after me willy nilly, by the slack of his pants if necessary. The sky was our limit.

Having become garbed, picturesquely speaking, in the expansive dudgeon of constituted authority, I adopted a radically different air toward my men. I am naturally what is called a free mixer with my fellow men. That is, I'm not hard to please as regards my associates, and hobnob easily with highbrows and lowbrows alike. Nothing arrogant or high hat about me. In fact, I've been mistaken many times for an ordinary roughneck. But my old democratic manner wouldn't help me any with these snipes.

I was a big boss man now. A boss can't fraternize with his subordinates, you know. He must hold himself haughtily aloof, with an austerity and a dignity as unbending as the sheet iron clothes the old time knights used to clatter about in. A boss who acts familiar with the mere hirelings under him, and mooches their tobacco, exchanges stories about Scotchmen, or descends to a common crap-shooting level, may as well quit and try to get on the white wings corps. He isn't a leader, he's a follower. Nobody'll even hear him when he issues an order.

I announced that none of my men would be permitted to speak to me directly. Communications of all kinds should be made to my assistant, Mr. Simpson, who in turn would relay the same to me. Then I would reply, if I chose to reply at all, by reversing the process.

The ruling was received by the hands, or common hirelings, in various ways. Tony whistled a strain from "Rigoletto;" McCann spat on his palms; Snowball emitted a maniacal roar of laughter. The brothers Ortega, however, exchanged darkly mysterious looks, and scowled at me in a stealthy homicidal way. Honk indulged himself in a flippant remark.

"I thought I had your vagaries pretty well charted," he said. "But I find unplumbed gulfs in your character that are unfathomable. Oh, my dear Horace—"

"Silence!" I commanded. "No lip from you. I'll demote you so quick you'll think you've fallen into a crevasse—" and he snuffed his candle. He could see which side of his flapjack was buttered, all right.

But the important matter was the black plot against my life which soon began to take definite shape. A plot which I attributed to the diabolical cunning of Manuel and José Ortega, aided and egged on no doubt by their innumerable relations, and the equally large and bloodthirsty horde of the Sanchez tribe. A series of ruthless attempts to destroy me that certainly would have daunted anyone not reënforced with nerves of chilled steel. The dastardly schemes of the assassins were worthy of a Borgia or a Machiavelli.

My incredible astuteness enabled me to defeat the first attempt. The Ortegas showed up the morning I assumed my dictatorship bearing what purported to be a gift offering. It was a bucket of chili con carne. They presented it via Honk with a presentation speech.

"*Buenas dias, Señores, quiere unpoco de este* of the most excellent homemade dish of Mexico, *como esta*, if the weather permits, *de la comida. Gracias a dios.*"

I did not include Mexican among the many dialects I *sprechen und versteche* fluently. But I deemed it expedient to pretend acceptance and make a linguistic response, which same I dictated to Honk. "What name?" I growled. "Catchum fella boy chop-chop. Takum by-by alle same bungalow. Eatum woof-woof." and I made circular motions in front of my vest in the time-honored gesture which expresses gustatory satisfaction in all languages.

Honk conveyed the message, adding, "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year," as an evidence of good will. The Ortegas looked somewhat confused, but apparently pacified. We took the growler of chili home with us that night. My suspicions were aroused. I had a definite plan regarding that scuttle of con carne, which I felt sure was dosed with some obscure toxic substance meant to prove fatal. There was a vagabond dog that hung around our boarding house, also a pig and chickens kept in the back yard. I had a brilliant idea. We'd try the chili on the pup and see what happened. He was always hungry.

We offered him a batch of it on a paper pie plate. He gobbled it all at a gulp. Then he straightened up abruptly as though his stomach had bit him in the gizzard. After which he leaped in the air, whirled, yelped, changed ends, lit, and scooted.

I gazed eloquently at Honk. "Poisoned," I said curtly.

"No," denied Honk. "On fire."

He went on to explain that Mexican peppers taste the same as live coals to a stranger, and that Towser had probably departed in search of a fire extinguisher. I wasn't convinced. I lugged the rest of the stuff out to the pen and submitted it to the landlady's pig. He ate it in a jiffy and squealed for more. "You see," Honk exulted. "The stuff is perfectly harmless. I wish I'd eaten it myself."

I remembered that pigs are immune to poisons, snake bites, and such deadly menaces to life and limb. A pig considers strychnine an appetizer. So we had proved nothing. The dog didn't die it is true—he may have found an antidote. Alley dogs are smart. One thing, he steered clear of us ever afterward. He probably figured that there's very little difference between a scientific experiment and a deliberate intent to commit murder, as far as the victim is concerned.

The Ortegas, having failed to poison us, did not stop there. I didn't think they would, and said so. Honk poohpoohed my fears. He said I was suffering from a bad case of spectroapparitionitis, or shadowophobia. Jawbreakers, what, what? Those words, boiled down, meant that I was seeing a great big hungry bear hiding behind every tree. But the big black ferocious bear wasn't really there at all. He was just a shadow—so Honk said.

I advised him to consult a spavin specialist. It behooved him to be wary, too, since the sinister intrigue undoubtedly had him tangled in its slimy coils. He was my assistant, therefore he was marked for slaughter. And the poor sap made a jest of it.

There ensued a succession of inexplicable events which showed the ruthlessness of our enemies.

For example, there was the adventure of the fishplate nut, as I have it noted in my notebook. One peaceful autumn day when all nature seemed to gurgle and purr with good humor and kindliness like a fat tom cat full of milk, I inadvertently wandered down underneath a small bridge which carried the tracks across a ravine or gully. My impression is that I was looking for a weed seed which might have fallen from some passing freight car, and which I would nip before it had time to sprout.

Standing there in pensive reverie, with the little brooklet prattling up at me, I heard something drop with a vicious "thut" in the mud not more than a yard away. I bounded lightly as an antelope some distance upstream. A couple of rods or so, anyway. Manuel Ortega had just crossed the bridge. He had some rusty bolts and other odds and ends in his hand.

I summoned Honk to stand guard above while I investigated. The missile which had barely missed me was an iron nut nearly as big as the sinker commonly served with coffee in a restaurant. A formidable projectile. And strictly a violation of the safety rules for it to drop on anybody's head. The rules forbid dropping picks, crowbars, wrenches, sledge hammers—anything made of metal, wood, or stone—on fellow workmen. I was considerably more than a fellow workman. Accidentally, or intentionally, messing up a fellow workman is bad; but to beam the boss is simply unthinkable. It gives one the cold creeps to imagine such a thing.

But Honk said nobody was to blame. I believe he even tried to make it appear under the general classification of

an accident. Like being struck by lightning, or shook apart by an earthquake. Bah!

Then came the incident of the falling signboard, as I have designated it. One of my early official moves was to have two large signboards built, with interesting legends limned thereon. The inscriptions were the same on both boards. On one side was painted in large letters: "You Are Entering the World's Finest Railroad Section." On the other side was painted: "You Are Leaving the Most Perfect Stretch of Track in the World." These modest bits of advertising were erected where passengers on trains could read them, coming and going. Sometimes it's permissible or even advisable to toot one's own trumpet.

Well, we set up one of the signs safely. I may have relaxed my vigilance. Whatever the minor contributing factor, it chanced that I was standing in the lee of the large sign or boarding, as they would say in dear old London, when it fell over. And it fell on me. I am happy to report that I wasn't killed. The boarding was of light pine wood and I'm of the heavy, oaken type of construction, so I withstood the shock nobly. But it was nobody's fault that I wasn't crushed to pulp or mush or something equally useless for authoritative purposes. The thing that struck me most forcibly of all was that José Ortega was the last one to let loose of the signboard as it toppled over.

When the excitement subsided, I was extricated. I issued a bulletin by way of my assistant foreman commanding the men to be of good cheer as I had come through the smash-up successfully. Tony whistled, McCann expectorated, Snowball brayed, and the Ortegas glowered. Another black plot had been frustrated. Life is like that in the great open places, where men are men, cows are cows, horses are horses, and so on.

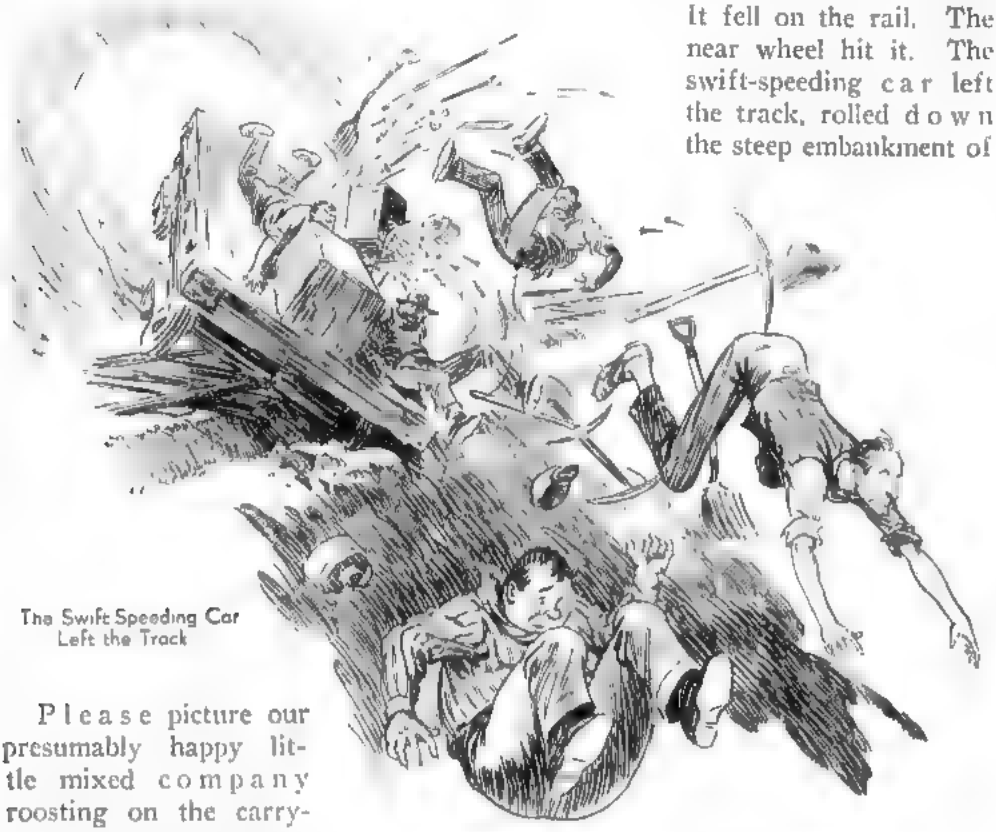
## IV

Of the long category of attacks against my person I cannot dwell at length upon each one in detail. I'm not writing a History of Crimes and Criminals. The subject bores me. I shall skim through it like a swallow skittering through the dancing midges in the afterglow of eventide. Several incidents stand out though, with the vividness of warts.

Once when I was walking through a cut, a large rock the size of a football came thundering down. I was fifty yards away by the time it landed, escaping unscathed. But the intent was clear. Manuel and José had been in that cut the previous day. Then there were mysterious pieces of broken glass and scraps of wood with rusty nails in them scattered around for me to step on; and a track jack placed where it would drop off a spike keg and catch my foot; and a handful of roofing nails left where I'd sit on them—the list is almost interminable. I'll spare us both the recital of the grisly items.

The event that put the kibosh on Honk's carefree confidence, and convinced him beyond the possibility of a quibble, was the wrecking of our motor jaunting car. Honk's acknowledged mechanical aptitude caused him to be elected engineer of the small power bus which we used for transportation, to and from work. It was a diminutive flat car with a motor under a box, and would carry our entire corps, officers and privates, at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour or faster when it was feeling skittish. Honk operated it with a gear-shift handle and throttle; also

a brake for emergency stops. When we were all closely perched in a double row on board, with picks, mauls, pinchbars, jacks, tampers, shovels, and what not, there wasn't any space to spare.



The Swift Speeding Car Left the Track

Please picture our presumably happy little mixed company roosting on the carryall, with Honk at the controls. I sit with the gang, of course, but I do not mix with it. Remember 'tis a fine morning in autumn; colorful and calm. No stir in the air, and the sea is like glass. Mountain and tarn and atoll are tranquil. In fact all is lovely and serene as anything. Away we go, chug-a-chug, thirty miles an hour, scooting over the world's most perfect piece of track.

But hush, hark! A dark and gruesome plot is cooking. It is cooked. It is sprung in the twinkling of an eyewinker. Like a detonation of dynamite comes the disaster. Somebody—I name no names, but the saturnine Ortegas were sitting near the front in a jumble of picks and shovels—moved one of his big feet. A pick slithered off the front of the car. It fell on the rail. The near wheel hit it. The swift-speeding car left the track, rolled down the steep embankment of a ten foot fill, and crashed in smithereens in a ditch full of slobbery mud.

The mural, or pastoral, of a short moment ago, was changed to stark and sanguinary tragedy. Officers and men of the ranks lay scattered like chaff, tangled in a mass of tools, dinner buckets, and wreckage of the motor vehicle. Oddly, the common henchmen, or hands, seemed to have escaped mortal hurts. It was we officers who suffered most. I was shaken and shocked nervously. I lost some blood from a scratch on one of my fingers.

And I may have been injured internally. You never can see an internal injury until you have X-ray pictures taken, and go through a lot of fiddle-faddle.

But Honk, poor goof, bore the brunt of the catastrophe. He was a sure enough blessé as we used to say Over There. I am almost sure he lit on his head, which saved his life. Otherwise, he might have been struck by a spike maul or something, and mortally injured. As it was, he was unconscious for quite some time, although able to talk He seemed to harbor a droll idea that he was a war ace again, and that he had been shot down behind the German lines. He fancied that he was crawling out of his smashed plane surrounded by boches, and he made these imaginary enemies a speech in American, German, and garbled French.

" Allons," he yelled, " Gehabt haben! Donnerwesser! Me, I'm Simpson of the Lafayette Escadrille, seeski? I claim all the honors of a prisoner of war. Semlich, jawohl. And also kamerad. If you shoot square with me, I'll shoot square with you—"

And a lot more noisy conversation along the same line, punctuated at intervals by guffaws from Snowball and snatches of grand opera whistled by Tony. Meanwhile Pat McCann spat on his hands and snaked Honk out of the mire. Honk offered to fight him, but he ignored the challenge. It must have been tough on Pat to forego the offer. Being a son of the ould sod, he wasn't one who lightly turned down a free fight. But he did it.

The Ortegas said nothing. They had fallen down again. A day or two afterward, when Honk had partly regained his wits, he sheepishly confessed to me that he had come round to my way of thinking. He said we were the avowed objects of a far reaching, Latin-American cabal, a murderous conspiracy, twice as foul as I had previously suspected. Fragments of evidence began to sift down like flakes of soot in a soft coal burning town. Little by little, as the song goes, we were accumulating positive proof.

It was obvious that we were under close surveillance. Stray members of the Ortega and Sanchez tribes were always lurking about watching us. It would be a dozen swarthy-skinned kids maybe, lined up along the right-of-way fence, staring. Or the black-browed father—Gonzales—snooping around, or *el abuelo* the grandfather accompanied by a bodyguard of his tribal retainers. I caught glimpses of Manuel Ortega's sweetie, the fair but treacherous Panchita Sanchez, now and then. She was very easy to look it. Her headlights were as big and black as buckeyes, and she knew how to make them sparkle from under lashes that were at least four inches long. Allah achbar—but no matter.

Then Manuel and José took to trailing us about town at night. We caught sight of them occasionally; but even though we didn't see them, we were fairly sure they were shadowing us. It was creepy. Neither Honk nor I felt called upon to stay in our holes during the long, pleasant evenings. Our official cares demanded that we get out and relax ourselves window shopping or playing pocket billiards or meeting the better people. But we couldn't relax with a pack of skulking beagles nosing our footprints. No, far from it

Then Honk suddenly went to pieces. His stamina evaporated. I had been overwrought that day, filled with dismal forebodings. I had a hunch something was brewing. I am famous for

my hunches. They seldom fail. When they do, I know they aren't real ones.

After supper at the boarding house, Honk rambled over to the station. An hour later I encountered him as I was on my way to a lodge meeting of the Solemn Owls. My friend and whilom assistant was in a state of maudlin excitement. He was panting like a horse with the heaves. He flagged me down and went on to tell his great news.

"I'm taking out a passenger run, Horace," he confided. "It's on the branch to Red Rock. The bird that had it quit, and all the regular O. R. C. guys turned it down. Old Hawksbeak offered it to me. I go out at 8 A.M. The braky quit too. Wish I knew where I could get a pinhead to be my Friday. Whoops, Horace, I'm in the operating service now. I'm riding while I work. Congratulate me."

"You mean commiserate you," I snorted. "That run? Why, say, nobody but an ape would take that job. It's a whitewashed sepulcher, decorated with the skull and crossbones. Ho! Ho!" I cachinnated. "Good-by. Say it with flowers. You're a putrid quitter, that's all. Right when we're rising like a balloon too—"

"You'll rise—like a boiler of home brew, before the Ortegas get through with you," he came back. "Say it with flowers, hey? You betcher life. I can see you holding a lily and looking natural before you're many days older. I'm lucky to get out of that bloody bloomin' mix-up with a whole skin. I wouldn't give you a lead dime for your chances."

I hooted raucously, but I felt that it sounded hollow and tinny. So Honk believed I was doomed, did he, huh? That was cheering, by Niobe! It certainly was bracing to listen to him. He had a knack of putting the dauntless spirit into a person—not. Still hooting and snorting with a fine show of disdain, I moved on my way.

A momentary preoccupation caused me to take a short cut along a dark street. Too late I realized what I was getting into. I became aware of dark, shadowy, menacing figures gathering around me in the Stygian darkness. My bristles rose as I identified forty or fifty of the Ortegas mingled with two score or more members of the treacherous Sanchez gang. They almost had me surrounded when I descried an alley opening which seemed to offer an avenue of escape. I fled into the narrow runway. But the horde had spotted me, and they came yelling and squealing after me, a wild mob of ravenous wolves, clamoring for my life in their barbarian lingo. I sensed that I was gaining in the mad race. I could outrun them. Discretion was putting wings on my heels—

Then—horrors! I came to the end of the alley. It had a wall across it. It was a cursed barn, built right smack in the alley. Retreat was blocked. I was pocketed. Ho, hum! So this was the finale, was it? Hic hoc! as the old Romans characterized it. Also sic semper MacGinnis! Well, I would do like the boys did in the Alamo, sell myself to 'em dearly. They'd have to bid high to name the trump, egad!

I roared the war-cry of my clan. "*A moi!*" I screeched. "Fire! Murder! Thieves! Assassins! Police! Assistance! The Watch! Charge, Chester, charge! S. O. S.!"

The pack swept up and stood in a ring, hemming me in. I saw Manuel's grinning face. And the faces of Jose and Francisco Ortega, too. Even the dark, treacherous beauty of Panchita Sanchez. She was there, the heartless little savage, urging them on with her

cruel smiles. Thus far none of them brandished weapons. I got it that they meant to tear me to pieces with their bare hands. Fair enough. Death, in a fight against so many odds, would be a mark of heroism.

"*Muy bien!*" shrieked Manuel. "*Usted tiene mucha prisa?* What the hello? *Como esta, yes, si, Señor. Dos dias.* Eet ees not thee too *muchas* to ask."

"Ouyay emlay emay ebay!" I yelled back. "Ogay otay ellhay!"

Suddenly I heard braying sounds at the mouth of the alley, and the clattering of heavy feet. Hope puffed up in me. It must be the constabulary. My distress calls had been heard. Help was coming. The help hove in sight. It wasn't the police reserves. It was Honk, afoot and alone. He parted the mob like a great ocean liner tearing through a motorboat regatta. He fought his way to my side, and stood at bay with me. The hubbub from our adversaries began anew. Manuel Ortega spouted language like a geyser.

Then Honk's silly face broke into a wide grin. He turned to me. "Horace," he wheezed. "Calm yourself. It's all a comedy of errors. Manuel only wants to ask a favor of you. He wants to get two days shore leave so that he and Panchita can get married One day to celebrate the wedding, and another day to recuperate from the celebration. Hosay wants a couple of days off too. They've also invited us both to the wedding. I suggest that you grant their requests for a furlough, old kid. A guy don't get married very often, you know—"

"I'll do more than that," I roared, recovering my official aplomb. "I give Manuel a wedding present. I appoint him assistant foreman. By the great Horn Spoon!" I swore, "I'll do even better than I just said. I hereby name Manuel Ortega as foreman of Section B-24 to succeed me. And I also name Hosay Ortega assistant foreman. These are my wedding presents to the beauteous bride, the incomparable Panchita Sanchez—"

"But you," growled Honk. "What are you going to do—?"

"Why, I've accepted a position as brakeman, on the star passenger run to Red Rock. I go out to-morrow morning at 8 A.M. sharp."

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## RETIRES WITH SPOTLESS RECORD

HE spent fifty years with the Lackawanna Railroad as section hand, fireman and engineer; and now John R. Bilby is retiring with a record that shows he has never cost the railroad any property damage, nor been in a wreck.

Mr Bilby is sixty-eight now, six feet one inch tall, and still vigorous; but he has been through an illness recently and doctors will not permit him to run an engine. So the Lackawanna has relieved him from active service, and placed his name on the honor roll

All of these fifty years have been spent on the M. & E. Division, where he started as section hand under the late John Greek. In 1880 he became a brakeman, and moved to Newark, New Jersey, where he still lives. He was made a fireman in 1887; he says that he fired for twelve years and fourteen days. In 1899 he was promoted to an engineer. Last November he ran his last engine over the M. & E. There is not an engineer on the Lackawanna who was there when Mr. Bilby first came on. During his day he has worked under three presidents of the road, five superintendents, and five master mechanics. He was the first of five brothers to go on the road—all of them over six feet tall, and all railroad men. His period of service is continuous, and stands officially as forty-nine years and eight months. He said that he has no intention of buying an automobile. An engine has a track to go on

Then the Humor Struck Us and Cory Let Loose a Horse Laugh

# The Night Peddler

The Package of Woe Was a Routine Job Until the Night the Actor Came Out of the Shadow of the Yards

By John P. Johns

WHEN Mr. Shakespeare wrote Hamlet he never intended for anybody to get much of a laugh out of it. But as for me—well, there are two things in this life that 'll make me laugh right out loud on any occasion. Hamlet and the night peddler. Of course you all know what Hamlet is. In case you don't know about the peddler, however, it's a package of woe that works up and down this division, fifteen hours and fifty-nine minutes every night, and I once was the fireman on it. It picks up and sets off at every station from here to there.

Hamlet makes me think of the peddler; the peddler makes me think of Hamlet, and the link in the connection between the two is the actor who loomed up out of the shadows of the cars in Coalport Yards one evening to ride on his looks, to upset the usual functions of the peddler's run and leave his name written large and bold in the memories of six men on that motley crew.

Jeff Morey was yanking the throttle. A boomer shack was always on the sharp end. The one who stuck the longest was "Sunshine" Smith, and he was working under a flag. Jimmy Kane, the other brakeman, was a likable, unassuming bird who did his work and said little.

"Hotbox" Flynn was the "brains." He had a mania for hot-boxes. Every time the jigger stopped, Flynn was out with a long-necked oil can and a spade, poking at journals. Flynn could blow up—and how! What profanity! His hat would come off his head and he would jump on it. But in the few seconds that it took Flynn to blow up, so, too, in a few seconds, he would come back to earth. The flagman was "Cannon Ball" Cory. Cory never ran or moved with any degree of speed except on a cold night, or when it was raining, or if supper was on the table in the palace. Then he would run after the hack in preference to being dropped with the banner.

But on this one night, when the actor came into our lives, asking us to carry him to East City, Flynn forgot hot-boxes. Cannon Ball ran. Jimmy, the quiet brakeman, became loquacious and profane. The boomer told his right name, and even Jeff and I were affected.

Our regular engine, the 3037, was in for repairs. This night we were given the 3062 at Coalport. Neither Jeff nor I had ever seen the kettle before. I was inclined to question her steaming qualities, but Jeff cautioned me not to start an argument with the roundhouse gang. No fireman likes to have unknown power shoved over on him. I knew my rights. But Jeff did not like to argue. He was forever getting into arguments, and then, suddenly aware that he was in the midst of one, would raise his hand for silence, and that would be the end of it.

So as we walked to the stall in the roundhouse where rested the 3062, Jeff groaned about the base quality of some people who are forever arguing and grumbling.

"You've had things too easy in your life," he began on me. "You ain't contented with anything but the best. If you had a couple of hard knocks it 'd make a man of you. What you want is to wonder where your next meal is comin' from or where you're goin' to rest your head. Then you wouldn't always be raisin' dust over these trifles."

"What do you suggest I do; be a bum?" I demanded.

"Maybe if you did you'd learn a lot. Just look how a bum makes meekness a virtue. He accepts a few crumbs like it was a banquet."

"Yes, I know," I said. "It is that same meekness of nature which makes them the under dogs of the world If they stood up for their rights like me they'd be on top of the world."

"Is that so?" Jeff snapped. "Well, let me tell you something. I never knew a bum yet that wasn't a victim of circumstances. The next time we got a rider on this jigger, go back and learn something."

"I'm too busy puttin' in a fire, so you can knock it out of the stack, not to mention the way this punk power has tied me down." I tried to be sarcastic.

"Stop! You are drawing me into an argument," he bawled. "Come! Blow the mill hot so we can start business."

We backed onto the train. There were some cripples to throw out and a dozen hitches to make before we would be ready to try the air and travel.

I sprawled on my seat box, with my feet cocked on the injector, puffing my pipe. Suddenly I thought of the water can, because, talking so long, I had developed dry lips. There was no water can on the engine. If I wanted a drink I had to return to the roundhouse and fetch a can back.

"Yes," I Said, "I Am the Fireman from That Train"

II

As I walked through the yard to the house, the sun was setting in a blaze of colors. I paused in between two tracks to admire the sky, when some one tapped me on the shoulder.

"Are you the fireman off that freight?"

The speaker was a little man of better than middle age, and a bum if ever there was one. In a flash I sized him up from head to foot. His shoes were worn through. His hat was battered. The linen collar was frayed and filthy. His tie was nothing but a shoe lace. His threadbare coat was a long black thing, with a black satin collar, and his trousers, badly worn, clung to his shanks like leggings. He wore gloves, but the gloves had no fingers to them.

"Yes," I said, "I am the fireman."

The bum hesitated a moment, then timidly asked me if I would carry him to East City.

"Carry you to East City? What? Up in the engine?" I demanded.

"It is of no difference to me where I ride, but it is imperative that I reach East City as quickly as possible," he replied.

"Listen here," said I, "don't you know we fog all night getting to the city? Why don't you go over to the

station and either bum a ride on the varnished wagons or grab a blind? In three hours you'll be there."

"No, I am in no condition," he replied, "to present myself before the public. Observe my condition. I am down. I am a bum. I haven't a penny to my name. You see, I have pride. Were I to walk near a passenger station and ladies were to gaze upon me with that expression in their eyes, as when they see some hideous object, when all my life I have lived for their admiration—no, I can't go near the station."

"Listen, pop," I said. "It's not necessary to go on dress parade. Furthermore, grabbing a blind out of town's not exactly revealing yourself to the public."

"No, please. I understand that the advice you are giving you think to be the best, but I can't force myself to go near the station. I can only ride on freights."

"All right," I snapped. "The conductor is over there by the train. Hit him up for a ride in the crummy. We don't have much room on the engine."

He thanked me and walked toward the train while I continued to the roundhouse.

As was to be expected, there was another argument when I asked for the water can. I had to go to the engine dispatcher and get an order.

"Will you fellows ever learn to go out of here with an engine fully equipped?" grumbled the engine dispatcher. "If it ain't one thing it's another. If you made a squawk to the tool boy while the engine was still in the house, it wouldn't be necessary for me to spend half my life writing. How you could forget a water cooler is beyond me."

"Awright! Awright!" I replied. "The next time I'll go out of here with the water cooler and forget the engine. How's that, baby?"

The dispatcher shoved the order into my hand, and suggested that I be on my way.

By the time I returned to the engine I had forgotten my encounter with the bum. While I had been gone, the cripples had been thrown out and the hitches made, and the air line was being charged. I sat down and again placed my feet on the injector, while I related the difficult matter it was to wheedle a water cooler out of the general staff in the roundhouse. Jeff screwed up his face in disgust:

"How come you can't walk ten feet without gettin' into an argument? I don't know, maybe you like them. You can't tell me if a person wants to keep out of disputes he can't do it. Look at me. Do I argue? No. If I keep out of them, so can you."

"Listen! What the hell was I to do?" I snapped. "Could I help it? He wouldn't give me a water cooler until he sang his little song, and so I had to sing mine, too."

Jeff waved the argument aside. "In the first place, you had no right to forget the water cooler. You ain't no camel."

"Listen...do you remember...we were arguing about the engine? I forgot the water cooler..." I did not finish

"Stop!" Jeff yelled. "You are drawin' me into an argument, and you know I don't ever argue. Wonder what kind of a train we got to-night? Here's the head man now."

Sunshine Smith climbed into the cab.

"Fair and warmer to-night, boys; fair and warmer," greeted Sunshine. "With the start, the captain's disposi-

Sunshine Nodded. "Sure, He's Back There Riding the Crummy"

tion and the drag — fifteen fifty-nine again or I'm not yours truly." He placed his red lantern in the narrow space between the cab wall and the firebox on the left-hand side of the cab Sunshine stood in the center of the cab, his white lantern in the crook of his left arm. He rolled a cigarette.

"We have the 3062 to-night, eh?" Sunshine said. "Wonder when we'll get the 3037 back? I used to fire on the New York Central. The 3000 and 3100 type were a Pacific jack. Boy, and maybe them babies couldn't hit the high spots! Why, it was nothing for the brains to pull the air on us for wheeling 'em too fast.

"One night we come off West Albany hill with a manifest...Y.X. 4...ten hours behind the advertised. The 'bugs' at Rensselaer were all green. At the last tower in the yard limits the top arm was green as Ireland. The hoghead pulls out his watch, takes another peek at the Irish lined up for us to run the high iron, and says: 'Seven-six . . . Guess No. 50's gone. We got the speedway. I'll give the shacks a chance to knock down the retainers, then I'll roll her. Wha d'ye say, bo? Wanna see how Casey Jones ran a train?'

"I says to him 'O.K. with me, cap. I fired the Fast Mail on the Burlington, the Lark on the S. P., the Broadway on the Pennsy—'"

"Hey, Sunshine!" a voice from the ground shouted up through the gangway to break in on the boomer's story. Flynn, our conductor, was on the ground. Sunshine leaned out the side.

"Now, listen," said Flynn. "The head car's for Bennington, the next two for Hightown. The next for Stoyer. Then you got one behind one for Franklinville. We got none for Jamesburg, but if we get orders to pick up there, hold on to two head ones. We switch the train out at River Crossing. Listen, I'll be up at Jamesburg if you stop, anyway, but don't forget the other moves. Got no orders to pick up this side of River Crossing."

"Alright, I got you, kid," Sunshine replied.

"How many we got to-night, Frankie?" Jeff asked Flynn.

"The way I figgered the tonnage, we got nineteen eighty-two. Forty-nine wagons and the buggy. We'll try the air and get goin'."

He started back for the caboose. Sunshine placed himself up on top of the head car to pass the signals given from the rear. We were on our way.

Jeff spun the wheels around, and that loosened up my fire. I ran the hook through her and sprinkled on a shovel of coal. The wheels took the sand and we moved. Faster and shorter grew the exhausts.

III

It was not until we got to Stoyer that I again thought of the bum. I asked Sunshine, sitting on the seat in front of me, if the bum had approached Flynn for a ride. Sunshine nodded.

"Sure, he's back there—ridin' the crummy. Say, did you ever see a sadder lookin' 'bo in your life?

"You know, we were throwin' out the cripples, when he walked up to me and asked if I was the conductor. I asked him why, and he told me how necessary it was for him to get to East City. He said he was broke. Jimmy (the other brakeman, who seldom spoke), walked over to us. The bum repeated his story. Jimmy and I were touched. We pointed Flynn out, and told the bum to go ask him for the ride. You know how Flynn is when he's sore. Throwin' out the cripples had Flynn up in the air. When the bum asked Flynn, the brains looked at him and screamed:

"'What? Carry you to East City in the buggy? What the hell do I look like, Santa Claus or somethin'? Every bum this side of hell thinks my palace is a bum's rest. Go on. Be on your way.'

"'Very well, sir,' this guy said. 'I am sorry I displeased you so much by requesting the favor. I did not mean, sir, to imply that I desired to ride in your caboose. I understand the sanctity of your caboose. You are correct. To permit an old man like me to ride in it would be to violate something quite dear to you. No. I thought you might consent to permit me to ride in an empty freight car. Any place on the train that I might journey to East City without delay.' He looked at Flynn in that sad way. Flynn took off his hat and jumped on it. He jammed his fist into the face of the bum and thundered:

"'No; you don't ride with us. We got trouble enough as it is without packin' you along. You can't ride on a drawbar. Get that and get it straight. Now pull your freight. I ain't got time to waste!'

"The bum nodded his head," Sunshine explained, "and turned away. Flynn reached down and picked up his hat. He looked after the bum a second, then hollered. Jimmy and I was just beginnin' to think that Flynn was pretty hard-boiled and mean, because Flynn was never before hard on bums.

"When Flynn screamed again, the bum stopped. Flynn motioned him to come back. When he stood before Flynn, Flynn pointed to the rear of the train and told him to go on back to the caboose.

"So we have the bum with us now," Sunshine concluded. The cigarette he had been rolling was finished, so he stuck it in his mouth and asked me for a match. I was thinking of the bum. What Sunshine had said about the

bum having a sad look on his face was true. I noticed it as soon as my eyes rested on his face. The bum's face was one of deep tragedy. It was lined, careworn. The expression of one who has suffered deeply. Jeff interrupted my recollections by hollering for the blower. We were coming into Franklinville.

We went in the hole at Franklinville for No. 17 and a westbound manifest. After we left the car and coupled onto the train again, Sunshine walked up to the station to while away the time with the girl operator at the station.

Jeff and I climbed down from the engine and stretched ourselves prone on our backs on the ground to smoke. As usual Jeff was loquacious. I had told him about the bum. He was telling me what a terrible thing life was.

The appearance of Jimmy, the hind man shuffling up, interrupted us. His head was rocking. He acted as we had never seen him act before. Jeff asked him what was wrong.

"Good Lord!" he groaned, and would say no more.

"Hey! What the devil's eatin' you?" Jeff barked. "Can't you sit down? What's the idea of comin' up here sayin' 'My Lord!' Somebody bump you on the head?"

"I know," said Jimmy. "I guess I act like a loon, but I can't help it. I just heard the saddest story in all my life. I tell you to hear it would wring tears from a stone. It's that bum we got back in the caboose." He placed his lantern on the ground and leaned up against the side of the tank. Jeff and I exchanged glances. What Jeff had been speaking of — life, and the failures, raced through my mind. The failure—the bum.

"We got to do somethin' for that guy," said Jimmy, the silent. "It's terrible, I tell you. His daughter's dyin' of T. B. in East City. She ain't expected to live until morning. The bum got word in New Orleans. For a week he's been ridin', tryin' to beat time to get one last look at his daughter before she goes.

"The bum's an old actor. He is fifty-three, and all his life he's been behind the footlights, and workin' for fame and fortune, but never got either. He's always wanted to play Shakespeare, so he says, and he spent twenty years tryin' to play Hamlet, and as far as he ever got was to be an extra. His wife run away with an actor who played the hero in Way Down East. He never saw his wife again. She left him, along with their daughter, who was only five then.

"For years he battered along and managed to make enough to support the little girl and himself. Then things began to get bad. Finally the little girl took sick. At the same time he secured an engagement with a Shakespearean outfit that was going on tour. That was nine years ago. He brought his little girl to his cousin's home in East City and boarded her there while he hit the road. He worked hard and sent every penny home for her care.

"Each season he thought success would come his way, and that he would be able to rush to East City, his pockets stuffed with dough, his name on every tongue as the greatest actor in the country. He sure planned and prayed for that day.

"I tell you, it 'd drive you nuts to hear him tell how he fell down on his dreams of takin' that girl to the best specialists to get her cured. And now she's dyin' by the minutes. And that poor old guy is broke. He owes a year's board for her, and ain't got even a penny to bury her.

"I tell you it's sad. Flynn has tears in his eyes, and Cory is walkin' up and down the floor of the caboose, tryin' to think of some way to help the man. You can see that the poor bum was never meant for this life. Life must have beat him years ago."

Jimmy stared at us. He waited for Jeff and I to reply, but we couldn't. I had a lump in my throat, and Jeff threw away his cigar. He was coughing.

While we had been talking, No. 17 had gone by. Now we could hear the manifest approaching. Jeff got to his feet. He placed his hand on Jimmy's shoulder.

"Listen. We got to get that man into East City as soon as possible. There is no way of gettin' aboard a passenger train now. When we get to Jamesburg we'll see if we can't hire a car for him. If he sticks with us, you know the time we hit East City." Jimmy nodded. All I could think of was the girl Annie.

The manifest roared past. Sunshine came out of the station and flopped over the switch. Jeff and I climbed into the engine. Jimmy rode the engine steps up to the switch and then got off. I looked back and saw Sunshine and Jimmy swing onto the ninth or tenth car. They would ride the deck over to Jamesburg. When Jeff figured we had pulled out enough, he shut off, to enable Cory to get off the caboose and close the switch. A highball was given from the rear, so Jeff widened on her.

When Jeff blew for Jamesburg he had a great roll on the train. The bug was clear, so he decided to go on to River Crossing, and there find an automobile for the bum. We had no cars for Jamesburg, and no orders to pick up, so we highballed the town.

Riding the deck over to River Crossing, Jimmy had told Sunshine all about the bum. When we stopped to head in I jumped from the engine and got the switch. When we had stopped in the clear, Jimmy and Sunshine came walking up. From the jerky arcs that their lanterns made, one knew that they were walking a few steps, then stopping suddenly. When they reached the engine, Jeff and I were on the ground.

"You hear that story? Ain't it sad?" Sunshine asked us. We nodded. Sunshine continued: "Let me tell you fellows something. You got no idea what it is to buck the world, never knowin' where your next meal is comin' from, or where you're goin' to rest your head. I know what all that means. I know what it is to ask at a back door for a few crumbs and have a dog put on me. I been wet and cold and hungry, and hoped that God would strike me dead."

"I know; we all been that way," Jeff said. "I was raised a orphan, and every minute of my life, when I was young, was wonderin' how I could live through another day," Jeff added.

"Yes, I know," said Sunshine. "Jimmy here has had to face things since he was a kid. All of us had to. We understand, that is why we sympathize so with the old man, but there is somethin' that's passed your eyes. It's this. All this bum has suffered he brought on himself. He loved the stage. If he hadn't wanted to be Hamlet, and sacrifice everything else, he might of made a good plumber, or a carpenter. Who knows? All my life I wanted to compose music. Not popular music, but music like Liszt, Waggoner, Schubert. I've walked for weeks with a composition takin' form in my mind, and finished. I live from

one day to another workin' and hopin' that to-morrow I will be able to compose the music.

"I could have been a conductor on the Missouri Pacific years ago. A half dozen times I could have been runnin' an engine. Settled down, married. But I knew I wouldn't be contented. The music... Listen, my name's not Smith. It is Garret Mason Bennett. My old man was Leo Mason Bennett, the composer..." Sunshine paused. The pumps on the engine were throbbing. The pops were allowing steam to escape, whistling as it did. Jeff spoke:

"I know how it is. I was tellin' the kid about these things back there at Franklinville to-night."

"Never mind, Jeff. I don't want any sympathy. I only told you about myself to show you that I know and understand the plight of the old bum. I'll probably finish up in the same fashion. If the bum had his life to live over he would do the same thing again. He couldn't help but do it."

At that moment Flynn appeared.

"The cars left yet?" Flynn asked. Jimmy replied in the negative.

"Well, we'll leave 'em. I'm goin' up to the freight house and get the dope. The yard looks light to-night Jimmy, that's the two head ones for here..." Flynn's voice was soft. Gentleness personified. As he walked away I could not help but wonder at the change that had taken place. Normally he would be jumping on his hat because of us standing around idle. Jimmy went in to make the cut. Jeff turned to me and said:

"Listen, you run the engine. I'm goin' up the street and see if I can hire a car for the bum. It's ten o'clock now. Lord only knows when we'll get into East City with this outfit."

Flynn returned with the switch list and bills. Sunshine and he marked the cars. Our first move was to spot the freight house. Jimmy and I did that. Jeff returned. His quest was futile. He called us all around him and said that no automobile could be had. There was only one thing to be done—shake it up and get into East City as soon as possible. Flynn thought it over a moment, then said:

"All right. I can leave some of these moves go until next trip. We'll handle only the loads. If anything is said, we'll cook up some swell alibi. Let's go! Everybody on their pins."

## IV

And so we went to work. I got on the ground, pulled pins, flopped switches. It was no time until we highballed out of River Crossing. We had cars for Memmentown, Littleburg, Vickersville, Rutland, Kora Junction. Jeff laced the devil out of the engine. The exhaust sounded like a cannon going off. We were making passenger time.

Jeff dropped her into the corner more than once that night. The coal got out of reach, but Jimmy and Sunshine always kept the coal up against the gates for me. Sunshine had dropped back to the caboose. When he came ahead again he told Jeff and I that we simply had to land that old man in East City as soon as possible.

We had considerable switching to do at Kora Junction. Cory, the flagman, came up to give us a hand. It was wonderful to watch some of the moves that Cory made—slow, deliberate Cory. He was as agile as a monkey. We made flies, and every kind of fancy moves known. Cory was the fastest man I had ever seen. Once or twice we muffed, and the profanity

that Jimmy used was awful—Jimmy who never had a word to utter.

It was two o'clock when we pulled out of Kora Junction. There were some empties to pick up at Old Bridge. We'd leave them go, but we had cars to leave at Raven Rock, Maytown, had a chance to play Hamlet! You should see him act. It's wonderful."

"What the hell did you do, make him prove that he was an actor?" I demanded of Jimmy.

"No, he did it of his own free will. He was lying on the bunk. Cory was

He Said to Us "Gentlemen, with Your Kind Permission and Attention, I Will Enact My Role of Hamlet"

Stockton, Coldwater and Seneca Creek. There would be some switching at Lehigh Junction, then drops for Carman, Middletown. Then East City!

Away we went. Everything clicked like a 21-jewel special. At Seneca Creek Jimmy came ahead. He had been riding in the caboose.

"What a shame that old actor never

making supper. He had a head of cabbage on the table. The actor looked at the cabbage and took it in his hands.

"He said to us, 'Gentlemen, with your kind permission and attention I will enact my rôle of Hamlet.' And he rattled off the whole piece. It's wonderful. He had us spellbound. Why, he had the cabbage in his hand and was saying to it—the cabbage was sup-

posed to be a skull—well, he was saying to it, like this, 'Alas! Alas! Poor Yorick. I knew you when...' I tell you it was wonderful."

I was thinking of a novel I had read by Conrad in which a negro, boarding a tramp steamer in the Orient, became ill, and died at sea; but while he was dying, affected the crew of the ship in the same manner as the actor was affecting us. We no more resembled the crew that registered out at Coalport than day resembles night. I had a lump next to my heart.

At four o'clock we whistled for the yard limit board at East City. There and then was made the fastest trip the peddler ever made before or since.

No time was lost in cutting the engine off and going to the house. Jeff and I were washing in the bunk room when the train crew walked in with the actor. He was clean shaved. He was dressed in clothes that the crew had donated to him. That the clothes were much too large for him did not matter. He looked respectable.

Flynn took Jeff aside and whispered that we ought to take up a collection—a few dollars would certainly be a godsend to the old man. We did. In a few minutes we had thirty-seven dollars and fifty-five cents. Flynn handed it to the old man.

"Please, gentlemen, I cannot accept it," he mumbled. "You have already been so kind to me. I shall never be able to repay you. I cannot accept this. It would be imposing."

Flynn brushed the argument aside by stuffing the money in the old man's pockets. The old man had tears in his eyes.

"Now listen," Jeff said. "We are all going home with you. You may need us, and we want to be around. Do you understand?"

The actor stared up into Jeff's face for a few moments. At length he spoke

"No I cannot permit that. You gentlemen have already done too much for me. My mission is one of deep sorrow. That sight I cannot expect you men to experience. It would be inflicting upon you something that I should never forgive myself for allowing to transpire. No, gentleman, if we part here, we part with the knowledge that you have been kinder to me than words can express."

"We are goin' home with you," said Flynn. "You are too old to be alone. Why, we are strong men, and you'll need us. Why, why—we'll take you away with—get a job for you—take care of you. It's out of the question. It's our duty to go home with you."

"Your consideration, your kindness of heart, gentlemen, overwhelms me. I, the great Moffat, the actor, who could speak volumes, am now inarticulate. Your kindness overwhelms me." The old actor bowed his head.

Flynn and Jeff had their way. We would accompany the old man home to where his Annie lay dying.

As we walked up one street and down another, we all felt and acted as if we were walking to a funeral. Jeff and Flynn led the procession, with the actor walking between them. Cory and Jimmy were next, then Sunshine, by himself, and me behind Sunshine. We walked in a profound silence. Our heavy shoes clap-clapped. It was still dark, not yet five. We walked over a mile and a half. There was no other way to get to the house but walk.

Finally we came to a corner. Sunshine turned to me and whispered that this was the street. The house was No. 16. As we turned the corner I glanced up at one of the houses and

noted that we were passing No. 102. I kept count of the houses as we passed them. Ninety, eighty-four, seventy-six, and so on and so forth. I was working myself up. I was thinking how we would come to No. 16. The old man would stop before the entrance. Fear would grip him. Behind the closed door, up a flight of stairs and in a dingy room, his Annie would be lying, cold in death. Finally Flynn and Jeff and the actor stopped. We were before No. 16. The actor's face was as white as chalk. He stood on the first step and extended both hands to Jeff and Flynn.

"Gentlemen, we part," he said dramatically. "From my heart I thank you. Go! You have your lives before you. I am through. I know. My heart is gone. I will not recross that threshold alive, once I enter. I tell you, I know. My Annie is dead."

The actor swayed and closed his eyes. Cory ran up the steps and tried the door. It was unyielding. He rang It was one of those bells that you pull out and a bell tinkles. The actor turned and climbed the stairs. Now that I remember, horror, fear was written all over his face.

We had to wait. It seemed an eternity. Finally the door was swung open. A large, greasy looking woman, her thin hair done up in paper curlers, her large, coarse features bloated, her eyes still filled with sleep, stood revealed to us. She wore a soiled green kimono and badly worn red carpet slippers.

She took one look at the actor, then at us and slammed the door, but the actor had his foot inside. At the time we thought it was shame on her part—shame because we saw her in so intimate and disorderly a condition—that caused her to slam the door and flee. The actor swung open the door, stepped inside and turned to face us. He said not a word, but his eyes spoke. It was another "Thank you." He left the door ajar and disappeared up the stairs.

For five minutes we stood on the steps before the jarred door, in silence. Finally the conductor said:

"Come. We better go in. He may need us. That woman looks to me like one cruel mamma."

We nodded. One by one we filed in. The hall was that of a typical cheap boarding house. There was a stink—like sour stew and boiling coffee. It made me sick. What a place for a little girl to die!

Jeff led us up one flight of stairs. On the first landing we paused. All the doors were closed. Not a sound could be heard. I told myself the door of the girl's room would be open. Inside we would find the actor prostrated over the form of his dead Annie. Jeff looked at Flynn. Flynn nodded. Up another flight of stairs we climbed. Then—the open door. We heard gasps coming from within as one struggling for breath. Jeff quickly stepped into the room. Flynn followed him. They stood stock-still. And when we stepped in we stopped as if we suddenly had been turned to stone.

On the floor lay the actor, the big woman was kneeling on top of him, her large hands on his throat. Jeff rushed over and pushed her aside.

"What does this mean?" he demanded. "This man comes here to his dying daughter and we find you choking him."

The woman arose, stared at us, and then burst into laughter. I will never forget the cackling voice she had!

"You men are railroaders, aren't you?" she asked. We nodded. "So Jake has been playing his old rôle

again, hey? He gave you the story about his daughter, and everything?"

"I don't know what you are leading up to, madam, but this poor man—" and Flynn told her about the actor, his story and so on. The woman cackled again.

"Why, you crazy fools! He has no daughter. I am his poor, neglected wife. I run this boarding house. He won't work. He hasn't worked in twenty years. Every once in a while he writes something for the newspaper here. But do I get the money? I do not. He goes off on a drunk. He's gone for days at a time. This time he collected some of the boarders' rent and disappeared. He's been gone four weeks."

She paused to glare and get her breath. Then she hurried on:

"An actor? Him an actor? Why, he has never been on a stage in his life. He had a job once as janitor of the opera house here in town, but that was years ago. Hamlet? Him Hamlet? He's ham and eggs and a pain in the neck to me. So he told you the sad story, eh? How he fooled you is beyond me. I guess you people are plain dopes, that's all, but you are not the only ones. Every time he wants to return home he uses the same story, and it works, too. Once a rich man drove him home in a swell automobile, put a hundred-dollar bill in his hand. I got the hundred, thank God, before he had chance to turn around and be off again. Jake says he can't get along with me; that I argue so much; but I tell you I am a good, kind woman. I sacrificed my life for that loafer, and now look at me. Look at me!"

She ran her hands over her face. We stood speechless. She removed her hands and screamed at us.

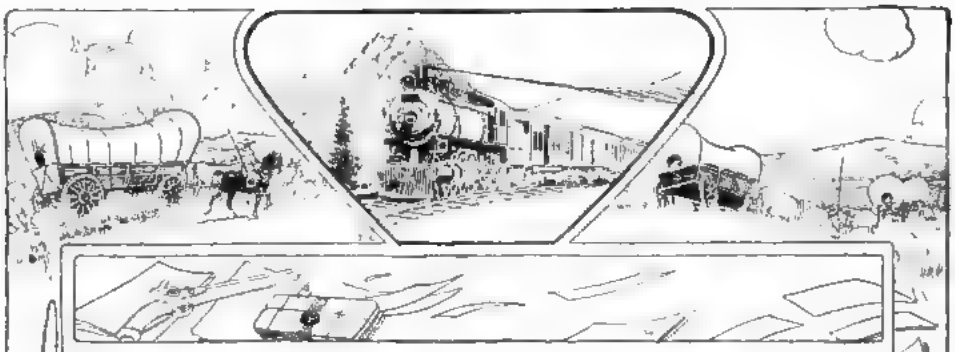
"Oh! You have no sympathy for me, either. You are like all men. Clear out of my house, or I sic the dog on you."

She came over and started shoving us out of the room. We walked downstairs and into the street as though we were in a dream.

On the street, we turned, and in single file walked and walked. None of us had a word to say. Dawn was breaking and the eastern sky was streaked. Finally Jeff stopped and leaned up against a picket fence.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" he groaned. "Imagine havin' to live like that actor and spend your whole life arguin' Think! He never has a moment's peace. Argue, argue! It would drive me nuts."

Then the humor struck us and Cory let loose a horse laugh.



# Pioneers on a Pullman!

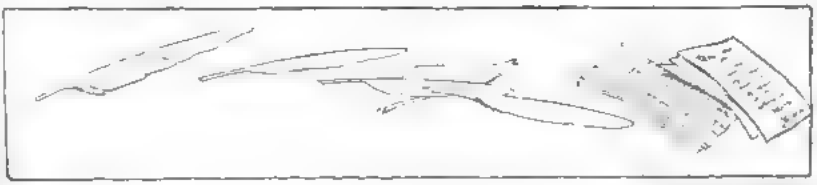
By James Edward Hungerford

WELL, Oldtimer, transit's changed some since we crossed this western land;
Ain't these railroad trains a wonder; don't these coaches beat the band?
Ain't these cushion seats jest Heaven, built fer weary bones to rest!
Gosh, ol' pardner, it's some diff'rent from the way we traveled west!

Recollect how our leaders strained beneath their heavy loads,
As we plowed across this country, down those long-forgotten roads?
Kind o' diff'rent, these here leaders, driven on by hissin' steam!
Makes us sort o' feel, ol' pardner, like we're livin' in a dream!

Can you realize we're ridin' through a land o' talkin' wires,
An' this speedin' monster's glidin' where we built our campin' fires?
Whew! There goes a town, Oldtimer—did you hear the whistle shriek?
Well, you must be hard o' hearin', an' your eyes are gittin' weak!

Now we're crossin' ol' Snake River, where we forded with our teams;
They have gone an' built steel bridges over all our mountain streams!
Them ol' days an' ways were hard, pard; golly! how these steel wheels hum!
Let's thank God we blazed the trail, pard, fer these railroad trains to come!



# The Boomers' Corner

WELL, fellows, guess we better turn up a few retainers. We have considerable tonnage behind us now as we drift down the hill into the springtime. In fact, spring is right here all up and around us. Ask any boomer. Right at this moment about ten thousand pairs of feet are going through the annual itch, and a good majority of this number is now or shortly will be on the move. There is nothing quite so alluring in the springtime as the sight of the goat shoving 'em lazily over a hump while the cinders crunch beneath your heels and the smoke fragrance assails your nostrils. That's just when you want to be where you are not, and although the question has been asked many times through many years, no one can tell us why.

The boomer correspondence is getting heavier all the time. We are hearing continually from brothers who now are scattered to the four winds of the world. For instance, this comes from Chi:

### From an Op

Chicago, Ill

DEAR BOOMER:

Shove over; have those shacks, snakes and tallowpots clear out a few of those brake clubs, glims and dope buckets. Who the Sam Hill left that bunch of greasy waste on that bench, anyway? An old-time telegrapher wants to sit down.

Sorry to burst in on you fellows with a white shirt on and a stiff collar, but the facts are that I would feel a lot more comfortable with a thousand-miler and an old four-bit cap. Times have changed quite a lot for me as well as for the rest of you in the past twenty-five years, and a lot of water has passed over the dam and a good many pounds of steam has escaped through the whistle. I am here to tell you the old memories, the old faces, the old familiar places still pass in review.

With twenty-four roads hanging to my belt, every State west of the Mississippi, and a lot of them east, too, three different countries with railroads putting in a lot of telephones to do their dispatching over, with commercial companies and the press associations installing printers—well, I just naturally turned to the brokerage game and now I play around with Wall Street and the bulls and bears. That is not a bad game for downright excitement, but somehow they can't furnish the kick I used to get from a box car batch job out in the sagebrush where the rear shack threw off magazines as the crummy went by, way out where men were men and women were glad of it.

Would like to hear from some of the boys I used to know and play around with just anywhere. The old B. M. R. (Burlington and Missouri River, in case you have forgotten), the Soo Line, Oregon Short Line, and Rock Island. I would be glad to hear from Mike Crawford, last heard of at Bee Creek Junction for the Santa Fe. And how about a card from old Lon Hamilton, the runningest hog-head out of St. Joe?

The time and space are both too limited to call the roll of those I would like to hear from. I will appreciate it if any of the old-timers do drop me a line.

Right now, as I have often felt, it seems that old Cy Warman was writing for me expressly when he wrote—

### The Local

How I love to watch the local
  As she winds around the hill,
In the sunrise of the morning
  When the autumn air is still
And the smoke like loosened tresses
  Floats along above her back,
And you listen to the choo-ka,
  Choo-ka, choo-ka of the stack.

How the man who ride those mountains,
  Whose fiery steed of steel
Drinks of nature flowing fountains,
  Must inevitably feel;
Some divine, or mystic painter,
  Spreads the scenes along the track,
As he listens to the choo-ka,
  Choo-ka, choo-ka of the stack.

In the dreary hour of midnight
  While the pilot plows the gloom,
And from the hills wild roses
  Send forth their sweet perfume,

While the weary, wary watchman
Whose lamp lights up the track,
As a hundred hills give back
The choo-ka, choo-ka of the stack.

Ah, how I miss the music
Of the whistle and the bell,
The breathing of the air pump
More than any one can tell;
Pleasant railroad recollections
Seem to try to call me back,
When I listen to the choo-ka,
Choo-ka, choo-ka of a stack.

Anyway, boys, that's the way I feel, so drop a card. You'll find the name carved in the baggage room on the door, and the present address is below.

30 and 73's

"BOOMER" BIVIN
P. O. Box 1068, Chicago, Ill

* * *

## From an O. R. C.

And now from sunny California another brother makes himself heard:

DEAR BOOMER

I don't think I have missed reading a copy of the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE since it first was printed, and I sure did miss it when it stopped some years ago, but I got the first one published when you started it again. I think I have been a boomer rail in my days. My first experience in the railroad game was in the telegraph department for the old Union Pacific, Denver and Gulf Railroad. I have been in the telegraph department of the following railroads:

The U. P. D. G., C. M., C and S., C. R. I. P., M. T., A. T. S. F., F. W. D. C., F. C. C., U. P., C. S. C. C. D. Some of these I have worked for for two and three times.

I turned to brakeman on the Florence and Cripple Creek Railroad and have worked as brakeman, switchman or conductor on the following roads: The F. C. C., D. R. G., A. T. S. F., C. R. I. P., C. S. C. C. D., G. N., N. P., S. P., S. S. P., C. S. St. L. S. W., K. C. S., C. M., I. G. N., I. C., B. O., C. B. Q., C. G. W., H. T. C., N. Y. N. H. H., U. P., R. G. W., in the United States. Also the C. P., C. N., G. T. P., in Canada; M. C., R. G. S. M. in Mexico, and on the old Turkey Trail from Nome to Soloman in Alaska.

I started when we used link and pin and before the automatic air brake. I have service letters from seventeen railroads and the reason I have not got from all I have worked for was that I was not there long enough. Some places I was not there longer than one day, some two days and some longer. Where I am now, I have been for seventeen years, so all this booming was done in fifteen years' time, from 1897 to 1914. I was never fired on any road and have only been laid off four times on account of cutting the board. I have the dates and letters for proof which I would gladly send you if you should desire. There are lots of old-timers in the O. R. T., B. R. T., S. U. N. A., and O. R. C., that remember me, and I would like to hear from some of them.

F. R. BLANCHARD,
3115 San Jose Avenue, Alameda, Cal.

* * *

## How About It, Ty?

This is one on Charles W. Tyler, author of "God of High Iron," in the March RAILROAD MAN'S. It so happens that Ty used to fire on the B. & M. Glad to hear from you, Danny, and hope you get to New York.

DEAR BOOMER

I once used to read your publication, the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, with quite a good deal of interest. That was back in the good old days, pre-Volstead, when I was a young hoghead on the Boston and Maine. To-night in reading of *Danny O'Neil* I wondered where the author, Chas. W. Tyler, got hold of my name and my past history up in the New England States. If I did not know that lost men are usually forgotten once away from home haunts, I'd be tempted to think that perhaps some one had given out some ideas on my past.

I went in pretty much the same downward drop as *Danny O'Neil* of fiction did, but instead of the glory end, I'm still battling through and am intending, with the passing of a few months' time, to land back in New York and eventually back where the New North Union Station now stands on Commercial or Causeway Streets, opposite the end of Canal Street in dear old Boston.

I stopped there for a couple of hours after returning from the war in 1919, but not long because I had a fair chance of making the extra board on the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie, or Soo Line if you wish, and Boston is my home and my dad, mother and brother are still living there, though their name is not O'Neil.

When given a bit of thought it seems almost sinister that the past can be so poignantly brought out in a story which is written as pure fiction. I never remember reading anything by Tyler and being that he has put me in his story I'd certainly be pleased to get a line from him if I might obtain his address from you. I'm a married man now and I've quit the stuff that got me blackballed off the B. & M., B. & A., N. Y., N. H. & H., I. C., N. Y. C., Maine Central, Soo Line, Santa Fe and other good roads, but as sure as clockwork my feet get itchy with the coming of St. Patrick's Day or the month of March, and as I'm back in good physical health again, minus a few small scratches from the fight to save the Democrats, I'm intending to head back for old and now unfamiliar stamping grounds.

As I said at the beginning, I have not seen

your book in print for almost ten years, and the other day I was surprised to waltz into a section shack and pick up a copy with my namesake the hero of your novelette. I'm still in the game and in place of booze have taken to books and at a weight of one hundred and eighty-eight pounds, five feet eleven inches, I feel like the rest of the Irish, in fighting trim. The wife don't know anything of my past and I hope she never will, but she knows some from rumor that I battled them through the green in New England a few years ago.

You can tell Charles W. Tyler for me that he has made another permanent advocate of the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE when he wrote of *Danny O'Neil*, never thinking perhaps that one letter of thanks would come from

An Ex-New England Boomer,
DANNY O'NEIL.

* * *

## He Knew the Long Road

Patty McDevitt is another brother of the roving horde who would like to make his whereabouts known and at the same time hear from some of the boomers with whom he has trailed. Says Patty:

DEAR BOOMER:

I've got a fountain pen, so has the wife. She's gone to bed with the kids so try and find one.

First—"God of High Iron" was a thriller and would like to meet Mr Tyler. The old story reads like the old RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE used to read— One mistake, old rail, why not make it red like it used to be? I've missed two issues. The druggist told me the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE was out. I only got the March number and you've been out since December. Make it look like the old one and we'll all know it.

What a kick out of the boomer squawks, but say, boy, I can relate some real ones; original boomer tales. I'm not railroading now to my sorrow, but between boomering and beating roads, I have a record few can beat. To make this short, I worked switching in South Omaha, decided to go to Denver, sent twenty-five dollars to myself in Denver, left Omaha at three fifteen on the Rocky Mountain Limited. Arrived seven twenty-five next A.M. This is one of them. Between Denver and Reno I loafed, just played along, and made it in four days. Worked at Sparks division point as "a snake" and finally drifted up into Washington. I'd been here before, worked out of Spokane to Pasco, moved over to Delta, Washington, and took the first oil burner out of there to Portland, Oregon, where they were building an electric line from Portland to Eugene.

Say, boy, we made some railroad marks. "Boomers" were all boomers. The best old heads that ever threw a switch. If I had the time I'd tell you of some real interesting railroad tales, all true. The wife is calling and so are the kids. Regards.

PAT J. MCDEVITT,
412 N. 45, Seattle, Wash.

* * *

## Pals, Where Are You?

It was with regret that the conductor of this department had to pass the word on to Lefty that one of the boys about whom he asked had passed over the Great Divide. "Pock Mark" is no longer in this vale of tears. We cannot say about some of the others. Lefty knows how to pound a typewriter now and is making his way in perhaps greener fields. Says Lefty:

DEAR BOOMER:

I sure was tickled to see the old magazine on the news-stands again and can hardly wait until the first of every month to get my copy. Seemed just like meeting an old friend; as I do not believe that I missed a copy of the old magazine from the time I was able to read until it was discontinued during the war.

There certainly is a fascination about railroading that gets you, for even though I have been away from the game a few years, I still get a kick out of watching a hog bat her way up the hill with a drag, and once in a while my foot gets itchy for the feel of a footboard.

I sure hope this letter comes to the attention of some of the old gang and that they will drop me a line, especially Barney Tierney, Pock Mark Jeffries, Count Reid, Happy Hoisrath and others that I have worked with in various spots.

Wonder how many of your readers will remember Bob Whalen at Butte, the best-hearted yardmaster I ever worked with; Harry Clancy on the I. C. at Dubuque, Pippin at Oelwein (C. G. W.), Dixon at Great Falls (G. N.) and also Rasey at Soldier Summit on what was once the "longest rip track in the world."

And I also wonder if any of the gang that served with Joe McGee's Army in the A. E. F. ever read the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. If they do, and can write a story, ask them to tell the story of the carload of wine that disappeared out of "A" yard early in 1919.

I started my railroading career on the C. & N. W. then in succession went to the Soo, G. N., N. P., C. G. W., C. B. Q., S. P., D & R. G., "The Pedro," the P. L. M. in France, the N. P. again, back to the Soo, then the Katy, the M. O. & G. at Muskogee and possibly a few that I have forgotten.

Anyway, my railroad career is behind me and I am glad that I saw the writing on the wall and realized that the day of the boomer was drawing to a close and had brains enough to get away from it.

Guess I had better pull the pin on this old machine and give some other worthy brother a chance to have his little say, but I am going to have to sign this epistle with three different names, so that the old gang will remember me Lots of good luck

ROY (LEFTY) GASING,
H F. REID,
THE SINGING KID,
303 East Lake St., Minneapolis, Minn

* * *

### Pete's on the Stony Island

Remember Pete Ingle, any of you fellows? Well, Pete has come to life out in Jansen, Nebraska, pounding brass for the Rock Island. He has just written a line to let us know that he is still alive and to make a few remarks on what he thinks of a national Boomers' organization:

DEAR BOOMER.

Congratulations very much on putting out the best magazine ever published. Ran onto Volume I, No 1 of this mag last December, and intend to keep the numbers consecutively. No doubt this magazine was annulled before I became a full-fledged railroader, and sincerely trust it will have an unbroken record of being "OT"

Began my career as a telegrapher thirteen years ago with Frisco Lines, since working for W. U., Postal, MoP, finally landing here with Rock Island. Me pap has been a telegrapher agent for almost forty years; naturally I grew up in a telegraph office picking up and getting next to the game. Like it very much, but the telegraph game is practically a thing of the past with the boomer.

I think your stories are great, as well as the features, etc. Would like to see something of the Twentieth Century, similar to "Highballing the Broadway Limited." Best of all, though, is the Boomers' Corner; enjoy very much the past experiences of the older heads. Am heartily in favor of an order of some kind for the boomer. The insignia you've doped out would make a desirable emblem, too. Consider me a charter member. Now some of you fellows who possess the gray matter get busy and draw up a constitution. Telegraph operators aren't supposed to be very smart, you know.

Would like to know the whereabouts of one J Ralph Young; worked with in 1923 in Frisco Last heard of with U P., Las Vegas Nevada Jar loose, Ralph; let's hear from you

H. C (PETE) INGLE,
Care of Rock Island Lines, Jansen, Neb.

* * *

### Missouri Kid

The Mo. Kid desires to make his presence known in Joplin. He, too, has a comment to make about the organization.

DEAR BOOMER.

Welcome, says I, picking up the first edition of our new magazine at the news-stand in St. Louis, Union Station, and you can understand how I feel; just like meeting an old pal back from the dead

Please accept this as my bid for a card and emblem in the Boomers' Association, and hereby give you a clearance and a clear rail, so pat her on the back and let us see how long it takes you to get this red ball through the press.

I have just returned from Central and South America. I got tired out from toting a lamp in one hand and a gat in the other, although I believe it is the coming country. I have flirted with box cars ever since 1908, but never worked east of East St. Louis, Ill, on the Altoona & Southern. Was broken in on the MoP at Jeff City, Mo., homeguarded on the Rock Island out of Pratt under "I Hook and I," Irwin. Then the D. & R. G., Santa Fe, S. P., Frisco; back to the MoP, then made for the cane crop several times Now I am in the back shops for good, I guess, with a bum lamp account of shell bursting in gun and splinter of same hitting me in the eye during a little argument near the United States some time ago

Would like to know where my buddy Hugh Carey is, if you will be so kind to ask the gang. My address is permanent, but I live where my hat is; figure on Corpus-Christi, Texas, as my next terminal. Let me hear from you and don't forget the emblem card

"THE MO. KID"—E. OSBORN,
R. F. D. No. 1, Box 795, Joplin, Mo

* * *

### Missing Men

A reader who signs himself "An Ex-Rail" from Spokane, Washington, expresses the desire to hear from his old friend Jesse Eugene Allen. This writer also mentions having known Jack Gilligan at Rawlins, a few years back, and also Slim Cullen. He says that the last time he saw Slim, Slim gave him a dollar to eat on, so if any of you know where Jesse Allen is, write to this department.

A. Thackery, who gives his address as the Railroad Y. M. C. A., St. Louis, Missouri, inquires for the whereabouts of Brooks Massie, formerly of Norfolk, New York. Speak up, Brooks, and drop Thackery a line.

# On the Spot

IF you look over this issue carefully, read it page for page, you can understand why we feel like throwing out the editorial chest and strutting a little. One look at the mail that comes across our desk and you could understand the reason for our pride. Justifiable? Why, we'll tell the flat-wheeled world!

We're rolling 'em along to you better and better with each succeeding issue. That's what the readers say, and the way you fellows out there are taking to our efforts is something to talk about.

You'll all be glad to hear, for instance, what an ex brakeman from the Jim Hill pike, and now a regular doctor, has to say. He inclosed with his letter a newspaper photograph which depicted a freak wreck on an eastern main line. Two cars were reared up end to end at right angles and the trucks were still on the rails. Here's his letter:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

This photograph shows once more that truth is stranger than fiction. Any ex-rail with a good literary trend, as many of your authors show, could make a good story out of this. Perhaps some time you will have a department in your excellent magazine entitled "Oddities," or something like that, devoted to such freaks of railroading.

When it comes to oddities—here's one. We used to have a conductor who was—well, when we didn't feel like using a stronger word we called him "Funny." We had good reasons. He was a stickler for rules. One day he found that we had a car of baking powder within two or three cars of the jack; none of the switchmen being around, he took it out on me, his brakeman. Darned if I didn't have to set that baking powder car eight cars behind the choo-choo simply because the book of rules said "powder cars" had to be at least eight cars behind the engine.

Try and tie to that one. You have a wonderful magazine, and on the whole the people who are writing for you not only know their stuff, but how to tell it. By all means keep that fellow Griff Crawford on your staff; his article "Porky Goes Up" is immense. The references he makes show that he has a wonderful background of history. E. S. Dellinger is getting out some good stuff, too; keep your eye on him and don't let him pull the pin on you.

F. A. W.,
El Paso, Texas.

* * *

### Cleaning Up

Here's another little yarn that might be called an oddity—or just the natural result of trying to get up steam on a tank of dirty slack:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

C. W. Tyler used to fire on the Fitchburg division of the Boston and Maine. At that

time we were burning real estate for fuel After being out until nearly outlawed they hauled into a town, and the engineer said to the brakeman: "Let's go eat while the fireboy cleans the fire."

Tyler thought it over and decided he wouldn't clean that fire; so instead he fed the 2702 all the hooks, bars, shovels—except the one he used—and then shoveled in three or four tons of "green" into the firebox until the fire was dead, and then threw on another shovelful for good luck

Then he got off the engine and went for a feed. He kept on going and never came back. It took a bunch of fire cleaners four days to dig the mess out of that engine. At least that's what they say.

What do you think of the idea of printing a real photograph of each of the twenty fastest trains, one each month as a color page, suitable to frame?

I used to read the old RAILROAD MAN'S, and it was sure good news when the new one came along. Is it going strong?

H L. C.,
Biddeford, Me

* * *

### Women Enthusiasts

We are glad to be able to tell H. L. C. that the new RAILROAD MAN'S is going so well that a lot of publishers are surprised. One of the unexpected things about it is the number of women railroad enthusiasts. One says to us:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I have just finished "Blood and Steam"—could barely wait for the end of it. Also "God of High Iron," and the one about the man with the horses. I have been in all the places mentioned in both stories of the East; and the other serial was good, too.

Could you print "The Wreck of Old 97?"

I am an engineer's wife and know the thrills of railroading as well as the hardships, but I would not change for anything else. Railroad men are good and true; their home and family are always their first thoughts. They are always ready to help a brother out of trouble; and when they leave home it is always with a kiss, because they know they may never come back

ENGINEER'S WIFE FOR FOURTEEN YEARS,
New London, Conn.

We intend to print "The Wreck of Old 97" before long, if we can get permission. At present the ownership of this poem seems to be in dispute. And now we find a letter from a woman who calls herself an Oil Drop from the Southern Pacific and the Pere Marquette:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

One day last month, while walking through our Southern Pacific station in San Francisco, I passed the news-stand; and what I saw there set my driver-brakes as suddenly as if the red semaphore paddle had been set against me. With a joyful scream of welcome I grabbed the first number of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE and hugged it like a long-lost relative. Even the large passenger mogul on the cover, with all her green signals to indicate following sections did not frighten me, with all the head-on speed she was showing

I could not accomplish anything in the line of work for the rest of the day Congratulations and all good wishes; we hope you will succeed in bringing back our favorite, with full seniority rights, including all the old-time features. I hope you will bring back Charles Wesley Sanders, and C. W. Tyler; then add onto these Walter Gardner Seaver with his "Tales Told in a Roundhouse" And please bring back the Poet's Corner, with Lydia M. D. O'Neil's "How Cupid Mixed the Morse" That was so cute. And also "Snatches from the Mail Crane," "The Sunny Side of the Track," and "The Editorial Carpet." Red block! I will take the siding now, and let some one else with superior rights have the main line until further orders

(MISS) S. J. E. P.,
Oakland, Cal

* * *

An Englishwoman says she doesn't believe the "hush-hush" engine will break any records:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I should like to write a note of appreciation for your "On the Spot" section. A friend of mine in Boston sent me your first number in December, and I have found it very good I like the serial by Don Waters and think that *June Eagle* is a fine character, very little below *Joe Allen* in my estimation. I was unfortunate enough to miss the January number, but I was most interested in the article on automatic train control in the February issue

I have lived all my life in hearing of the railway and for the past seven years I have been within seventy yards of the Great Western main line from London to Bristol and the west of England

It is a joke among my friends when I say that while on holiday the quietness keeps me awake. It is a fact, for many important trains to and from London pass by at night shrieking a warning to the shunters in the East Depot, less than five minutes' walk away. There is always a din at night from the depot, for an electric hooter controlled from the signal box gives weird wails that tell the engine drivers on the shunting engines work-

ing on the hump-siding what is expected of them. There is the answering whistle and the clank and thud of the trucks bumping together. Yet I should hate to leave this district, for the railway has fascinated me since a tiny child.

Nearly two years ago I went over the Great Western works at Swindon, and had the privilege of boarding "King Charles," sister locomotive to the famous "King George V" which took part in the centenary celebrations of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The King Charles was due out on its maiden run the next day. I also saw another of the King Charles class—the "Edward VII" come in, having completed a run of seventy-five miles in seventy-two minutes. And, of course, I saw the famous George V itself

I don't believe that the new L. & N. E. R engine, giant though she is, or the L. M. S. locomotive "Fury" will beat these Kings, although they have not been tried out at their full speed yet.

I hope you will have more novelettes like "I Remember When." Good luck

(Miss) M. H. B.,
Bristol, England

* * *

### What Is the Fastest Schedule?

One reader says that according to its latest time-tables the Pennsylvania Atlantic City trains no longer have one of the fastest schedules. Probably the highest speed now belongs to an English train:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

Glad to see RAILROAD MAN'S back again, and I believe the new numbers abate nothing in interest compared with those of ten years ago

From going over some recently issued time-tables, I believe the Pennsylvania Atlantic City flyers have lost their high standing among the fastest runs. The English Cheltenham Express of the Great Western Railway is scheduled 77 miles in 70 minutes from Swindon to Paddington Station, London—66 miles an hour

The eastbound Wolverine on the Michigan Central has a very fast schedule from Windsor to St. Thomas; 109 59 miles in 107 minutes, or 61 44 miles an hour. This is probably the fastest-scheduled train in North America. And also, the Wolverine is one of the fastest long distance trains in America, as well.

The Pennsylvania Fast Mail, from Englewood to Ft. Wayne, 141 miles in 143 minutes, a speed of 59.8 miles an hour, is surely a close second to the Michigan Central.

Except the Wolverine, there are no trains in North America scheduled 60 miles an hour At least that is my observation. If any readers can quote other instances it would be very interesting to hear them.

P. F L.,
Fostoria, Ohio.

### From a Grateful Brother in Canada

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I started railroading as many others do, as a call boy, then a clerk, from there to the locomotive shops, spending about four and a half years in all. Then came the answer to the dream I am now firing, and there is sure a "Lure of the Rails." I guess many more beside me have found that out.

I must congratulate whoever is responsible for bringing this wonderful magazine back into existence, for it is nice to have one that brings us all together. I have heard a great many old timers' "I Remember When." Some say it's the return of a long lost boomer. Well, all that I can say is that I was lucky to receive a copy of the first month of its return, and must say it is a wonderful magazine, covering practically all positions of railroading from caller to president. I am here to wish you and yours every success and hope it will reestablish a lot of old friends.

P. A. K.,
Toronto, Ontario, Can.

### He Can't Wait

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

Am sending you my votes from the first three issues of the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. You will note I am in favor of features and short stories, but I do like one serial at a time with a new one starting up at the conclusion of the other one.

I was surprised when I read in the November B. & O. Employees Magazine that the RAILROAD MAN'S was coming back on a regular run on December 1, and I could not wait until they came out on the news-stands I just went to the news company manager and got his sample copy. I had it read clear through before they appeared on the news-stands. I used to be a regular reader of the old RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE and will always be a reader of the new one. Please don't stop publishing it again. Wishing you and RAILROAD MAN'S the best of success

W. J B G.,
Wheeling, W. Va.

### Favorite Stories

We hope you all feel like these brothers about them:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

Boy, but you've got some magazine out! Ever since I was knee high to a grasshopper, I was interested in locomotives and railroads in general and in the men who ran them. So now, when I saw in an edition of *Detective Fiction Weekly* that we were going to have a RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, I dug up two-bits and ran to the store and got my copy.

That serial "Blood and Steam" was a wow, and also the "Lure of the Rails," but I am

very glad to see that in this month's issue we have a novelette, "I Remember When." It is the cat's meow. Give us some more of Victor Maxwell's novelettes. That fireman, Kessler, who wrote the poem, "The Rapper," is good. I wonder what Edgar A. Poe would say if he should see what had happened to his "Raven"?

There is a poem I would like very much to have you publish, if you can find it anywhere. It is "The Wreck of the 97."

J. McC.,
Brooklyn, N. Y

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

Just a little note of thanks for the wonderful stories in the first three numbers of the magazine. I think they are just what the railroad men like to read, and I am sincerely hoping you will continue with stories by Victor Maxwell, E. S. Dellinger and Don Waters. The serial "Blood and Steam" is one of the best stories I have read in many years and am waiting for the final part appearing in the March issue.

I am a member of the B. of L. F. & E., Lodge 196, Douglas Park, Chicago, Ill., and a fireman on the Burlington.

B. S.,
Downers' Grove, Ill

## Poets' Corner

Readers of the earlier RAILROAD MAN'S have been asking us to reprint poems they liked. At the request of G. W. B. in Milwaukee we're going to start off with this whiskered grandpa among railroad songs:

### The Dying Hobo

I

Beside a Western water-tank—
One cold November day—
Inside an empty box car,
A dying hobo lay
His pardner stood beside him,
With low and drooping head,
Listening to the last words
The dying hobo said

Chorus

"I'm going to a better land!
Where everything is bright,
Where handouts grow on bushes,
And you can sleep out every night
Where you do not have to work at all,
Or even change your socks,
And little streams of whisky
Come trickling down the rocks."

II

"Tell my sweetheart back in Denver
That her face no more I'll view,
Tell her that I've jumped the fast freight,
And that I'm going through;
Tell her not to weep for me—
No tears her eyes must lurk—
For I am going to a land
Where I'll not have to work."

(Repeat chorus)

III

"Hark! I hear her whistling!
I must catch her on the fly!
Farewell, pardner, I must leave you—
It ain't so hard to die."
The hobo stopped. His head fell back,
He'd sung his last refrain;
His pardner swiped his hat and shoes,
And jumped the eastbound train

(Repeat chorus)

And now we have another old favorite from the same source, in a different vein. From Portland, Oregon, comes a request by B. E. E. for this one:

### The Switch-Tender

A little red shack built close to the track,
With a window in either end;
A little red door and ten feet of floor,
And plenty of switches to tend
A little old man with only one hand,
And a little old pipe made of clay,
And a little old smile from old Erin's isle—
He's a happy old fellow all day

In that little shack built close to the track,
There are memories of bygone years;
When youth and its prime was all summertime,
Now gone amid sorrow and tears.
When this little man with only one hand,
In the days of the old link and pin,
While coupling up cars was caught in the bars
And the iron hand of fate "turned him in"

In that little shack turn life's pages back,
When youth to success looked ahead,
Since those balmy days the future's bright rays
Have changed like the hair on his head
As he sits there to-night in the glare of the light
That shines through the little stove-door,
You can easily trace, by the lines on his face
The sadness and gladness of yore.

When you come along and the switches are wrong,
And the lights all around you are red,
Don't curse and abuse, and shout and misuse,
Have respect for that weary gray head.
For that little man with only one hand
May soon pass away from your view;
And the iron hand of fate may not hesitate
To make a switch-tender of you

—*C. J. Byrne.*

* * *

A reader from Hamilton, Ontario, whom we will call F. C. C., tells of the O. L. C. who got home tired one night and dashed off a bit of poetry in reply to the super, which makes up whatever it may lack in sentiment by just plain woe:

### That Is All

In reply to yours of recent date,
This is what I wish to state,
It gives my reason for being late:
On my last trip on X98.
We were rolling along right on time,
Nothing due before Number 9,
When we dropped an air-brake beam.
Then our engine wouldn't steam;
Had to double over the hill,
Ten miles an hour on shaky fill.
We found we had to get some coal—
Too many to go in the hole.
Backed over on the other track
Where we had a hot one to pack.
Then our engine split the switch;
That's what put us in the ditch.
Waited nine hours for the auxiliary;
That is all. Yours sincerely.

* * *

In this poem the writer has tried to catch some of the mighty spirit of the railroad, and we believe you will agree that he has:

### Song of the Railroads

While every age is crowned with rime,
  And song is ever young,
The bravest birth of later time
  Must not remain unsung.
A poet shall be born to us
  For living men to hail,
Dismounted from old Pegasus
  To ride the fiery rail!

When speed and joy go hand in hand
  And loves are side by side,
We are the sunbeams of the land,
  On which the engines glide;
The husband to his anxious wife,
  The friend to friendly care,
The lover to his life of love
  On burning wings we bear.

With precious freight of hopes and fears
  We sweep the fields of space,
With power to dry the deepest tears
  Or dim the brightest face.
A few short words writ over night,
  A thousand miles are borne
And scatter sorrow or delight
  Far on the morrow morn.

Our cry is onward, onward yet—
  Hard pace and little pause;
We will not let the world forget
  Her nature's motive laws.
Like her we listen day by day,
  Nor rest at any goal;
The sun himself has move, they say,
  Since planets round him roll!

And if, when like a net we lie
  O'er many a distant soil,
And glad the traveler's mind and eye
  Without a traveler's toil,
From mutual virtues understood
  All scorn and hate shall flee,
What instruments of God and good
  Are mightier than we?

—*Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton).*

* * *

### The Coupon

Whenever a reader fills in the coupon below and tells us exactly what he thinks of the stories—fact or fiction—in RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, we are just that much nearer to giving our readers whatever you like best. The authors are obliging—there is usually somebody to turn out whatever kind of material hits the target. Only we have to know which ones do hit. Another great inducement to filling out this coupon—when you send us coupons from three issues in a row, we will mail you one of the original pen-drawings from which the pictures in the magazine are made. Tell us which drawing you like; if some one else has already asked for it we will try to find another along the same lines. Now for the coupon—

**"HERE'S MY VOTE"**

*Editor,*
RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE,
280 Broadway, N. Y. C., N. Y.

The stories I like best in this issue of the magazine are as follows:

1 .....

2 .....

3 .....

4 .....

5 .....

6 .....

*Name* .....

*Occupation* .....

*Street* .....

*City* ..... *State* .....

[51]

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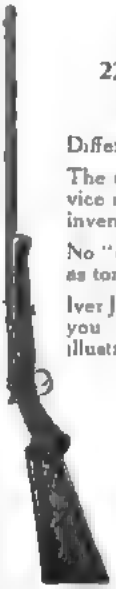

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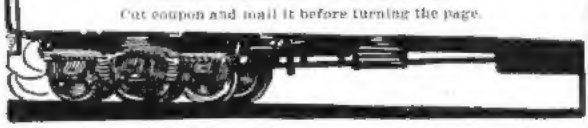

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BC

# "Why Frank–how disgusting!"

IF you, or any member of your family have the slightest evidence of dandruff, we urge you to try this treatment, which has benefited thousands:—

Simply douse Listerine, full strength, on the hair. Vigorously massage the scalp forward, backward, up and down. Repeat this treatment for several days, using a little olive oil in case your hair is excessively dry.

You will be amazed at the speed and thoroughness with which Listerine gets rid of dandruff. Even severe cases that costly so-called "cures" failed to improve, have responded to the Listerine method. We have the unsolicited word of many to this effect.

There is no mystery about Listerine's success used this way:

Dandruff is an infection caused by germs. Full strength Listerine is powerful against germs—though so safe it may be used in any body cavity.

Indeed, Listerine's germicidal action is so intense that it kills 200,000,000 of the virulent S. Aureus (pus) and B. Typhosus (typhoid) germs in 15 seconds—both noted for their resistance to antiseptics. Yet its effect on tissue is healing.

Naturally then, Listerine is effective against other infections of lesser nature. Use it at the first sign of dandruff. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

# LISTERINE gets rid of dandruff

**The safe antiseptic *kills* 200,000,000 *germs in* 15 *seconds***

# The WRONG SIDE of the BED

**Because Feen-a-mint works on the new principle of uniform internal distribution you will find it effective in milder doses than ordinary laxatives. It is thorough, gentle, dependable. Safe for young and old.**

CRANKY and irritable. The whole day started wrong. You know how intestinal sluggishness ruins the sweetest dispositions, how it saps energy, invites disease. And all so unnecessary, now that constipation can be corrected so surely, so naturally, so safely, through the use of Feen-a-mint, the modern chewing gum laxative.

While you chew this delicious bit of gum the tasteless laxative it contains is gradually released and mixed with the saliva. Thus it is carried to the intestinal tract smoothly, evenly, without shock to the system or the distressing after-effects so common with old-fashioned laxatives. Each particle of the laxative in Feen-a-mint works with utmost efficiency, gently encouraging the intestinal muscles to resume the activity so necessary for healthy elimination.

Ask for a package at any drug store and get up on the *right* side of the bed! Every morning!

*Chew it like gum*

# Feen-a-mint